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JANUARY 24, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

Bishop Sheen Answers His Fan Mail

SKIN DIVERS

Between the Devilfish And the Deep Blue Sea

MARY A BECK
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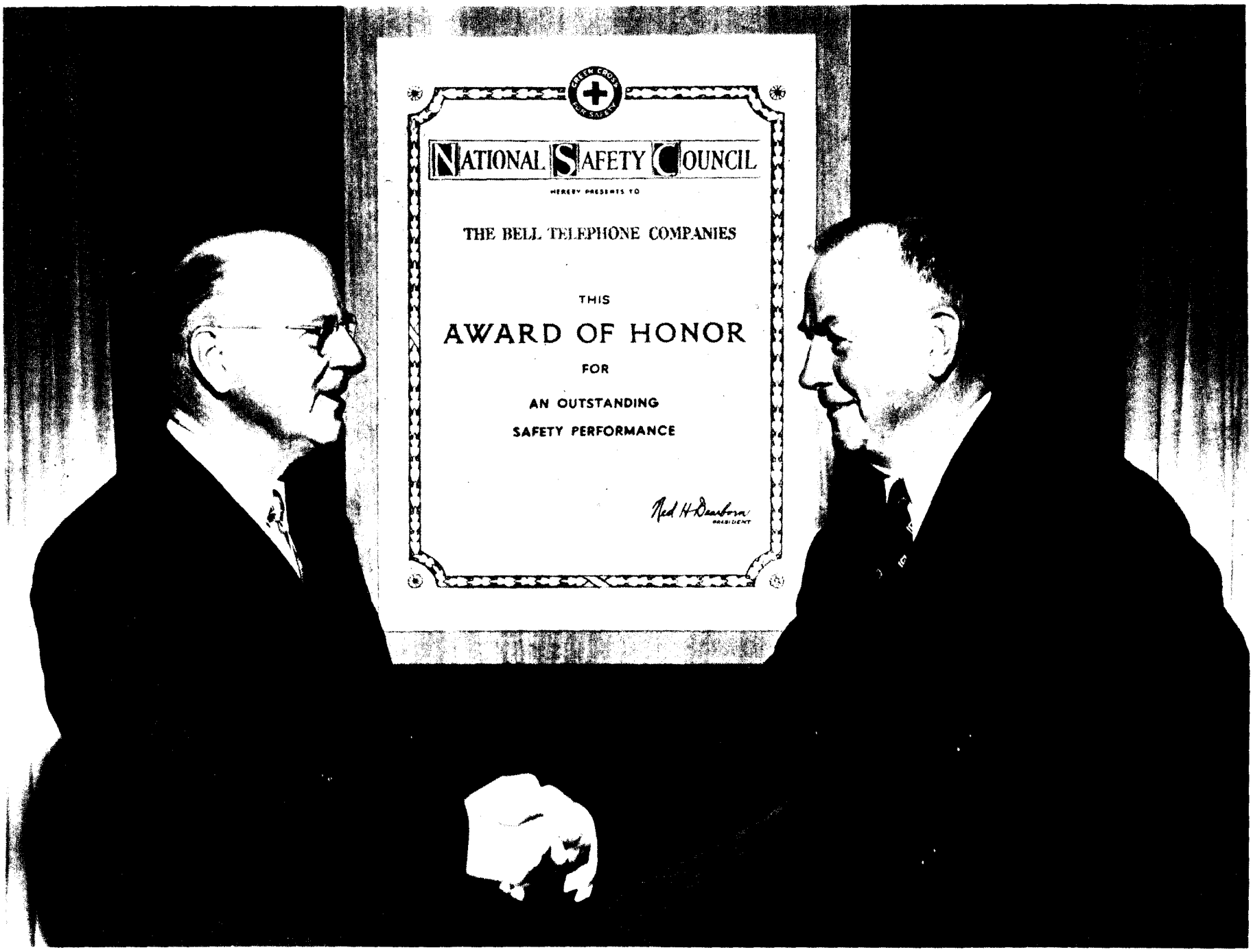

Ned H. Dearborn (left), president of the National Safety Council, presenting the Award of Honor to Cleo F. Craig, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

BELL TELEPHONE COMPANIES RECEIVE HIGHEST AWARD OF NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL

Bell telephone men and women are proud of the Award of Honor presented to them recently by the National Safety Council. The award was in recognition of an outstanding record for two years.

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We're grateful for this award and we're going to keep on trying to make the record even better.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

"A Good Place to Work"

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Next Week

I Go Back to IRELAND

By JOHN STEINBECK

Everyone with a drop of Irish blood dreams of making a trip to the land of his ancestors. Follow the renowned author on his recent pilgrimage to Eire

●

Why Not Let the PEOPLE Elect Our President?

By U.S. Senator ESTES KEFAUVER

The senator who captured the Democratic primaries but lost the nomination offers a plan to ensure the public's choice always will get to the White House. It makes vital reading

ALBERT E. WINGER, *Chairman of the Board*
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January 24, 1953

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

If someone will please figure out how to drape a blanket over a motorcyclist, patrolman Garwood Whaley, of Bronxville, N. Y., will be grateful. Meanwhile, says artist Bill Randall, it's fun to ride in a one-horsepower open sleigh and give the 55-horsepower speed cop the business—or, rather, no business.

Week's Mail

Fresh-Laid Currency

EDITOR: May I make a contribution to the recent discussion of the town of Two Egg, Florida, in 48 States of Mind? While driving through the town recently, I asked friends in the car if they, being long-time residents of this state, knew the origin of the name.

One woman said that she had heard that early settlers used to do business with the Indians on a basis of trade in commodities, and that the standard rate of currency exchange then was two eggs in the hand of the Indian who wished to make a purchase. Could be.

ELEANOR F. LEWIS, Panama City, Fla.

Video Clinkers

EDITOR: In Philip Minoff's article, Television Boners (Dec. 13th), I garnered more laughs than one can possibly get elsewhere in so little time.

I happen to be one of these "sadistic TV fans," referred to by Mr. Minoff, who wriggles in fiendish glee when witnessing or hearing about TV miscues! Nuts to TV Utopia—I'll take the boners!

HARRY PETERSON, JR.,
Lexington, Ky.

. . . Enjoyed the article about TV boners. However, Mr. Minoff made one himself. In the Suspense show where he says the Communist soldier was supposed to bayonet a fellow member of the cast, he was actually supposed to pummel him with the butt of his rifle. Thomas Mitchell was the star of the show.

Crime Syndicated pulled another booboo when the kid with a gun aimed it at the wrong man just before the sound-effects man pulled the trigger. It was okay. The correct party fell down dead.

There was also a guy in uniform earlier this year who had overseas stripes on both sleeves, took off on a mission in a Thunderbolt fighter and returned in a Mustang.

H. E. SWINNEY, Ridgefield, N.J.

. . . Re Television Boners, the biggest boners in TV are the stupid commercials, ancient films in bad condition and programs without value with which viewers are bombarded.

A. A. BOON HARTSINCK,
Menlo Park, Cal.

Caveat Emptor

EDITOR: I really get quite a kick out of Corey Ford's article, For Sale: Advt. (Dec. 20th). Three houses we lived in within the past ten years were sold—and what fun!

The first one in which we had lived for 14 years had various and sundry folks wandering through, even on New Year's Eve when we were preparing to entertain guests. The bedroom floors sagged, the casement windows leaked,

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instead of being bottled immediately after blending, Old Thompson is put back into barrels to assure uniformity.

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by Kentuckians whose "touch-of-quality" has been a family tradition for three generations.

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She Even Stumps This Expert!
WHAT A FRAUD YOU ARE! YOU DON'T KNOW ANY MORE THAN I DO ABOUT THE WAY TO FRANKIE'S HEART!
OH YES I DO, SUE! BUT BAD BREATH STUMPS EVEN ME! THE EXPERT FOR YOU TO SEE IS YOUR DENTIST, HONEY!
TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER—GIVES YOU A CLEAN, FRESH MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
AND COLGATE'S HAS PROVED CONCLUSIVELY THAT BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST! IN FACT, THE COLGATE WAY STOPPED MORE DECAY FOR MORE PEOPLE THAN EVER BEFORE REPORTED IN DENTIFRICE HISTORY!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM WORKED FINE FOR FRANKIE'S NOW MY VALENTINE!

Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

STOPS BAD BREATH and STOPS TOOTH DECAY!

Colgate Dental Cream instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay!

PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

Week's Mail CONTINUED

but I believe our New Year's prospects were more interested in our hors d'oeuvres, etc. In the second house, our twelve-year-old escorted the buyers through at nine one night. They looked the place over in less than twenty minutes and bought it.

MRS. BERNARD DONNELLY, Altoona, Pa.

More Comment on Gun-Shy GIs

EDITOR: In commenting on Why Half Our Combat Soldiers Fail to Shoot (Week's Mail, Dec. 20th), Joseph M. McDonald states that "an Air Force gunner fires weapons of all kinds approximately 25,000 times." Such a statement could be made only through unfounded supposition and is drastically incorrect.

Our crew's gunners have experienced the most modern and complete gunnery training given any aircraft gunner now in active service. We have fired—barring jams, which are not made up—only a maximum of 1,500 rounds in cal. .50 machine guns, 25 rounds of 12-gauge shotguns, and 50 rounds of cal. .30 carbine. We have not, in a military capacity, ever been exposed to any other weapon. Even firing the cal. .50 machine gun is not "second nature" to us, because firing only rarely and by remote control, we never get the "feel" of the gun; thus, upon completed training, the Air Force gunner is not an iota more proficient in firing "all kind of weapons" than the infantryman.

A/2c W. D. GROGAN,
A/2c J. L. R. THOMPSON,
Travis Air Force Base, Cal.

. . . It came not only as a surprise and shock to us that Bill Davidson would write such an article as Why Half Our Combat Soldiers Fail to Shoot, but that your magazine would print it.

The majority of us here are Korean vets with at least 11 months of front-line duty with different rifle companies.

Our research was not done after or before battles were fought, nor did we get secondhand reports from rear echelon and we did not believe such reports unless we saw them. Our facts came from living through fire-fights where every man fired his weapon to protect his life and the life of his buddy fighting next to him.

By comparing notes, we have found that the main reasons a Marine doesn't fire his weapons are due to a malfunction of the weapon, fear of hitting a fellow Marine, or lack of arms.

We entirely disagree with the article and everything it implies.

SGT. N. R. NICHOLS,
SGT. K. M. VERMILLION,
S/SGT. C. G. PYE,
SGT. G. J. LEBLANC,
SGT. H. L. STEPHENS,
Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Cal.

Bill Davidson's article was based on Brigadier General S. L. A. Marshall's official findings for the Operations Research Office. General Marshall has facts to prove that Marine Corps outfits are heroic or have nonfirers, the same as Army units.

All-Time All-America

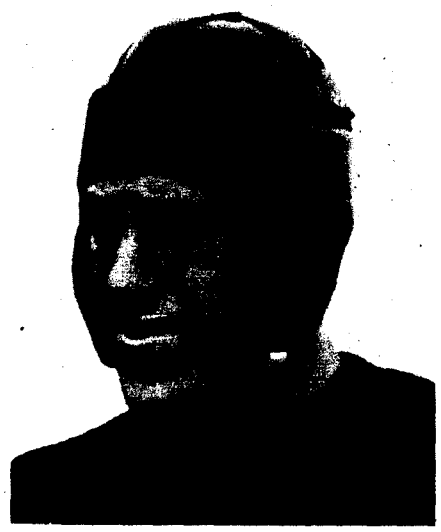
EDITOR: The fellow who designed the cover for Dec. 6th Collier's was guilty of an egregious error of omission.

When Jim Thorpe of Carlisle Indian fame appeared on Red Barber's television show, Barber asked him to name the greatest football player, professional or collegiate, he had ever seen. Without hesitation, Thorpe answered: "Eddie Mahan of Harvard. He could do everything superbly on the gridiron."

Thorpe publicly made this statement on at least four other occasions. And competent football experts agree with him. Eddie Mahan, now in the National Football Hall of Fame at Rutgers University, was the original triple-threat mentioned by Grantland Rice.

Eddie Mahan was All-America halfback in 1913-1914-1915—three years in a row. Hutson, Baugh and Nagurski made it once only. And yet you gave them a place of honor on your cover.

THEODORE FAIRCHILD, Worcester, Mass.



Mahan, Harvard Hall-of-Famer

Inside Information

EDITOR: Evidently your answer to the inquiry addressed to you by Mr. Daniel Lynch, Babylon, New York, and the accompanying picture, all published in your December 20th Week's Mail, was done with some levity. Whether kilt drawers are worn or not depends upon the wearer's preference. If they are worn they should be made of a thin material in a color to tone with the kilt.

I hope that this information will serve to correct any mistaken impression which might have been formed by your "joke." JOHN OSGOOD NEWELL, III,
Colebrook, Conn.

Finnish Steamer

EDITOR: I enjoyed Hollywood's Favorite Sweat Shop by Arthur Marx (Dec. 13th). As I am a Finn (and proud of it), the part about Finnish rock-steam baths especially interested me.

For many years my parents have had a special bathhouse (*sauna* to us Finns) which is heated every Saturday afternoon. It is divided into two compartments: the steam room and a dressing room. Steam is produced by pouring cold water over heated rocks. Dad built it all himself—including the stove which is made out of two oil barrels.

My Swedish husband, however, can see no sense to it. The next time he belittles our *sauna*, I can tell him, thanks to your article, that someone else recommends Finnish rock-steam baths besides us Finns.

MRS. DONALD PETERSON,
Sandstone, Minn.

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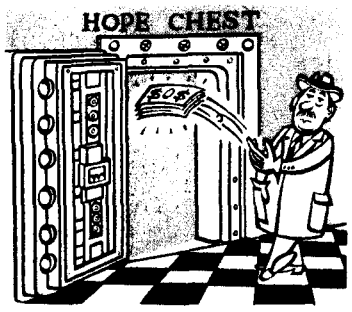
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Coed in Stanford University tells us the average girl would rather be beautiful than brainy. That's because (she says) the average man can see better than he can think.

★ ★ ★

Saw Eben Greenlegg, of Danbury Quarter, Connecticut, coming out of the



bank. Mr. Greenlegg said he'd "left a little money with them because maybe someday it may be worth something."

★ ★ ★

If we were running one of those quiz-cash broadcasts, we'd stump somebody by giving him 15 seconds to tell us exactly how long it's been since the beginning of the Korean truce negotiations. Make it 15 minutes, if you want. And he could have all the help from the audience he could get.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Bill Potter, of Stephenville, Texas, thinks he has proof that no matter how goofy our beloved country gets, some other government is swift to trump us. He points to Egypt's ban on the movie Samson and Delilah, which is barred there because the portrayed characters are Jewish, and Egypt does not recognize Israel.

★ ★ ★

Hardly worth while to remind you that the Old Farmers' Almanac for 1953 is right as usual. It prophesied we were in for a "swinkful and heavy-timed winter." And it bids you expect a "whopper" during the week of March 20th-27th, after which Abe Weatherwise, its weather prophet, says, "It will storm some more." Swinkful means laborious, toilsome, wearisome. Heavy-timed needs no defining. As Abe warned, this weather swinks.

★ ★ ★

Only other weather note we have at the moment comes to us in Oren Arnold's Arizona Brags, courtesy of vacationing Mr. J. A. O'Reilly, of New York. Sandstorm got so thick down near Scottsdale that a prairie dog was seen digging a hole fifty feet in the air.

★ ★ ★

His name is Prince and he's a horse. Moreover, he's the only horse in the Norton Sound area of Alaska. When the season's last ship arrived in Nome, friends of Prince went down to fetch his winter feed. But somebody had forgotten Prince and there was nothing aboard for him. Whereat, the citizens of Nome and Fairbanks began whooping it up on a Save-Our-Prince Campaign. Cold hands and warm hearts responded. Chartered planes loaded with oats and hay for Prince came from the States. Arrived, we're glad to report, in time for Christmas.

★ ★ ★

And over the entrance to a used-car lot in Columbus, Ohio, Mr. R. P. Hayes read: "Trade in your old car NOW. Softhearted salesman on duty."

★ ★ ★

Bald fellow in Topeka, Kansas, who doesn't want his name mentioned lest someone discover he's bald, says unthatched men are discriminated against. Adds that a few years ago he paid the barber only one third as much to do three times as much work.

★ ★ ★

Last time Miss Blanche Finucaine went to church in Franklin, New Hampshire, she heard the preacher make this announcement: "And on Wednesday evening the janitor and I will hold prayer meeting as usual."

★ ★ ★

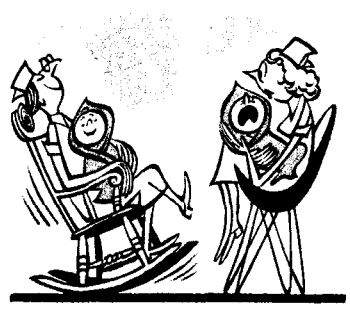
In Mississippi, Governor White is requesting the resignation of all honorary colonels on his honorary staff who voted for General Eisenhower. One of these, the Honorary Oliver Emmerich of McComb, goes down fighting—in an honorary way of course. Says: "A colonel on the governor's staff serves without military status, without compensation, without authority. Any chit-chat about resigning such a position is like subtracting nothing from nothing, which leaves nothing, and hence is nothing short of nonsense."

★ ★ ★

If it weren't for Mr. Jack Lowe in Sidney, Nebraska, we wouldn't have known that a psychologist is a guy who uses twelve-dollar words to explain a failure due to laziness.

★ ★ ★

The Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago has fetched in a flock of old-fashioned rocking chairs. Doctors have discovered



IRWIN CAPLAN

—or rediscovered—it is very good for fretful infants to be held in the arms of nurses rocking gently to and fro. Good for nurses' feet, too. ▲▲▲

oh-oh! DRY SCALP!
OH, BROTHER! THIS GUY WOULD REALLY BE HANDSOME IF HE'D TAKE CARE OF THAT DRY SCALP. WONDER WHETHER I COULD GET TOM TO TIP HIM OFF TO 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC...
P.S. TOM DID!
What an improvement a few drops a day can make! Check Dry Scalp and you check dull, lifeless-looking hair . . . itchy scalp and loose dandruff. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is double care for scalp and hair . . . contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. You'll like it!
Vaseline HAIR TONIC
Hair looks better...
Scalp feels better...
when you check DRY SCALP with
Vaseline HAIR TONIC
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You don't always travel alone when you go

Full Circle

KATE HOLLIS had a strange feeling that she had lived this day before. It was going to a pattern that was sharply familiar, sharply reminiscent of something that had happened once before. She jabbed a paring knife into the potato she was peeling and held it up and looked at it for a moment. Somehow, the potato had something to do with it.

She heard steps coming down the stairs and across the center hall and then a voice behind her. "Do I look all right, Mother?"

Kate turned and looked at her daughter as she came into the kitchen—tall and trim in a neat gray suit and checkered blouse—and then it all came back to her.

Suddenly Kate had the feeling that this was not today . . . this was not her daughter coming into the kitchen, but she herself. Yes, for an instant it seemed as if this were that day, more than twenty-five years before, when Kate had walked into the kitchen at home and said, "Do I look all right, Mother?"—because that was the day Fred Hollis was coming to dinner for a very special reason, too.

Kate Hollis forced her thoughts to return from that instant of reverie. "You look lovely, Ann. What time did you say Jim would be here?"

"In about an hour, Mother. Guess I'd better start getting things ready in the dining room, don't you think?"

There was one important difference, Kate thought after Ann had left. On *that* day, her own father was still alive and had spoken with Fred Hollis as any prospective father-in-law might. But today she'd have to handle this alone . . . .

Alone? Well, not entirely. She recalled how helpless she had felt, at first, when her husband died eight years before. But then she found how carefully Fred had worked things out to help her make decisions such as this as the years went by.

The insurance program that he and Cliff Walters had worked out together had come to serve as a year-to-year guide. When Ann reached college age, the question had not been *whether* she could go, but simply *where*—because Fred had left a separate New York Life policy to take care of the expense.

And now this new decision would be easy, too. With Ann through college, there was no reason for her not to marry Jim and start a home of her own. He was a fine, sensible boy and should do well as time went on. And Kate knew that she would never be a financial burden to them, because she had her regular checks from New York Life to take care of her. This young couple could live with the same feeling of independence that she and Fred had had—and she knew that that was what Fred would have wanted.

Kate Hollis picked up another potato and began to peel it methodically. Yes, she thought, she had traveled full circle. And somehow it seemed to Kate that a good part of the circle had been carefully drawn a long, long time ago.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

THE NEW YORK LIFE AGENT
IN YOUR COMMUNITY
IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

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The Most Difficult Door To Open in Washington

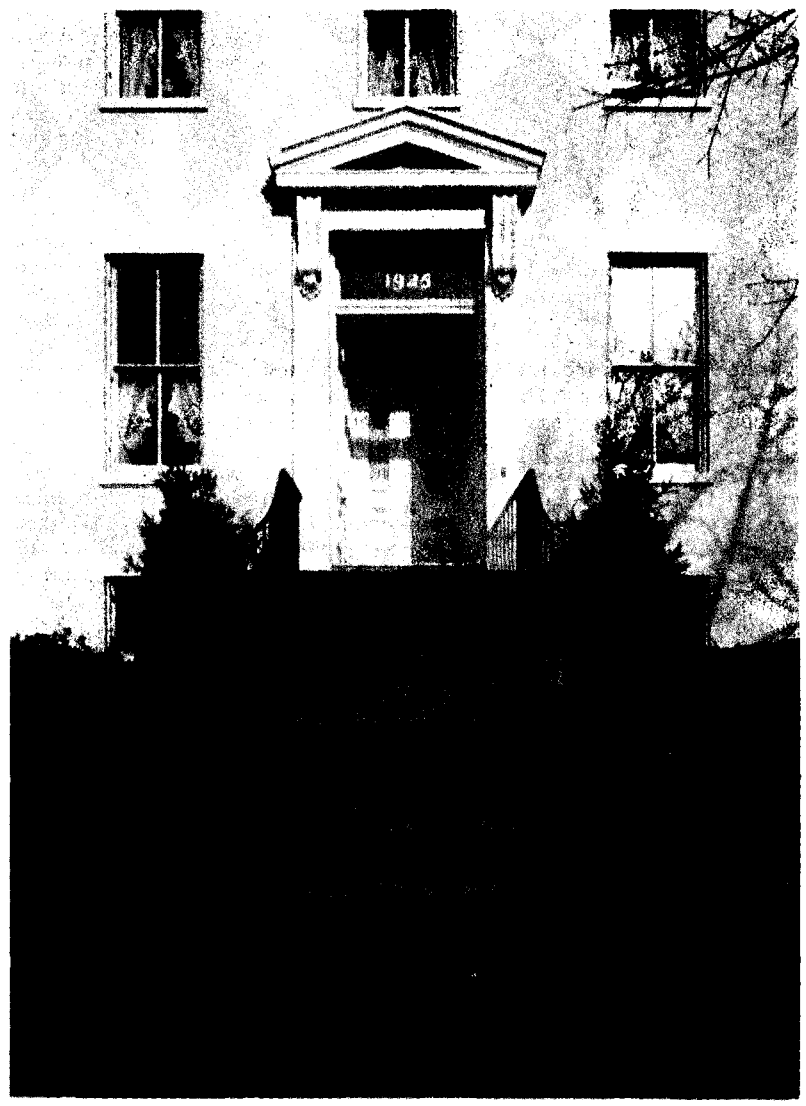
The 1925 F Street Club is so exclusive that not even its members know exactly who else belongs. It's where VIPs eat, drink, make merry—and help chart the nation's course

By ALFRED TOOMBS

THE stolid yellow house which stands on an ivy-covered terrace at 1925 F Street NW in downtown Washington attracts hardly a glance from the hurrying thousands who pass it daily. But this building has a particular meaning to those who know their way around the capital's high-altitude social life. Its door is perhaps the hardest in Washington to open from the outside.

For located here is Washington's swankiest club (and here we pause to duck plush brickbats from Washington's exclusive Sulgrave Club). It's called, simply, the 1925 F Street Club. To belong to it is the mark of having arrived. Over the years, it has been the scene of gay parties where socialites and statesmen relax. Though primarily a social club, members of Congress and other politicos belong to it, and it has been, from time to time, the central origin of violent political upheavals. In all of the world, possibly there's no other place exactly like it.

A widely accepted Washington axiom says that great events are set in motion when the right people meet at the right time at the right place. The 1925 F Street Club is regarded as just about the rightest place in Washington. Here, over coffee and brandy, senatorial candidacies have been launched, political feuds begun and diplomatic bargains sealed. Its social importance was pointed up a few years ago by a remark by the late Mrs. Eleanor Medill (Cissy) Patterson, then publisher of the Washington Times-Herald. Mrs. Patterson was asked: "What must one do in Washington to get on the society pages?" Mrs. Patterson replied: "Get into the F Street Club." In its 20 years of existence, 1925 F Street NW has probably seen more tears and more laughter than any other house in the capital.



HARRIS & EWING

Club used to be the home of its founder, Mrs. John M. Gross

Power and glory in Washington are fleeting. Most who come to the city to take important jobs regard themselves as transients, and they often live in hotels, small apartments or frosty official residences unsuited for the intimate social life favored in Washington. Most of the few old-fashioned town houses which once supported elegant political salons have disappeared. When someone in the upper echelon wants to hold an intimate social gathering, where perhaps a few powerful men can put their heads together, the 1925 F Street Club is likely to be the choice.

Friendliness prevails at the club. The visitor who is ushered through the front door by a butler feels as if he has walked into the home of a family whose social position is unassailable and whose wealth is uncounted. Everyone is put at ease and made to feel important. The politician is given the heady illusion that he is a statesman; the newspaperman becomes a journalist; the legation attaché, a diplomat; and the soldier, a commanding general.

A first visit to the club sometimes has a dizzying effect upon poor-boy Congressmen or up-from-the-lathe businessmen. The wonder of it all was expressed succinctly by a small girl, who had been invited to the club for a children's birthday party.

"Gosh, they must be rich," she reported breathlessly to her mother. "They passed the scrambled eggs *three* times."

No membership list in the F Street Club has ever been made available and even members can only guess about who else belongs.

All Presidents of the United States and their wives are invited to become honorary members of the club, and by now the Eisenhowers probably have received their invitation. The Trumans have visited the club four or five times. A dozen senators are believed to belong, as well as half a dozen members of the House and two Supreme Court justices. Vice-President Barkley and his wife began frequenting the club after they were married, and Representative Sam Rayburn, though "not much for going out," drops in fairly often because, he says, "they set a mighty good table."

Everyone seems to agree with that statement. Mr. Truman always seems pleased that the staff remembers he likes near his plate a vinegar cruet with which to douse his vegetables. Chief Justice Vinson raises his ample eyebrows in delight when he finds that the cook has been thoughtful enough to serve his favorite Delmonico potatoes.

Membership hovers around 400, with only slightly over half the number resident in Washington. The list is rigidly controlled. "Of course, old boy, the club just isn't open to five percenters," one member explained, and added wryly: "You've got to be at least a 50 percenter, and of something big—like steel or oil."

Membership is not obtained by application. New members are invited to join—after investigations which might excite the envy of the FBI. Respectable members of prominent families or new government officials whose suitability is apparent may be accepted promptly into the membership. But even members of the Cabinet have been required to furnish references, which are checked.

It is literally true that you can't tell whom you will bump into at the club. One night, a well-known Washington hostess came tripping down the stairs from the F Street Club's second floor and bounced into a man who was standing in the hall.

"Oops, sorry," she said casually, and started to hurry on. Then she did a double-take. "Oh, Mr. President," she groaned, backing away. "I'm *so* sorry. I didn't realize . . ."

"What's the matter?" grinned Mr. Truman. "You used to call me Harry."

Washington society reporters noted with awe recently that a problem of protocol, without precedent in the memory of observers, had been presented at the club.

At a dinner given by Mrs. A. Mitchell Palmer, the guests included the President, Vice-President, Chief Justice, and Speaker of the House. Where to seat whom is often a knotty problem in the capital, but no hostess recently had faced the delicious dilemma involved in arranging places for the four highest officials of the land.

Mrs. Palmer put President Truman in the place of honor, and on her other side Vice-President Barkley. Speaker Sam Rayburn and Chief Justice

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Ike and Mamie are sure to receive invitations from the F Street Club, if they haven't already. Presidents and their wives are always asked to join

Despite a blind drawn on doings at

Fred Vinson were seated at the heads of separate tables.

Once, two of the guests at a dinner were men who had been engaged in a headline-making feud. It was the first time the President and Drew Pearson had been in the same ring since Mr. Truman had publicly called the columnist a name normally not used in polite society.

While the other guests watched in fascination, the two warily avoided each other all evening. But when the hostess presented Mrs. Pearson to the President, Mr. Truman remarked to her pleasantly:

"I really don't blame Drew for the stuff he writes. He's got to make a living, just like I do."

The F Street Club looks like a privately inhabited town house because that is exactly what it was until the day it became an incorporated club on April 6, 1933, when the club's certificate of incorporation was filed in the District of Columbia. The business and object of the corporation was stated to be the "mutual improvement of its members."

Named as president and manager was Mrs. Laura M. Curtis, who for years had presided over an exclusive Washington political salon in the F Street house which had been her home for years. It was some time before the worldlings in Washington were able to pierce the shroud of mystery which surrounded the abrupt metamorphosis of the house from free-loading to pay-as-you-go. No one, of course, was rude enough to inquire too deeply until a woman reporter, finding Mrs. Curtis in a warm good humor, asked, "How did you happen to turn your home into a club?"

"There was a depression, dear," the lady was quoted as replying.

The club has evinced slightly less interest in publicity than have the Russian secret police. It refuses to give news to society editors. Newsmen and newswomen may come only as guests of the members, and photographers not at all. Those who live in the glare of Washington publicity are sometimes delighted to find a place where the Iron Venetian Blind can be lowered.

She Wields Power Without Publicity

The Laura M. Curtis who founded and still owns the F Street Club is now Mrs. John M. Gross, wife of a Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, retired steel executive. Mrs. Gross has been called one of the 10 most powerful women in Washington, but the details of the exercise of this power are carefully obscured from public view.

She is the daughter of the late William Rush Merriam, onetime governor of Minnesota. Her first husband was James F. Curtis, New York lawyer and once Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. In 1924, when she was Laura Curtis, she was walking along F Street and saw a "For Rent" sign on the 125-year-old federal-style house at 1925. It was in poor condition, and when she heard how much rent the agent wanted, she expressed herself with vehemence. She named her own rental, took the place on a long-term lease and spent an estimated $50,000 to refurbish the establishment.

During the late 1920s, the Curtis home was the outstanding salon in Washington. Speaker Nicholas Longworth, who wielded great political power, was a good friend of Mrs. Curtis, and he came to her house often.

Laura Curtis' round table was always filled, and at endless dinner parties she entertained the Republicans who were to make her good friend Herbert Hoover President. Because of her close association with the ruling political powers, Laura Curtis was referred to in 1928 as the uncrowned head of the Republican convention.

When the stock market crashed, Laura Curtis dropped a large sum. She rented her home to Mrs. John T. Pratt, Republican member of Congress from New York, and moved to a house next door. But Mrs. Pratt gave up the lease after she was defeated for re-election in the Democratic landslide of 1932.

Some of Mrs. Curtis' intimates suggested that she turn the house into a club, with her favorite

The summer evening Chinese Ambassador Wellington Koo and his wife attended a dinner at the club, they saved the party from wilting to death: they pulled out a pair of small Chinese fans and passed them down the table, giving each guest a breezy turn

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY DEVLIN

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the club, news leaks out. Like the story of the feuding President and columnist . . .

guests as paying members. Mrs. Curtis liked the idea. She sent out invitations to about 400 friends, and most accepted. During these early days, a score or so of friends put up sums ranging from $1,000 to $5,000 in bonds to finance the venture. The money was repaid out of earnings, with 5 per cent interest added.

"It will be run like no other club," Mrs. Curtis promised.

The promise has been kept, from the time the first party was given on April 15, 1933. Guests arrived to find the Curtis servants, furniture, china and silver just as they had always been. Today, the motif remains almost exactly the same.

The furniture is predominantly Chippendale and Queen Anne, with a number of richly upholstered overstuffed chairs and sofas added. In one of the drawing rooms, over an eighteenth-century pine mantel, hangs a portrait of Chippendale, attributed to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Two Waterford crystal chandeliers in the house are said to be among the most valuable in the country. Every piece of brass and glass sparkles.

Linen, silver and china are the costliest obtainable. The towels in the ladies' room, I am told, are embossed not with the name of the club, but with the hostess' initials.

Chinese Fans for Sweltering Guests

The club is not air-conditioned, and it is a compliment of some magnitude that it is crowded during Washington's summers. One humid evening, Chinese Ambassador K. Wellington Koo and his wife were guests at a dinner party. Two small electric fans did little to stir the air. Both the ambassador and Mrs. Koo carry small Chinese fans against such an emergency. Ceremoniously, they passed the fans around the table and allowed all the backward Westerners to have a turn with them.

The story was told around Washington the next day, and perspiring guests who arrived for a dinner given by Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Jr., that night noted happily that there was a small folding fan at each place.

A large dining room accommodates 48 people. One of the small downstairs rooms has been fitted with a portable bar, while two others have been converted into sitting rooms where cocktails or after-dinner brandy are served. Large French doors open from the dining room onto an enclosed garden, where tables can be set up during warm weather. There are soft-colored lights, magnolias and blooming flowers.

Money in evidence would disturb the illusion that the club is a home. Bills are not presented at the time. The servants know each member. They keep a record of food and drinks consumed, and bills are mailed to members monthly.

F.D.R.'s Henchmen Invade Washington

The pre-1933 climate of the establishment had been Republican. Members felt some trepidation when they saw Democrats begin to pour into Washington, on Roosevelt's coattails.

The first party given under the new regime confirmed the worst fears. Among the guests were two or three lusty characters from the White House press room.

Carried away by the sight of unlimited quantities of free liquor, the reporters tried to demonstrate how a party should be conducted in true Front Page style. The Sunday-morning quiet was disturbed by hoarse shouts and the sound of flowerpots bouncing off the walls of a church which adjoins the club garden.

As a result, the pastor of the church paid a call on the distressed chatelaine of F Street.

"You've been giving parties here for years," he said sadly, "and nothing like this has ever happened before."

"But you see, I've never entertained Democrats before," she explained.

But in Chip Robert and Evie Walker—who was to become Mrs. Robert—the club had a couple whose standing as Democrats and wealthy social figures was beyond cavil; and they led many socially prominent and powerful New Dealers into the club.

President Roosevelt looked on the F Street Club with suspicion. One day, he said to Arthur Krock of the New York Times:

"I hear you spend your evenings over at that place on F Street, where all my enemies sit around and talk about me."

"Yes," replied Krock, "and I would spend more evenings there, too, if your children weren't always taking the club over for their parties."

In 1938, Laura Curtis was divorced from James F. Curtis and before long became Mrs. Gross. She moved to Bethlehem and left the day-to-day management of the club in the hands of her extraordinary housekeeper, Mary Cummins. Members called her Miss Mary and her gentle County Roscommon accent charmed the VIPs. It was Miss Mary's chosen mission to protect the interests of Eire in the American capital, and she would laughingly greet lawmakers with: "Now, what have you been doing for the Irish?"

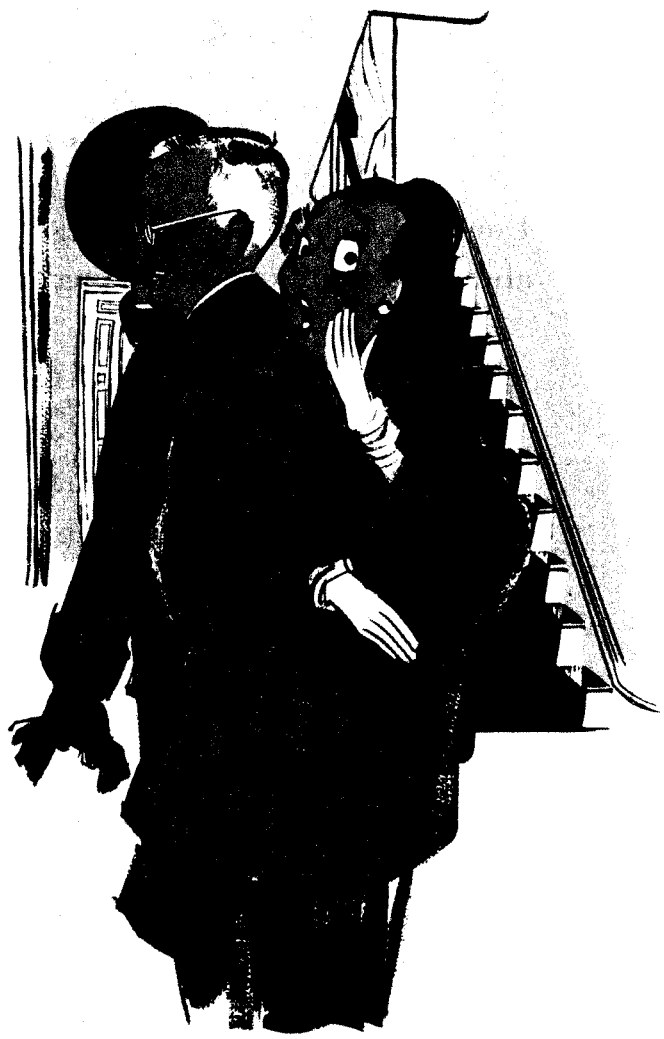
The night after the last party given at the club before its regular August closing last year, Miss Mary died in her sleep. Club members, flying out of Washington to all parts of the world that day, carried the sad news to Miss Mary's friends in Paris or Manila.

Her wake was held at the club, and the flowers sent by Supreme Court justices and other club members filled the place.

No one has officially succeeded Miss Mary, but the traditions of the club have been maintained since her death. Its cuisine remains predominantly American, with the recipes being taken out of the cookbooks found in any American home. There are many who describe it with fervor as the best food in the world. No menu is presented, so everyone is served the same meal at lunch or at dinner, except that on Fridays there is a choice of meat or fish. Dinner may begin with cream of crab soup and progress through rare roast beef with broiled mushrooms and broiled tomatoes, French green beans, mixed green salad, cheese and vanilla soufflé to coffee and liqueur. Luncheons of cream corn soup, fried oysters, mixed green salad with cold turkey, dessert of little thin pancakes with melted butter and maple sirup continue to bring unsubdued sighs of ecstasy from diplomats and Cabinet officers alike.

Reservations in advance are required, even for lunch, and the entire club may be taken over for dinner parties, debutante dances or wedding receptions. The lunch costs $3.50, and the dinner $4.50, without drinks. Customarily, after mixed dinner parties the ladies withdraw and leave the men to have coffee and brandy in the drawing room. In this intimate atmosphere, the shoptalk of Washington flows freely. The shape of policy to come may be outlined, intrigue may be spun—or political knives may flash in the firelight.

They are flashing brighter than ever, now that administrations are changing and the competition for federal jobs becomes a free-for-all. But the F Street Club survived the Democratic victory of 1932, and no one who knows his Washington expects there will be any changes now—except for faces. ▲▲▲



When the lady said: "Mr. President, I am so sorry!" he waved, grinned and answered: "You used to call me Harry"

Justice Vinson likes the way they serve potatoes, and Rep. Sam Rayburn says: "They set a mighty good table'

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The Lovebird

By FRANCIS T. FIELD

Don and Laurel were a delightful couple—so charming, so rich, and always doing such refreshing things. You simply had to envy them

MRS. VALDEYO is a plain, fussy and forthright widow who has gone sentimental since passing fifty. She runs a pet shop on one of New York's smarter avenues, and in the high style of her neighborhood, deals only in birds, animals and fish of "proved" bloodlines.

In spite of this concession to her trade, Mrs. Valdeyo has no patience with anything merely showy. The late Mr. Valdeyo had been one of those dandies who diet, anoint and polish themselves to a lean, hard glitter—and he had come to an early and violent end, after a series of escapades with women other than Mrs. Valdeyo.

"Heart!" Mrs. Valdeyo believes there is no substitute for "old-fashioned human heart."

Some months ago, after dusting the shelves of canned foods, medicines, harnesses and fish bowls, she had gone to the rear of the shop to feed Soldier, a monkey who had grown old there because she had not yet found the right people to entrust him to. She had just given him a nippled bottle filled with his favorite drink, a warm concoction of milk, water and Pernod, and he had turned himself over, square red bottom in air, and was gurgling contentedly, when the doorbell sounded.

A young man and woman, tall, slim, suave and handsomely dressed, stepped in, looked at the expectant fox terriers, and moved over to the cockatoo cage, where they took root in surprise and admiration.

Under her dyed-black bangs, Mrs. Valdeyo studied her young customers. They were in their middle twenties, he just over and she just under six feet; both were blond, he very light red, she darker, the color of tarnished brass. They seemed enveloped in brilliance, a brilliance that was not merely of complexion or manner but as much a part of them as their skins. They looked as though they would glow in the dark.

In every sense, they appeared to be possessed of a fair share of money, health, breeding and all the modern virtues. But for all that, Mrs. Valdeyo was inclined to give them the cool treatment. Kind calls to kind, she thought acidly. And at first glance, they were much like the cockatoos they admired —gaily plumed, aloof, knowing and faintly irked by the squawk and flurry around them.

Mrs. Valdeyo despised the plumed cockatoos.

"Pretty, pretty, pretty," the young woman said in a drawl that intimated she didn't really care whether the birds responded or not, which was a good thing, because they sat side by side, brilliant, indifferent, unruffled and ironic. "Oh, Donny, did you ever see such a resemblance to Aunt Liz? And wouldn't they look gorgeous in the living room?"

Mrs. Valdeyo bestowed a hasty pat on Soldier's woolly chest and walked over to the young couple. "Gorgeous, yes," she said, "but what good are they? All they can do is sit and preen."

Her customers turned to her and smiled. They had bright, appreciative smiles, and Mrs. Valdeyo felt that perhaps she had been too hard on them. "You look like nice young people," she said. "Let me show you a real pet."

"You don't mean that *monkey,*" the young woman said.

"That would be more trouble than it's worth," her husband said.

Once more Mrs. Valdeyo revised her opinion. "I was thinking of the parakeets," she said stiffly.

ON THE main counter was a large, glass-and-wire aviary in which about fifteen small birds were chattering and doing stunts on a variety of swings, slides and bars. They had the look, in miniature, of parrots. Mrs. Valdeyo thrust her hand inside, boldly caught up one of the birds, and drew it out, scolding and struggling to get free.

"Now this," she said, "will not only talk and do tricks till the day he dies, he will also love you as you've never been loved before."

The young couple smiled politely. So much emotion—this pet-shop lady was evidently a character.

Mrs. Valdeyo set the bird on the counter. From the hooked beak to the long, trim tail, it was less than four inches. The breast was as green and tender as moss; the wing feathers were edged with black; the face was yellow, with a blue ink dot on each cheek and a row of black dots along the throat. For a second it stood quietly, "making eyes" at the young couple, then it thrust its beak under a wing and scratched. Then, shaking itself; it lifted a foot which resembled an animated twig, and began to trot back and forth along the counter, not in the cautious, *(Continued on page 56)*

McCorkle was almost frightening in his demands for love. As long as he was at liberty, he would not let them out of his sight. When Laurel bathed, he sat on her shoulder, licking at drops of water that were clinging to her back

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Beaucoup Dreamy-American

By JEAN LIBMAN BLOCK

It's an exciting old world for the 2,000 dependents of U.S. personnel who are attending high school in Europe. Everything is just the way it was back home—with a difference

Paris

VIVACIOUS Sydney Gill, a sixteen-year-old bundle of energy from San Antonio, Texas, led the four other girl cheerleaders of Wiesbaden American High School into a frenzy of leaps and whirls. And the students cheered:

Was ist das?
Was ist das?
Das ist Wiesbaden,
Das ist was!

The roof of Blozis Hall in Frankfurt, Germany, shook with teen-age enthusiasm. After silence settled and the judges huddled, Wiesbaden High was awarded for the second straight year the cheerleaders' championship of all the American dependents high schools in Europe.

The cheerleading trophy was only minor consolation to Wiesbaden; the school lost every basketball game on its schedule. But as redheaded Ted Wilson, seventeen, of Santa Monica, California, center on the Wiesbaden quintet, puts it, "Heck, we're a small school—just 100 kids. And because we're Air Force, our families move around so much we can't hold onto a team. The American High School at Heidelberg is more than twice as big as we are, and Frankfurt is three times as big. And at Heidelberg, which wins everything, some of the basketball players have been at the one school all four years!"

For a teen-age dependent of a member of the American armed forces in Europe to attend the same high school in unbroken continuity for four years is a minor miracle. A different school each year is about par for the course. Some youngsters have been to a dozen schools from Tokyo to Rome as their fathers shifted from post to post. Jim McMillan, of Detroit, president of the American Teen-Age Club in London, may have set something of a record. Jim has covered 28 schools since the first grade and attended four different high schools in his senior year alone.

John Landerdahl, seventeen, a chaplain's son now at Frankfurt High, told me, "I've only been to school here and at Munich and back home in Battle Creek, Michigan." Then he added almost as an afterthought, "Except for the time I lived in the Aleutian Islands. There were just 18 of us in the school there."

Mariann Walton, a sixteen-year-old senior at Bushy Park High School for Americans in the London area, has trouble remembering how many schools she's attended. "A funny thing happened the other day," Mariann recalled. "A new boy walked into our home room and was introduced as Robert Lynn. I knew right off that his nickname was Budge, and that I'd known him somewhere. Budge and I sat down to figure it out. It wasn't back home in Columbus, Ohio, or Arkansas or Osaka, Japan, where I lived for two years. He'd been to school in a whole bunch of other places. We finally got it—Mississippi in the tenth grade. We felt like old friends."

The Girl Who Felt She Was Left Out

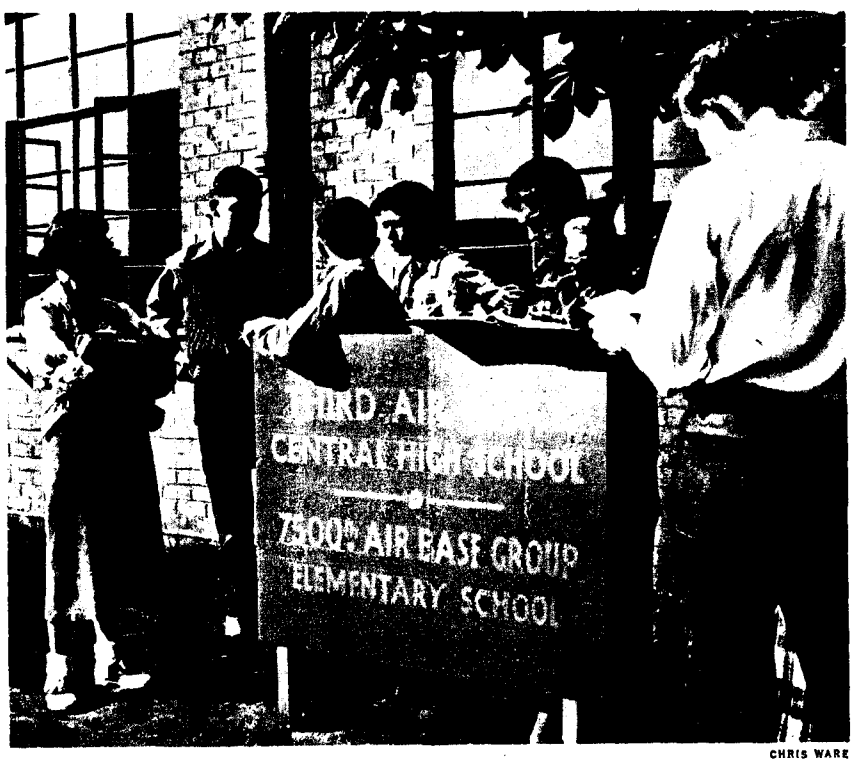
Anne Jones, a quiet fifteen-year-old, had been listening. "I've only gone to one other school, Hunter High in New York. I thought that was normal until I came to England last year. Now I feel left out when the others talk about all the places they've been. I'll have to travel fast to catch up."

Anyone will have to travel fast to catch up with the teen-age dependents of American Army, Navy, Air Force, economic assistance and State Department personnel who have taken up residence in postwar Europe. Heads of families have been drawing assignments with occupation forces in Germany and as participants in North Atlantic defense efforts elsewhere, and so tens of thousands of American families have set up housekeeping overseas. In trailers, tents, thatched huts, Quonsets, apartments, housing projects and castles, they live in degrees of comfort ranging from rugged to princely.

The U.S. government, as part of its commitment to universal public education, feels it owes free schooling to the children of its defenders in distant lands. Accordingly, Europe (as well as the Far East and the Caribbean) is today dotted with overseas versions of the little red schoolhouse with American teachers, American textbooks and American chalk squeaking on American blackboards.

For teen-agers there are faithful copies of stateside high schools stretching from the Scottish border to Turkey. The American high-school population in Europe numbers 2,000, with the largest concentration (1,189 boys and girls) in eight schools in the American zone of Germany.

A very few American teen-agers are enrolled in English, French and Swiss schools, both public and private. These students in foreign schools take on the local protective coloration of language, school uniforms and dormitory living, making themselves as much as possible like the home-grown product. They do not become part of the large and colorful American teen-age colony that reproduces the curricular and after-class life of good old West Side High, U.S.A., in Munich, Nuremberg, Paris or Bushy Park, England.



CHRIS WARE

American teen-agers in their "Sloppy Joes" and jeans wait for class at the Bushy Park High School, England. Enrollment runs about 200

MUNICH AMERICAN PHOTO

Star of the champion Munich Military Post small-bore rifle team is Eileen Elliot, 18 (center). Her proud Army dad is second from left

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Teen-Agers Abroad

The central fact of life for the American teenager in Europe is the absence of cars. Youngsters under eighteen are not permitted to drive either their own cars or the family car, if there is one. And by the time they reach driving age, most boys and girls return to the States for college or the boys enter military service. For the fifteen- through seventeen-year-old contingent, then, transportation is provided only by bicycle, motor scooter, bus, trolley, subway or that nearly forgotten agent of locomotion, the human leg.

They Go by Bus to Movies and Dances

"I've never in my life been on a Saturday-night date with a boy in a car," Beverly Williams, a seventeen-year-old senior at Heidelberg High, observes with just a trace of wistfulness. Blonde, blue-eyed Beverly is from San Antonio; she's very pretty and her father is a major general. Nonetheless, in Heidelberg, Beverly and all her friends go by bus to the movies, to a dance or on a date.

While the absence of cars is considered a nuisance by the youngsters, their parents, school authorities and those concerned with community relations see advantages in the situation.

"Since the boys and girls don't drive over here," says Mildred Linck, principal of the Wiesbaden High School, "we're spared all the anxieties of hot rods, reckless driving, driving while drinking. It eases the curfew problem—they *have* to get home before the last bus—and it has a fine effect on morals because couples aren't roaring around the countryside unsupervised."

"As a rule, rearing a child in Frankfurt is not nearly so much of a problem as it is in the U.S.," confides Mrs. E. D. Hart, mother of Susan, twelve, and Sara, sixteen, and chairman of the Frankfurt Teen-Age Club advisory committee. The Harts, from Glendale, California, consider the ban on cars for youngsters a happy boon for parents. Without cars, all teen-age life is more stationary, centering primarily around the school, the local version of the corner drugstore, the athletic field and the home.

Drive-in movies, television and leisurely shopping trips for the girls are other stateside pleasures that the European colony must forgo. But you hear almost no regret for lost Edens in the substitute drugstores and sugar bowls that spring up wherever American youth congregates.

Germany, where the Americans originally arrived as conquerors and were able to requisition and reconstruct in the image of home, boasts the most exact facsimiles of stateside Coke joints. Frankfurt actually gives its 338 U.S. teen-agers a choice of hangout facilities. The Teen-Age Club, probably the most active nonmilitary organization in the city—with orthodox *décor* provided in part by the Coca-Cola Export Corporation of Germany—features Ping-pong, pool, square dancing and just plain meeting room.

The Circle Grill next to the huge main PX on WAC Circle attracts a large after-school teen clientele. Adjoining the cafeteria in the airy, modern Frankfurt Dependents High School on the far outskirts of town, Der Kozy Keller offers scuff-proof booths and genuine American banana splits.

Over the sundaes and the malteds, the small talk is often spiked with fragments of French and German. "Hi, kids, *comment ça va?*" "*Sehr gut, was* cooks?" "*Nichts* new." Someone mentions a new girl who has just transferred into the school. "A *schöne* chick," is one opinion. "*Très* cute," another boy seconds. "*Ganz* gone." For those who have spent time in France, *beaucoup* is now English—*beaucoup* hot, *beaucoup* cold, *beaucoup* dreamy.

"*C'est la vie*," with a shrug of the shoulders, covers all letdowns. "But, *natürlich . . .*" "*Quelle* snafu . . ." "*Longtemps* no see . . ." A fractured English has emerged from literal translation of French and German. "My watch doesn't march." "Don't derange yourself." "The addition was rugged." (Restaurant check, not arithmetic test.) "Make fast, Joe." (Hurry up.) "*Auf Wiedersehen,*" they call at parting. "*Gute nuit*" to show there are no boundaries. "See you *demain,* same time, same bus."

Paris, after the first glamor has rubbed off, is rough going for American teeners. American forces in France (and England) are there as guests, not occupiers. That means they must tread softly

DENNIS STOCK—TED CASTLE

Strolling through famous Louvre museum, U.S. students in Paris study statue of Winged Victory

DENNIS STOCK—TED CASTLE

Group of teen-agers from various parts of U.S. rehearse at Dependents School theater in Paris

American art class meets in downtown Frankfurt. In background is the 600-year-old Römer Building

CLAUDE JACOBY

CLAUDE JACOBY

Enthusiastic cheerleaders and fans from Dependents High School in Frankfurt, Germany, spur on their team during basketball game with Bremerhaven. Gym is in Army compound

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Teen-agers have kept their American-style school spirit. Not only do the athletes wear

CHRIS WARE

Temporarily transplanted Americans George Bayer of New York; Jean Motte, South Carolina; and Charles London, Washington, D.C. (l. to r.), work during art class at Bushy Park School

and keep their children from making really boisterous noises. Paris has always had about 80 American teen-agers attending high-school classes of the American Community School, which is supported by the American colony in Paris. These are children of business, embassy and film people and they lead a half-French, half-American existence, usually in the upper financial brackets.

Now for the first time there is a second separate American high school in Paris serving 98 sons and daughters of Army personnel, from sergeants to generals, and Mutual Security officials. The boys and girls come to school on a network of 16 military busses that crisscross Paris in every direction and haul many pupils from SHAPE Village, 15 miles to the west, the international housing development for General Matthew Ridgway's Supreme Allied Headquarters, and from the Allied Army and Air Force headquarters at Fontainebleau, 39 miles to the south. From Fontainebleau the bus ride takes an hour and 15 minutes each way

"Don't ask me what I do after school," cautions Bill Murphy, of San Bruno, California, the sixteen-year-old president of the student council, who lives in Fontainebleau. "I get up at six to catch the school bus. The bus doesn't get me home until nearly six at night. I can't stop off to visit in Paris after school because then I'll miss the bus and have a two-hour train ride. Week ends are a little better, but I usually have to stay in Fontainebleau because it's hard to get anywhere else."

The Paris Dependents High School meets in the town house of a former opera singer. The singer's private circular recital hall, equipped with peeling damask walls and gold seats, serves as auditorium. A chemistry lab occupies a once elegant *salon*. But there is no gym and no athletic field, no room even to throw a ball against a wall. Murphy was elected student council president in a tensely fought campaign on his promise to install a coffee-vending machine in the students' lounge. He has already wangled a machine from the PX.

For American youngsters living in Paris proper, the after-school gathering of the clan takes place in the Snack Bar of the American Embassy Annex on the Place de la Concorde. Any afternoon you can see them, well to the back of the large dining room, trying to put distance between themselves and the adult embassy personnel taking a coffee break. They are dressed in the international uniform of American teens. The boys wear jeans or slacks, heavy sweaters, flapping plaid shirts, white socks and loafers. The girls are in bright wool skirts or corduroy jumpers, sweaters with sleeves pushed up or cotton shirts, white socks and loafers—all bought at the PX or on mail order from the States. (No slacks or jeans are permitted for the girls except in the privacy of home.)

They pile their books on the floor or on empty chairs. They dive into a malted for 70 francs (20¢), a Coke for 25 francs (7¢) or a plate of chili con carne for 110 francs (31¢). They talk about school and dates and what they would do if they had a football team, about the dance to be held next week and the dance that was held last week and what Jim, who's gone back to El Paso, wrote in his last letter to Bill. And they keep their voices down because, after all, they're in the American Embassy and not Ye Greasy Spoon.

Most dating among American teen-agers in Europe is between classmates in the same school, and there seems, on the whole, to be less steady pairing off than at home. In Paris, where first-run movies, cafés and night clubs are beyond the average allowance, dates run to Saturday-night parties at private homes and dances at Teen-Age Clubs in Fontainebleau and SHAPE Village.

French Date Had Too Many Chaperones

Few, if any, of the young American girls in Paris go out with GIs, and none at all date French boys. The boys, in turn, hardly ever take out French girls. "I once had a date with a French girl," says Tony Smith, of Arlington, Virginia, a blue-eyed sixteen-year-old with a brush of blond hair, "but she brought her mother and her grandmother along, so I never tried that again."

In Germany, dating habits vary from city to city. Americans in Heidelberg, headquarters of the United States Army in Europe, consider it quite beyond the pale for the high-school girls, who are mostly daughters of officers, to go out with enlisted men or Germans. Since girls in Heidelberg High have the bad luck to outnumber boys three to one, there is a great deal of all-female bridge playing evenings and week ends. Among the boys and girls themselves, at Heidelberg and elsewhere, no distinction is ever made between classmates, whether father is an officer or an enlisted man.

Just 50 miles away in Wiesbaden, headquarters of U.S. Air Forces in Europe, the girls have a wonderful whirl. By a peculiar shift of mores, Wiesbaden allows its high-school coeds to date enlisted men. After a heated wrangle, and over the violent protests of the boy students, the young airmen were even invited to the high-school proms.

High-school athletics, nearly dormant in France and not very vigorous in England, are all-absorbing in Germany. Tourists are often astounded by "Beat Munich" or "Beat Heidelberg" signs painted on buildings, until told that the reference is not to civil war but to an impending American high-school football or basketball game. High-school teams wear the same colors as the American military team in each town; and high-school players are usually outfitted with elaborate uniforms and equipment, both new and hand-me-down.

One extraordinary aspect of teen-age life in Europe is the high-school dormitory. High-school-age dependents of servicemen stationed at isolated bases throughout France live in dormitories in Frankfurt and attend the same school as Frankfurt day students. (Eventually there probably will be American high schools at Bordeaux and Orléans.) Boys and girls from scattered American air bases in southern England use the dormitory at Bushy Park High, which also serves day students from London. Youngsters from Stuttgart are housed in the Heidelberg dorms and those from the Bavaria region in Munich dorms. Most dorm students go home week ends, those from France only for long holidays.

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fancy uniforms, but students paint victory signs on German buildings before a big game

Although dormitory rules are strict—at Frankfurt dates are permitted only on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, and then parental approval is needed; Wednesday curfew is at ten, Friday and Saturday at eleven—most of the girls find dormitory living a prolonged adolescent dream of heaven. The boys aren't that enthusiastic, but they're reasonably cheerful.

"I never want to leave here," exclaims Marjorie Fry, sixteen, of Princeton, New Jersey, a junior at Frankfurt, who is entranced with the taffy-pull atmosphere of dormitory housekeeping. "It's like the books you read about teen-age girls at boarding school, only you never think it'll happen to you."

Marjorie, who has brown hair and loves to talk, shares a large, homey room with Maryanne Pozaro, a sophomore from Charleston, South Carolina. The girls' dorm occupies two former private residences not far from the huge I. G. Farben building and down the block from an impressive pile of rubble. It houses 40 girls. Sixty-three boys live in the green stucco boys' dorm a few streets away, flanked by its pile of rubble.

Marjorie's roommate has found the separation from her family much harder to take. Just fourteen and an only child, Maryanne was ready to call it quits after the first six weeks. Her parents are an entire country distant, 500 miles away on the Atlantic coast of France. "Then my father came to see me and I cheered up enough to stick it out to Thanksgiving. Now the kids are working so hard to keep me happy I think it's going to be all right."

Like Maryanne, who is desperately trying to be brave in the face of an intense emotional strain, nearly all American teen-agers in Europe have developed a special brand of self-reliance. They've adjusted to many new schools in strange cities, crossed borders alone, endured long separations from their families and acquired a vivid awareness of the fact that they are constantly on parade as the most astonishing and suspect of all species—the teen-age American. Accordingly, they behave with less abandon than at home.

Minister Sums Up Morals Situation

"We don't have any delinquency among the teenagers over here," Dr. Clayton T. Williams, minister of the American Church in Paris, assured me, "and we don't have any serious moral problems, either. Our youngsters are mature beyond their years. They'll make their mark in the world."

Between 60 per cent and 85 per cent of the graduates of American high schools in Europe go on to college—a really remarkable showing. "In Battle Creek, Michigan, where I used to teach," Miss Linck, the Wiesbaden principal told me, "we were satisfied if 15 per cent of our graduates went to college. Here, they all try for college, except a few girls who marry and some boys who enlist." (Boys overseas must register, but they cannot be drafted while abroad.) Several of last June's Wiesbaden graduates joined the Air Force, were trained in England and are now stationed in Wiesbaden, side by side with their fathers.

To what extent do these boys and girls get to know the young people of the lands in which they are growing up? Are they truly profiting from their opportunity in international living? Or is the well-meant effort to provide them with a genuine American education walling them off completely from their European contemporaries?

Explanations and apologies fly thick and fast. "Away from native shores, the great American tendency is to congeal together," says Roy Diduk, of New York, principal of the Paris Dependents School. "Even when we branch out among peoples of other countries, sooner or later we are reabsorbed back in our own group, unless we want to become total expatriates. So far as the children are concerned, our primary duty is to prepare them for American citizenship and this we are doing to the best of our ability."

The fact remains, however, that there is far less American teen-age participation in the life of the countries of sojourn than most educators and observers would like to see. By and large, on a day-to-day basis, the junior American colony goes its all-American way with just a passing glance at native customs, almost no concern whatsoever for political and social problems and a shocking disinterest in languages. Yet the fault is not all on the American side. Part of the difficulty springs from a basic divergence of cultures.

American Girl Leads a Double Life

A seventeen-year-old New York girl attending a school for well-brought-up French girls in Paris explained to me that, in spite of her immersion in an all-French atmosphere, she must lead a double life. She cannot let her classmates know that on week ends she goes out on dates with American boys. The French girls, instilled since the cradle with an all-or-nothing approach to sex, cannot comprehend the casual companionship of a date.

"They'd think I was having an affair and ask me all sorts of terrible questions if I admitted spending a whole evening unchaperoned with a boy," this seventeen-year-old said a little sadly. "We talk about boys all the time, but I just pretend that my folks keep me under lock and key, too. It's the only way to get along with them."

With subtle psychological barriers added to the obvious ones of language and history, it is not surprising that most young Americans prefer the ease of one another's company. Still, the urge for better understanding is strong.

The joint yearbook entitled *Erinnerungen* (Memories), published by the American high schools in Europe, opens with these words:

"To the young people of the world who are prevented by oppression from expressing their own ideas freely and creatively, we dedicate this record of our schools in Europe, an example of the foundation of our democratic philosophy."

"We can only hope that the enrichment of living over here will pay off in the long run," Sidney M. Crowder, of Henderson, North Carolina, the principal at Frankfurt, told me. "I personally think it will—in directions and attitudes that none of us can predict at this time."

Meanwhile, the teen-agers themselves, indifferent to future rewards, are busy making the present enjoyable. They do so by duplicating the life they knew at home—with differences. The duplication, with differences, showed up with special clarity this fall when Sergeant Richard E. Brandt, a former Air Force MP, now director of the Fontainebleau Teenie Club, set about organizing the first hay ride in the history of Paris.

A resourceful type, Brandt, who hails from Pasadena, had a French hostess in a service club make contact with a stable catering to a French cavalry unit and through her ordered a large wagon, two horses and a suitable quantity of hay. The afternoon of the ride Brandt began to get cold feet. Maybe the wagon wouldn't be big enough or the hay sufficient. Brandt took off for the stable to check and there his worst fears were realized. The only wagon available was a mere four feet wide and nine feet long, and the high-spirited horses designated for the expedition were obviously biding their time for a galloping getaway.

Brandt hurried back to the Air Force motor pool, where he had friends. There he commandeered a large truck with low side walls and dispatched the truck and two drivers to the stable to pick up the load of hay. Warmly wrapped against the autumn cold, 15 couples, four stags and two chaperons burrowed down in the alien hay and happily bumped over the cobblestones of Fontainebleau and Barbizon. They crossed the Seine in the moonlight, singing all the way, in a motorized hay ride that was just like home—only different. ▲▲▲

DENNIS STOCK—TED CASTLE

Pupils plan graduation exercises in Paris. Over 60 per cent of students abroad go on to college

CLAUDE JACOBY

Snack bar at military post exchange is a favorite after-school meeting place for Frankfurt students

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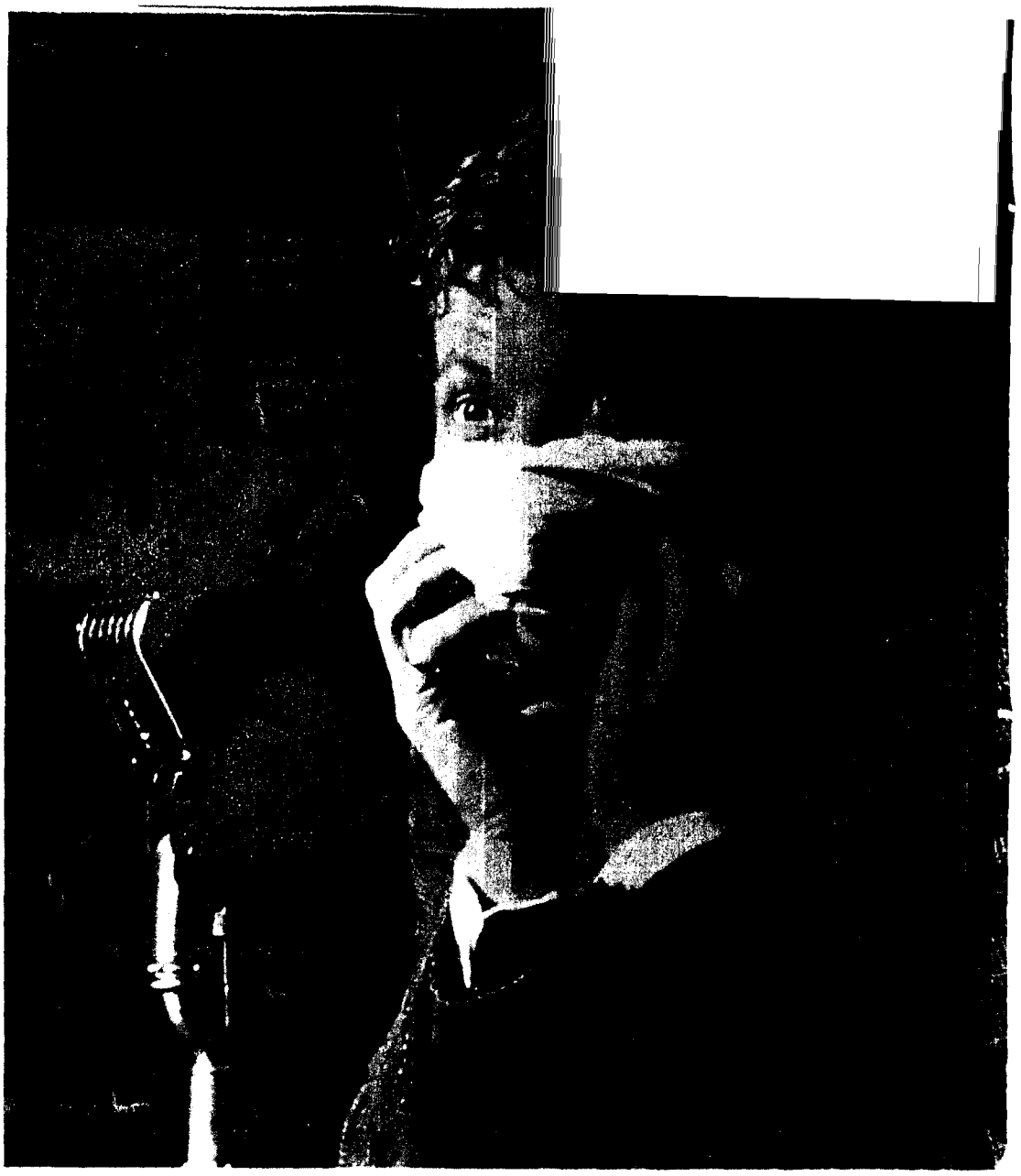
Singing comedian hits articulate high with tongue-twisting Dinah

KING KAYE
In the Palace

In a 90-minute footlight frolic Danny ranges from rambunctious to romantic



With unbridled instinct for clowning, Danny Kaye adds surprise bits of business to every performance. Here, for no reason, he peers owlishly over handkerchief

SHOWMEN are finding it as hard as bookmakers to clear a dollar nowadays. Emphasizing talent instead of trimmings, however, producers have found one solution to their profit problem —Broadway's latest version of the one-man show. The trend toward productions built around a single personality, launched when Judy Garland played New York's fabled Palace Theater last season, got a further boost from the current comedy hit, An Evening with Beatrice Lillie. Now the Palace is expectantly polishing up its stage for an eight-week run with the git-gat-gittle man, Danny Kaye.

On January 18th, Kaye will subject a willing public to one and a half hours of articulate pantomime—the same sort of show with which he first wowed London six seasons ago, and in recent months San Francisco and Dallas. His material stems from 22 years of kudo-copping clowning on stage and in films. Scat songs—such tongue-twisting classics as Dinah and Minnie the Moocher—will alternate with wistful melodies from his movie and Decca record success, Hans Christian Andersen; a tap dance and a Harry Lauder bit with a crushing take-off on Continental concert singers.

Kaye spares no muscle or emotion in establishing rapport with his public, as these pictures taken in San Francisco will show. They do not indicate, however, the working agreement he had with fate during one performance there. Midway through the show Danny dropped down to the footlights for a breather. Puffing on a cigarette he had filched from the audience, Kaye chatted of inconsequential things. "You people," he said, "are too sensitive. Whenever anyone refers to your city as Frisco, it upsets you. Now, why should you resent that? I think it's because you're insecure."

Whereupon, with masterful timing, the whole theater shuddered and the giant candelabra swayed as the city was struck by one of its worst quakes in years. Taking another puff, Danny finished: "I guess we're all insecure. And now that I'm rested, let's get back to work." ▲▲▲

His git-gat-gittle songs give way to a gentler mood as Danny sings version of hillbilly ballad, Candy Kisses

Part way through each show, Kaye interrupts act and moves toward stage rim for a smoke and chat with audience

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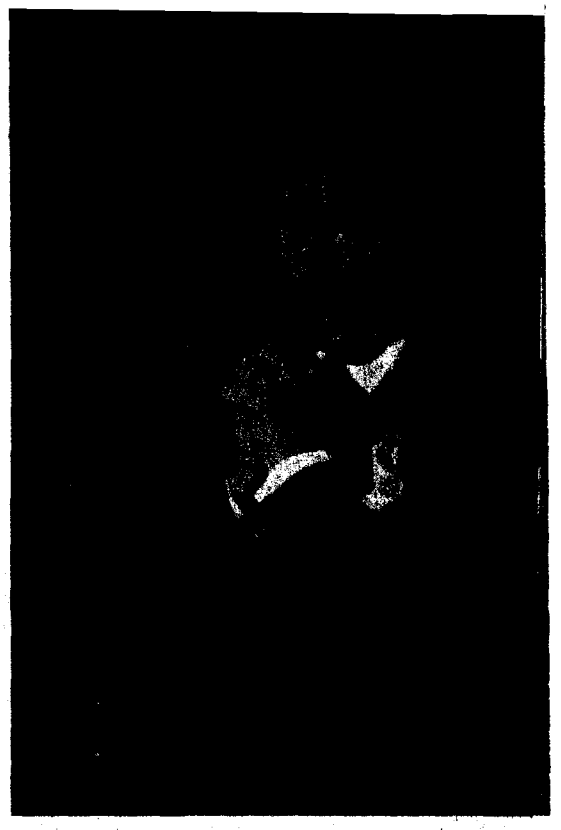
Kaye's hands are eloquent as his face. In Thumbelina, one of the songs he sings in the current film hit Hans Christian Andersen, he narrows antics down to one expressive thumb

Hands alone get the spotlight in mid-show as Danny, after dismissing orchestra, does off-beat duet with accompanist Sammy Prager. Kaye pantomimes to melody of Prager's piano



Rowdy rhythms of typical scat classic Minnie the Moocher bring audience and Kaye together in chorus of Hi-de-hos

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR

As windup to an hour and a half of magnetic showmanship, Danny Kaye, in usual stage costume of brown sport jacket and dark string tie, settles down for an intimate session of songs from Hans Christian Andersen. Kaye's debut at the Palace, coincidentally, falls on his fortieth birthday

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LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

As I dressed, he sat in a chair and said, "You can't be doing so hot. This is a fleabag"

Strictly from Hollywood

By STEVE APRIL

THIS beefy joker was busy shaking me awake. I looked at his ugly face and thought it was all a nightmare. The guy flashed a badge and growled, "Get your clothes on, Bogart." He really growled.

"What is this?" I said, sitting up and looking at my wrist watch. It was almost two in the morning.

"Got some business for you," the cop said. "Ain't that something, a real cop bringing business to a crummy private eye like you? On your feet, Cagney."

"Take it slow. What's—?"

"You Charlie Dalls, a private detective?"

"Yeah. So what?"

"A certain friend of mine has work for you—*now*—so get dressed and stop beating your gums. I ain't got much use for you private bloodhounds."

I was wide awake, but I still didn't know what it was all about. Buster had a badge—a good one, obviously official—and he looked far too big and stupid to argue with. As I dressed, he sat in a chair and said, "You can't be doing so hot. This hotel is a fleabag."

"I'm from Iowa," I said. "Don't even have a license to work in New York. I just got in from Europe."

"Don't worry about a license; nobody'll bother you. On a case in Europe?"

"Yeah," I said.

"All the way to Europe—you must of got big dough."

"Just my expenses."

Bully boy shook his potato-head. "So what you get out of the deal?"

"Trip to Europe, chance to travel," I said.

He grinned, or maybe it was a sneer. "You private eyes! Strictly for the comic books."

He had a prowl car waiting. When we got into the car, I asked where we were going, and he grunted, "See your client; he's in jail. Why he wants to bother with a yokel like you beats me, but that's how he wants it."

"Who is 'he'?"

"George Walker—Mr. Big."

I suppose my mouth dropped open, or should have. Walker was a well-known gambler, a big wheel in a lot of machines. It had been whispered that he was on the boat, but I'd never seen him. He was traveling first class.

Walker wasn't in a cell. He was in the office of the precinct captain, sitting in the captain's chair, his feet up on an open drawer. He was a large man, plump, everything about him smooth and expensive except his voice. That was brittle. "You come in on the Corsair yesterday?" he asked me.

"Yeah," I said. I almost said, "Yes, sir."

"Remembered seeing your name and occupation in the ship's paper. Here's the pitch: Another passenger, a Franklin Allen, was killed in his apartment here in New York a few hours after we all left the boat yesterday afternoon. The cops think somebody on the ship did it, and they're holding me because they got a crazy idea I may have had a motive: we gambled, and he welshed. I'm hiring you because you know most of the people on the ship and that gives you a start over any other dick."

"Did you play cards with him?"

"Sure, but not for real dough. Forget me, I don't murder people. That's for punks. I got to get out of this fast. I'm coming up before one of those Senate committees in a couple days; don't want no bad publicity. That's why this has to be cleaned up fast." He took out his wallet and carefully placed ten hundred-dollar bills on the desk. "There's your retainer. Give me speed, and you get a couple grand more."

I picked up the long green slowly. "What makes the cops think one of the ship's passengers did the killing?"

"Because Allen was a retired professor, the quiet type," my buddy, the copper, put in. "And he'd been out of the country for over three years, Bogart." He was watching the money in my hand with greedy eyes.

Walker said, "Show me fast action and—I won't forget you."

"I'd like to see Allen's apartment," I said.

The cop cut me off with a harsh laugh. "Thought you'd solve it without getting out of your chair." Turning to Walker, he said, "He's a movie dick. All these private eyes think they are. He—"

Walker glanced at him, and the copper stopped talking abruptly. Walker said, "Get going."

I followed the fat copper out the door. I didn't have the smallest idea of what I was going to do. Falling into this deal cold was rough enough; I was way over my head. I was just a small-town detective, never handled anything bigger than divorce or skip-tracing before. Walker was big; Walker meant an office in New York—if I could solve this.

In the car, the cop started needling me again. My buddy didn't like me because if I made it, I'd be one more joker Walker would be carrying. There'd be less gravy for the others, and I'd be playing it legitimate, too. *If* I made it . . . Still, at the moment, I was Walker's boy with his grand hot in my pocket, so I tried an experiment: I turned to the copper and said, "You got a noisy mouth."

It worked. I didn't collect a faceful of fist.

Franklin Allen's apartment was in one of those modest apartment hotels off Central Park West. From the desk clerk I learned that Allen had cabled from Paris the month before for a two-room apartment. The rooms were neat and conservatively furnished. The detective on duty stared at me and growled, "Who's this?" These boys could really growl.

"Don't you recognize Hump Bogart?" *my* copper said with a false smile. "He's a private dick working for Mr. Walker."

The body had been removed, but the detective told me Allen had been beaten to death with two blows of a blunt instrument, probably a hunk of pipe. The killer had cleaned himself up in the bathroom; there were traces of blood in the washbasin. The murder had taken place in the bedroom, as Allen was unpacking, and since he'd let the killer in, it meant Allen had known him, or her.

I nodded and looked around, trying to make like a big-time dick. Something about the bathroom bothered me, but I didn't know what. "Can I see another bathroom on this floor?" I asked my cop.

"What for, Sherlock? Same maid does them all. Okay, come on, we'll look."

When we returned to Allen's apartment I said, "Find out if the guys at customs were expecting a shipment of diamonds, or maybe dope, coming in on the boat. Oh, and arrest Allen's cabin steward; he did the murder." I said it all very calmly.

My buddy stared at me with hard eyes. "Just like that? You kidding?"

"What's the steward's name?" the detective asked.

"How the devil should I know?" I asked, heading for the door. "But arrest him. Walker—Mr. Walker—doesn't seem to like jails."

IT WAS starting to get light, about seven o'clock, when Walker shook my eager hands, pressed into them a lot of hundred-buck bills, and told me, "Charlie, forget about leaving New York. After I get some sleep, we'll have a long talk. What an angle that steward had, slipping a package of dope in Allen's bag, the old gent taking it through customs, without even knowing he was in the act, the steward in the clear all the way."

"He didn't have to be a genius. It was a small package, and remember he had access to Allen's luggage all the way over," I said.

Walker shrugged. "Only mistake he made was Allen's catching him going through the bag in the apartment. How did you figure it out so fast?"

I should have told them then that it was a lucky guess, remembering that stewards on the ship are sent to school where they learn to clean all cabins just so. When I saw the hand towels in Allen's bathroom folded and hung diagonally, they reminded me of the ship. Force of habit made the steward fold the towels like that after washing his bloody hands.

But I simply couldn't help looking my beefy pal, the cop, straight in the eye and saying softly, "It was a cinch. Merely figured what Bogart would do in a spot like that—and I did it!" ▲▲▲

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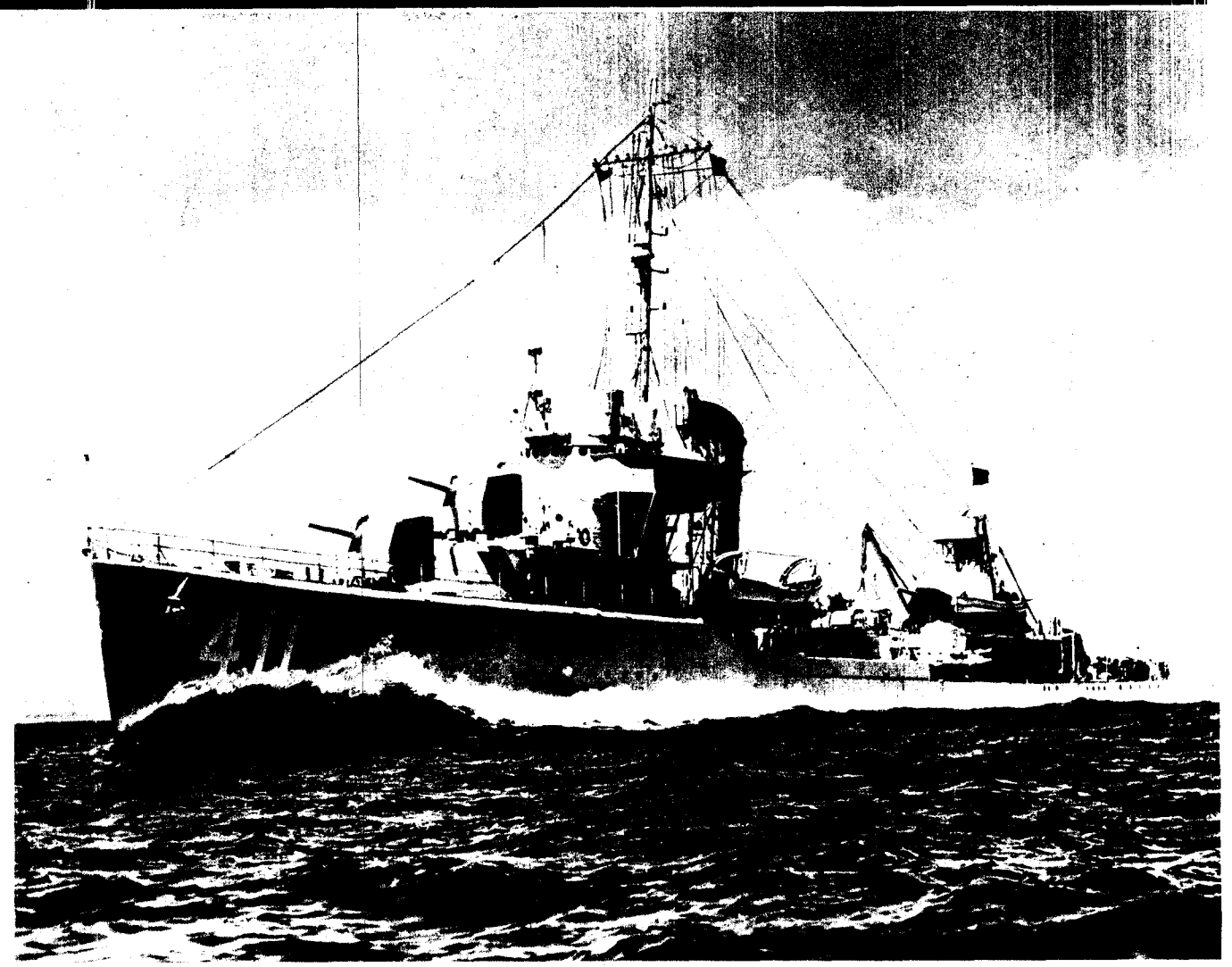

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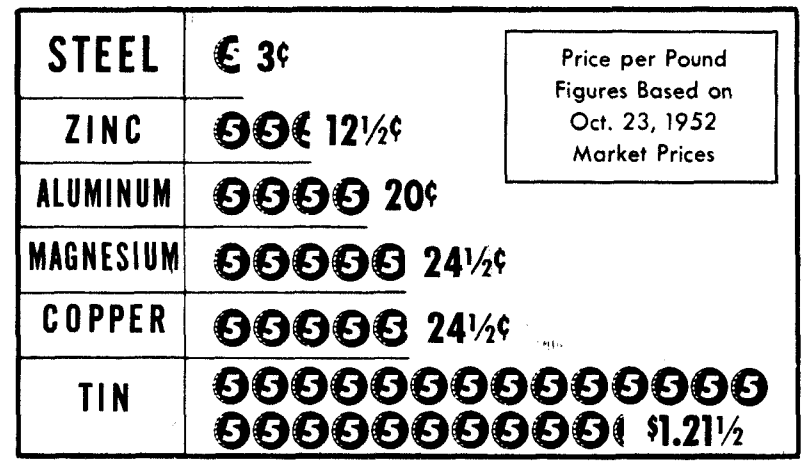

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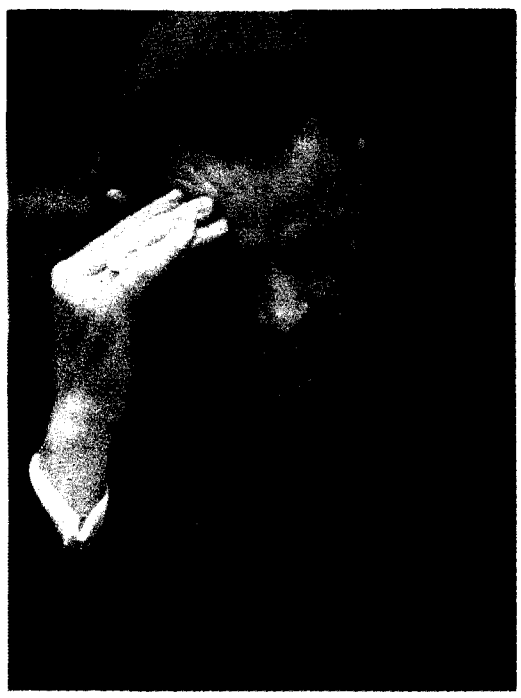

Bishop concentrates as he dictates letter

He smiles broadly over a passage in his mail

He ponders over answer to a serious problem

BISHOP SHEEN Answers His Fan Mail

The celebrated prelate gets as many as 8,000 letters a week as a result of his inspirational television program. Here are some of his replies

By HOWARD COHN

A VERSATILE, scholarly and witty man, His Excellency Bishop Fulton J. Sheen long has been accustomed to both fame and success. In his multiple roles of public speaker, author, educator, auxiliary Bishop of New York, and national director for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, he is a familiar and distinguished religious leader. And the great part he has played in instructing such prominent converts to the Roman Catholic Church as Henry Ford II and violinist Fritz Kreisler has made headline news. But no response, to the fifty-seven-year-old bishop's many activities in the past quite compares in volume to the tremendous and continuing number of letters he receives as a direct result of his weekly television show, Life Is Worth Living.

Every television show can expect a certain amount of mail. But few—even with contests, free offers and direct appeals for mail—approach the up to 8,000 letters a week Bishop Sheen draws regularly. The mail figure is most remarkable in the light of the type of program he conducts. There are no fancy props, musical interludes or even interviews on his show. Each Tuesday evening he stands on the stage of Manhattan's Adelphi Theater in a replica of a study, and for approximately 25 minutes talks without interruption on such subjects as the existence of God, the American Constitution and whether or not life is monotonous. (It is, he answered, only for those persons whose lives have no purpose.) The slim, graying prelate speaks without a manuscript, prompter or notes of any kind to an in-person audience of about 1,100, and to almost 7,000,000 outside viewers, including those who see the show on film at a later time.

The bishop's extraordinary ability to hold and inspire people is indicated by the program's amazing growth. His first telecast, presented on Lincoln's Birthday in 1952, had no sponsor and was carried by only three stations, in New York, Washington and Chicago. Now well into its second season (a 26-week series on the Du Mont network which got under way in November), the show has become so popular it is sponsored by the Admiral Corporation over a still-expanding chain of 40-odd stations on the U.S. mainland and Hawaii. The bishop receives no fee. Instead, the sponsor makes a donation to Mission Humanity, Inc., a charity sponsored by the society, which last year gave aid to more than 50,000,000 needy all over the world without regard to race, creed or color.

An avalanche of telegrams began pouring in before the bishop even concluded his first program a year ago; the letters followed as snappily as modern mail service permits. They came—and still come—from the old and the young; from viewers of every religious faith and all economic levels.

At least half deal with problems of a deep and serious nature. Bishop Sheen once gave two reasons for selecting "life is worth living" as the theme of his program. "First," he said, "to appeal to many who are despairing because of their anxieties and frustrations, and second to suggest the words of Our Lord: 'I have come that you may have life more abundantly.' "

The troubled and perplexed in the bishop's huge, widely scattered audience pose problems of marriage, religion, illness and politics. Very often the questions do not even touch on matters brought up in the telecasts. They seek counsel from a man who,

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ED FEINGERSH

Bishop Sheen relaxes with young guests Susan (l.) and Barbara Elson, daughters of Chicago sports announcer Bob Elson

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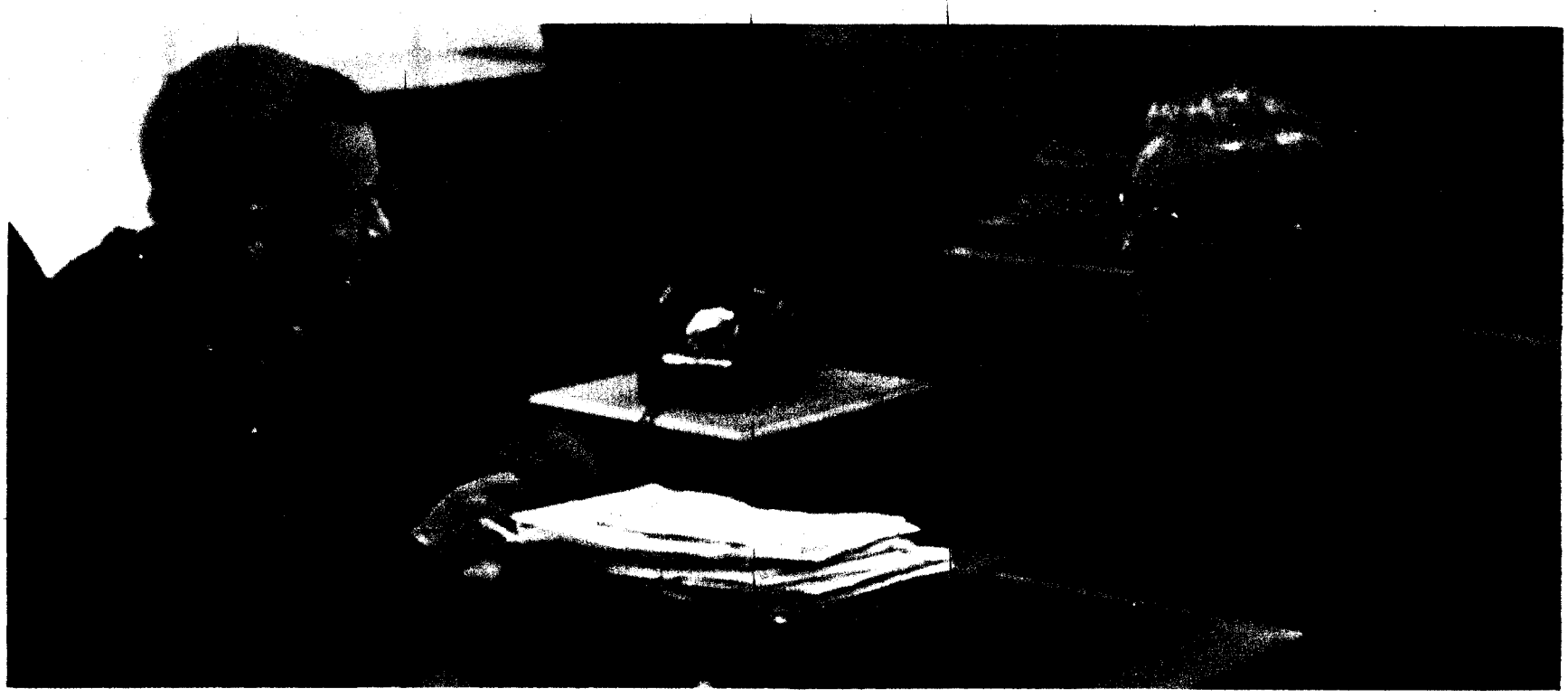
Many letters request help, but some viewers offer a little guidance of their own



In office, the bishop discusses the day's work with his close aidé, Monsignor Charles McBride

in the new medium of television, has impressed them with his broad wisdom.

All of the many hundreds of letters which come in each day are delivered to the bishop's offices at the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in New York.

Since it would be physically impossible for any one person to read each letter and card, the mail is sorted and examined first by an experienced clerical staff of about 35 women. They acknowledge the compliments and complaints, and answer routine requests for information.

The bishop gives his personal attention to all letters requesting advice on serious subjects.

Many of the problems, of course, fall into wide, general categories, with only the personal details really different. The bishop's letters to specific individuals, therefore, often possess a universal appeal. While he obviously would not permit the senders of such letters to be identified, he has consented to the publication of four of his recent replies to problems that frequently are brought to his attention by viewers.

* * *

In a letter he considers applicable to any wife who has lost a husband, or husband who has lost a wife, he wrote a short time ago:

"In true married love it is not so much that two hearts walk side by side through life. Rather the two hearts become one heart. That is why death is not the separation of two hearts, but rather the tearing apart of one heart. It is this that makes the bitterness of grief.

"But be consoled. Your love in the beginning came from God. As fire mounts upward, so now part of your flesh is already at the Source of Love. The love you enjoyed was but the spark of which God Himself is the Flame. Thank God for the trusteeship of such love during a long companionship, and now so live that you may be worthy to mount upward to that Divine Hearth where love is without satiety or hate but an endless ecstasy toward which every marriage aspires."

The bishop offered this encouragement to a despairing sinner:

"When you begin to be infinitely wicked, and God ceases to be infinitely merciful, then you can begin to despair. There are barren spots in the spiritual life of everyone, even of the saints, and such a spot is often the prelude to a closer communion with Christ. Do not feel discouraged but continue to pray and trust in God's Infinite Love for you. A greater sin than any you have committed would be to despair of the Mercy of God. Remember, if you had never sinned, you could never call Jesus 'Saviour.' "

* * *

Bishop Sheen advised a wife who has an alcoholic husband:

"Your letter tells me that you plan to leave your husband because he is an alcoholic. May I humbly beg you to reconsider your decision. If your husband had some serious illness such as pneumonia, you would not desert him but would lavish him with tender and affectionate care. Now that your husband has a moral illness, why abandon him? He is flesh of your flesh, bone of your bone. If your left hand were wounded, would not your right hand minister unto the healing? Does not St. Paul tell us: 'The believing wife sanctifieth the unbelieving husband'?

"Remain then with your husband, knowing that before God you are saved with him and through him. I know he is a trial to you, but let us not forget we are a trial to God. If He can put up with us for sixty years, we ought to be able to put up with our problems for an equal amount of time. It may well be, too, that your fidelity to him can be the condition of his cure."

And to the anguished parents of a seriously ill child, he wrote:

"I have just received your letter in which you tell me of the distress of your soul occasioned by the medical report that your daughter is suffering from an incurable disease and that death is hovering over her.

"It is for such trials that God has given us the benefit of Faith, and for your consolation I bid you to go to another Mother, who when her Child was 40 days old was told that He was marked for death. His leukemia would be the Crucifixion. The sword that would pierce her own heart would be the sentence of Death pronounced on her Divine Son.

"There is not much difference between an old man like Simeon telling a mother of imminent death and a doctor telling you, for in both cases the warnings have come through human agencies.

"Be assured that as there is not a hair that falls from our heads but that the Heavenly Father knoweth it, and that as the angels of the children always see the face of their Father so your little child already falls under a very special Providence. Perhaps you would have been very happy if the child had a religious vocation. It has! Its vocation is to be offered on the paten of your own will as a clean oblation to the Heavenly Father.

"This child came from God through you, and you must be sure that it goes back *through you;* that is, through your sweet surrender of will to that of the Father's Will.

"Sometimes it is the parents who go to prepare the way for their children, but your child is like the Divine Child Who first prepared the way for His parents. As Jesus made His own Mother and Father and then made their mansions in Heaven, so your child is the architect of your mansions in the Father's House."

* * *

Of course, not all of Bishop Sheen's television mail is serious. Dozens of avowed fan letters come with each delivery. In a fairly typical note, one Chicago housewife wrote: "Like so many thousands of others I would, if restricted to one television show per week, select Life Is Worth Living. In my humble opinion each program leaves the viewer with a better understanding of himself and his fellow man." And a non-Catholic college professor from New York, wrote admiringly: "Your manner is above praise. You are not merely a wonderful teacher, but you seem to understand the new medium. I advise all my students who consider becoming teachers to watch how you do it."

Other viewers are not above sending a little criticism or guidance of their own to the learned cleric. "For goodness' sakes don't put poetry out on that precious half hour of yours," pleaded an Ohio man good-naturedly. And in almost direct opposition, a Detroiter urged a program devoted to Shakespeare because "you can do it with such feeling . . . many people will want to read him."

When Bishop Sheen first decided to go on television, many of the industry's experts predicted a quick end to the program.

"No single individual," said one skeptical executive, "can possibly hang on to a TV audience's attention for a full half hour."

The bishop's subsequent resounding success may have stumped the experts, but millions of devoted viewers could explain that there never has been a substitute for faith. ▲▲▲

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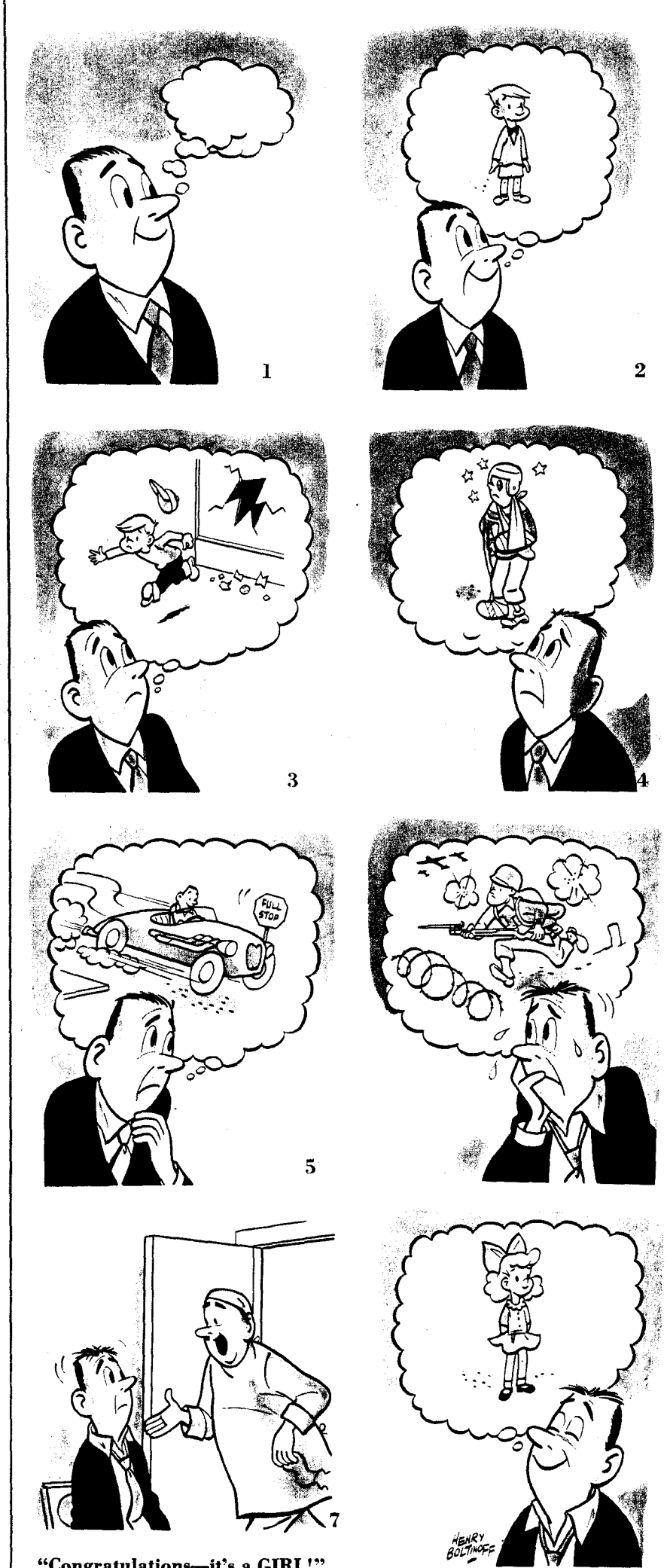
Maternity Ward

By HENRY BOLTINOFF

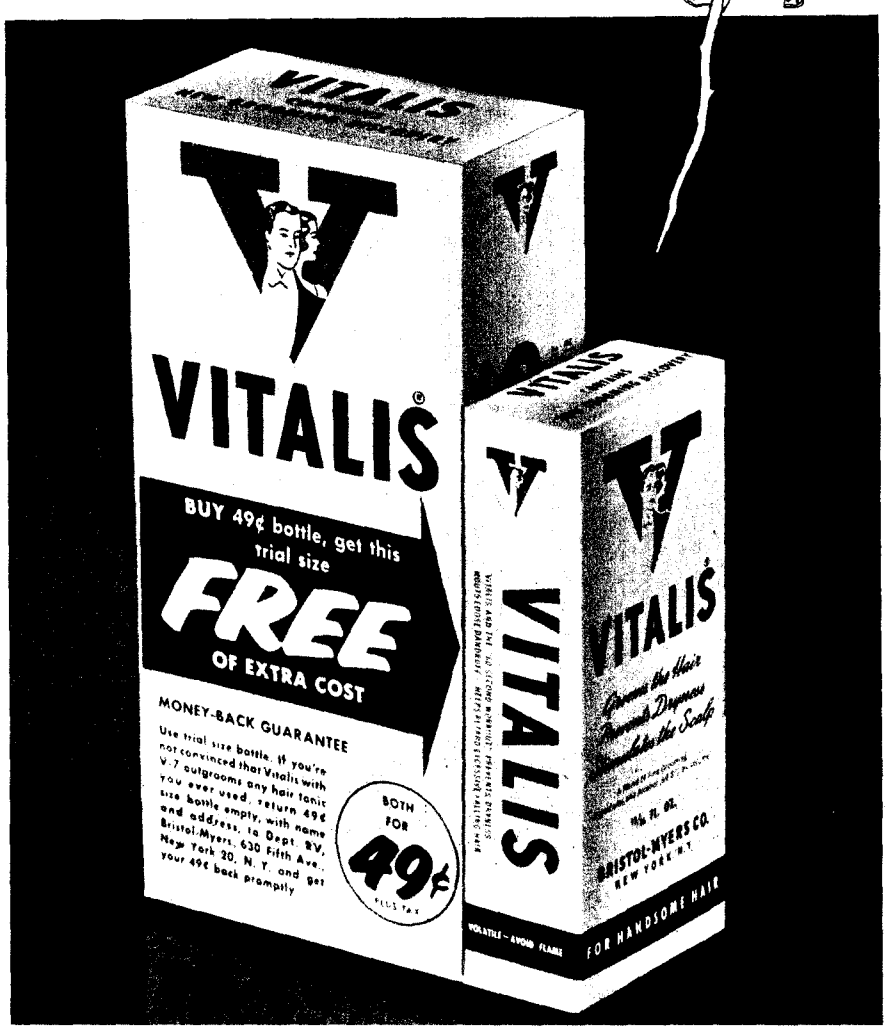


"Congratulations—it's a GIRL!"

BUY ONE BOTTLE—GET ANOTHER

FREE

OF EXTRA COST*



Special Offer to introduce VITALIS® with "V-7"—new greaseless grooming discovery—keeps your hair neat all day

Here's a no-risk, bargain opportunity to try new finer Vitalis Hair Tonic. It now contains "V-7"—the remarkable new grooming discovery that outdates messy oils and greases.

Not an animal, vegetable or mineral oil, "V-7" is a new kind of *greaseless* grooming agent. It keeps your hair in place *all day long* without gummy film or matted-down look. What's more, laboratory tests prove new Vitalis kills, on contact, germs that many doctors associate with infectious dandruff.

So get a trial bottle of new finer Vitalis—FREE of extra cost. You pay for only one bottle. And you'll discover the finest hair tonic you ever used or get your money back in full on the bottle you paid for.

***ACCEPT THIS OFFER**

Use the trial bottle of Vitalis with "V-7." If you don't get the cleanest, longest-lasting hair groom ever, return 49¢ bottle *empty* with your name and address to Dept. 60, Bristol-Myers, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N.Y. for full refund. (Offer good only in continental U.S.A. and Alaska.)

A Product of Bristol-Myers

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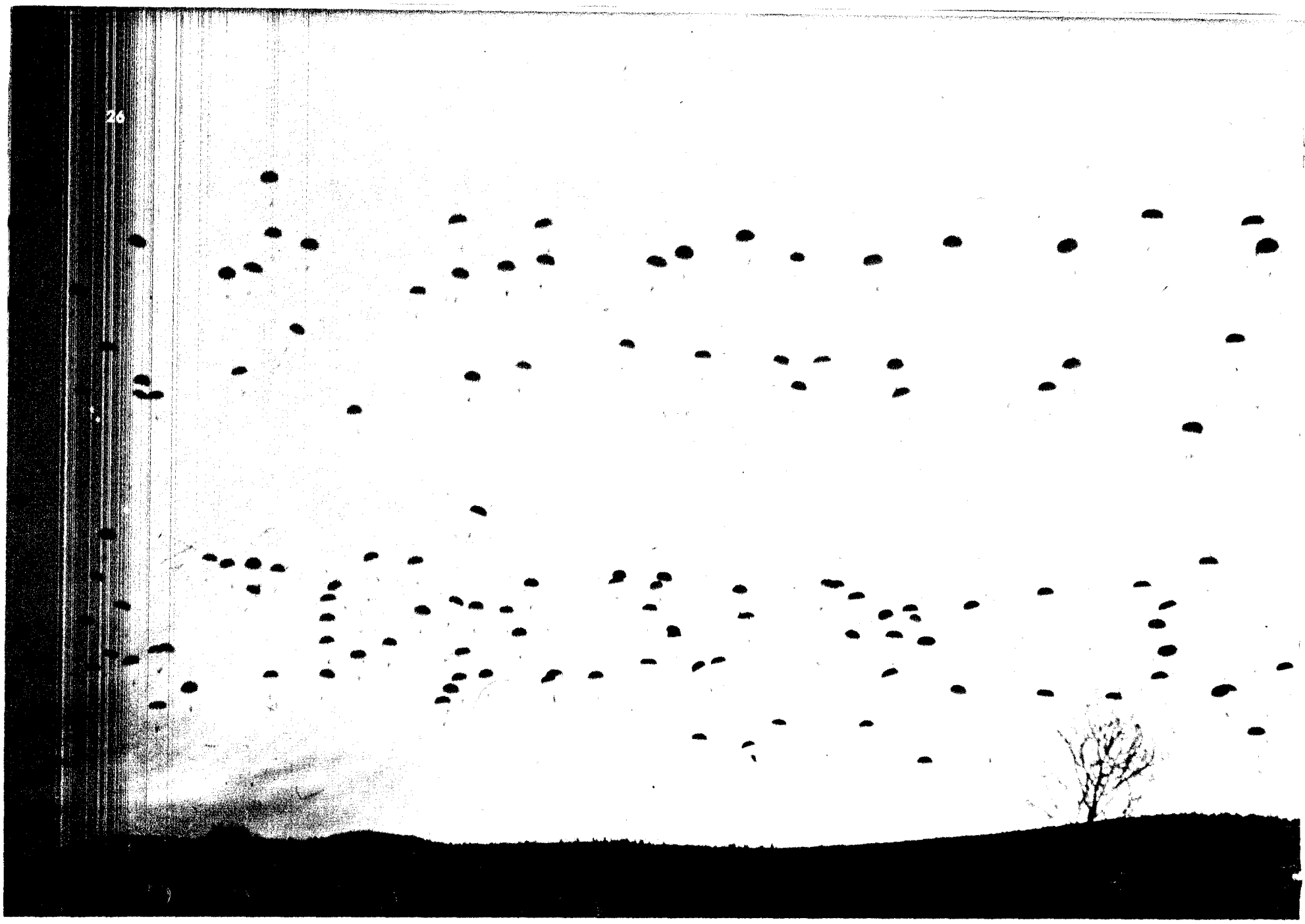

Pinkish arctic dawn backlights jump by some of 600 paratroopers flown to Alaska from U.S. to reinforce defending troops in Exercise Warmwind

Big Drop in ALASKA

By ALFRED M. LANSING

The Alaskan defense timetable reads: Our garrison will keep the enemy at bay . . . troops in the U.S. will be alerted to hit the aggressor with an airborne counterblow. Arrival time: 72 hours

ALASKA stands between us and any Asiatic invasion of North America. It is the threshold where an aggressor must pause before stepping inside. Our ability to stop an invasion of the continental United States from the north virtually depends on our ability to hold Alaska. To do the job, U.S. planners have evolved a twofold strategy: we will not try to defend the whole area, but only a relatively small section plumb in the middle of the territory known as the Alaskan heartland. And we will not even maintain a force in Alaska large enough to secure the heartland; instead, the real defense of the territory will be made by reinforcing troops rushed in by air from bases in the States.

The strategy is based on the assumption that an aggressor would not covet Alaska for itself alone. Militarily, it is valuable to the enemy only as an operating base from which to hit bigger and better targets elsewhere. Its sprawling airfields (some of the largest in the world) are the prize. From them an enemy could easily make round-trip bombing missions against a dozen major American and Canadian cities. Those airfields are located in the heartland. It is there, then, that the enemy must strike if he is to gain a worth-while objective.

The heartland itself is an area of about 100,000 square miles, extending, in the shape of an egg, roughly from southwest Alaska almost halfway to the Arctic Ocean. The weather there is more temperate and the terrain less formidable than in the remainder of the territory's 586,000 square miles. Even if an enemy were foolish enough to attack outside the heartland, the mountains and the frozen swamps and the leaden cold would be on our side to help defeat him. An overland attack would wear itself out simply trying to get over the terrain. Thus, strategically, geographically and climatically, Alaska's heartland becomes the only sensible target of aggression—and, therefore, the obvious area that we must hold, or suffer the consequences of having Alaska turned against us.

The possibility of an amphibious invasion cannot be ruled out, but very likely an invasion of Alaska would strike directly at the heartland. Enemy paratroopers would be dropped in an airborne invasion. The primary task assigned to our small garrison in Alaska is to contain the enemy if possible—to fight a delaying action until reinforcements, fully equipped with tanks and artillery, can be flown in from the continental United States. If the enemy is to be stopped before he can exploit his position, the reinforcements should be in action on the firing line within 72 hours after the invasion.

Can we do it? Our strategists say we can indeed.

The Department of Defense recently staged Exercise Warmwind to prove it. The primary purpose

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARVIN KONER AND LEW MERRIM

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of the maneuver was first to test our ability to reinforce Alaska by air rapidly under realistically simulated conditions, and also to train troops stationed in the area in a mock combat situation. In the eyes of our military commanders, Warmwind was successful on both counts. The exercise was carried out in six stages. In each, the make-believe aggressor, played by the 4th and 196th Regimental Combat Teams—two Alaskan-based outfits—was considered to have made a successful air drop or amphibious landing and to be holding different key positions from which he had to be dislodged and the positions retaken.

Airborne Troops Do Bulk of Task

The Navy and the Marine Corps, in two phases of the exercise, joined with the Army and the Air Force to drive out the would-be invaders. But, as it would in an actual invasion, the bulk of the task of driving out the invader fell to troops flown to Alaska's rescue from bases in the United States.

A typical, but by far the most dramatic, phase of the exercise occurred at Eielson Air Force Base, about 30 miles south of Fairbanks. There the enemy was presumed to have pulled off a successful air drop. The hostile forces had captured the airfield and the Alaskan Highway south almost to Big Delta, a small town on the Tanana River which runs alongside the highway.

The enemy had tried to push into Big Delta. But defending forces there had mustered all available men—armed cooks, mechanics and other "housekeeping personnel"—and stopped the southward advance of the so-called enemy. The defending forces had even begun to advance again toward the north and Eielson, pushing the aggressor back.

On the morning of November 11th, the incredibly slow arctic sunrise began as a pinkish peep of light in the east. The enemy, in tanks and jeeps and on foot, was stretched out in a thin defensive line along the Alaskan Highway. The defending forces were worrying him in the south. Machine guns and rifles firing blanks spat occasionally as patrol units from both sides crept along, seeking out the strength of the opposing force. The temperature was just about zero.

At 7:01 A.M., a single transport plane droned over the mountains fringing the highway. Slowly, it flew parallel to the road, looking over the situation, scouting the area prior to the air drop. Satisfied with what it found, the plane banked to one side and pulled away.

Then there came the noise of more planes, lots more. They came from over the same mountain and they flew along like a stairway, each one behind and higher than the one in front of it. When they were in position, their doors opened and men poured out. From the ground, the parachutes looked like handfuls of seed pods floating on the breeze. But each seed pod carried a lethal punch. Each was a skilled fighter.

Five minutes after the first man jumped, 600 men of the 503d Regimental Combat Team—flown to Alaska from Camp Campbell, Kentucky—were on the ground. Minutes later they were exchanging fire with the enemy.

The actual drop of paratroopers had given the maneuver a distinct touch of realism and the troops of the make-believe enemy were tense and apprehensive. They withdrew toward Eielson, trying to throw a defensive ring around it.

But the paratroopers of the 503d would not be stopped. They teamed up with the friendly forces on the ground. Heavy mortars were brought up and blank ammunition roared in the direction of the enemy-held area. Jet fighter planes whooshed across the icy valley, strafing the enemy. The highway was gained, and medium tanks, their exhausts forming a thick vapor in the frigid air, lumbered along the road to the north.

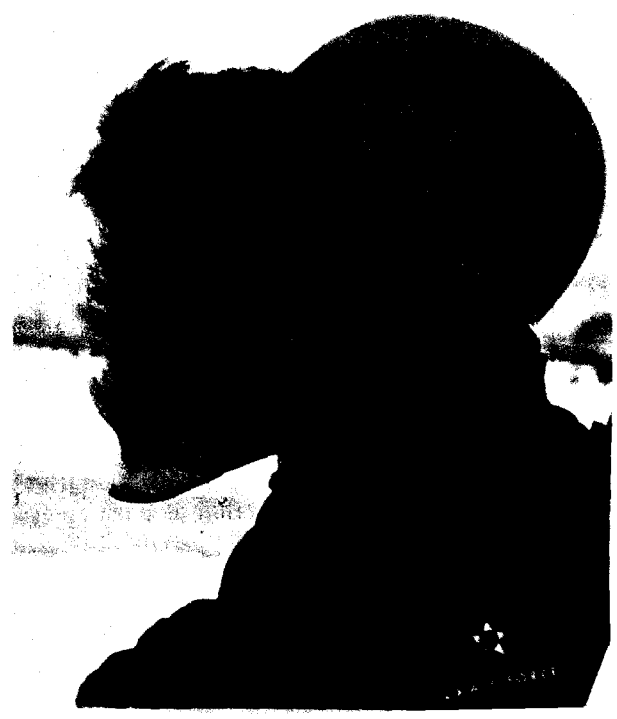
The enemy withdrew tighter and tighter around Eielson, fighting desperately to hold it. But still the paratroopers came. The battle continued all that day. Shortly after dawn the next morning, the 503d—an outfit fresh out of Kentucky, more than 3,000 miles away—moved into Alaska's largest air base.

Typical of hard-hitting paratroopers who retook vast Eielson AFB from mock foe is Cpl. Henry Almonte, Jr.

Col. L. A. Walsh, of Washington, D.C., heads 503d RC Team that made jump

Lt. Henry Clay, Coeburn, Va. (above), bolts down can of rations during breather in assault on Eielson AFB. Most troops, like Pfc Robert Edwards, Brooklyn, N.Y. (below), had no previous arctic fighting experience

Lt. Gen. W. E. Kepner (above), director of Warmwind, warned: "Much still must be done." A/3c Frank Morger, Bloomington, Illinois (below), guarded planes



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Our best hopes to dim the Alaskan gleam in Stalin's eye are pinned on the men who wear

On perimeter of Eielson AFB, soldier playing part of enemy fires desperately at advancing friendly forces closing in to retake captured field

Mock enemy troops on Alaskan Highway gird armed jeep for action as paratroops advance

CORPORAL HENRY ALMONTE, JR., of Cranston, Rhode Island, is a paratrooper. Before last November he had never seen Alaska. He was stationed at Camp Campbell, Kentucky, as leader of the First Squad, Second Platoon, I Company, 503d Regimental Combat Team. Early on the morning of November 11th, he and his squad leaped from a C-119 into Alaska's Tanana River Valley. Their assignment was to recapture Eielson Air Force Base from a mock enemy. The success of Almonte's squad—and the 50-odd other squads of the 503d—was a part of the test of our basic strategy for the defense of Alaska. If they failed, our plans to reinforce the territory with airborne troops from the U.S. might need basic revision.

Within minutes after Almonte's squad hit the ground, he rounded them up, then led them eight miles to a position on the enemy's flank. Tactically, Almonte's "impossible" move proved as effective—on a tiny scale—as Hannibal's historic crossing of the Alps. They cut off a battalion and captured its commander. Twenty-six hours after they jumped, they stood—cold and tired, but victorious—on the king-size runways at Eielson.

Strange arctic sunset casts yellowish tinge over men of 503d moving forward on highway

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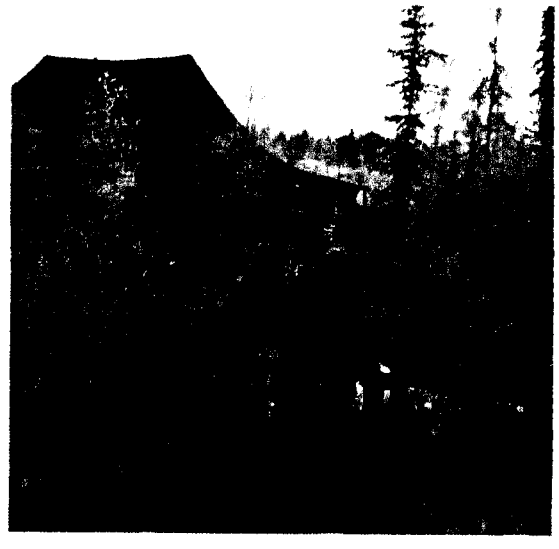
"Airborne" on their sleeves. Exercise Warmwind more than proved it is a wise decision

Machine-gun burst spit yellow flame as friendly troops of Cpl. Almonte's squad move up through forest. Paratroopers retook Eielson in 26 hours

Cold-weather equipment failures were few, but some occurred. Men replace a gun barrel



Almonte's men creep forward past aid station. Squad later cut off an entire enemy battalion

Big 105-mm. howitzer, dropped along with the troops, softened up enemy. Gun fired blanks

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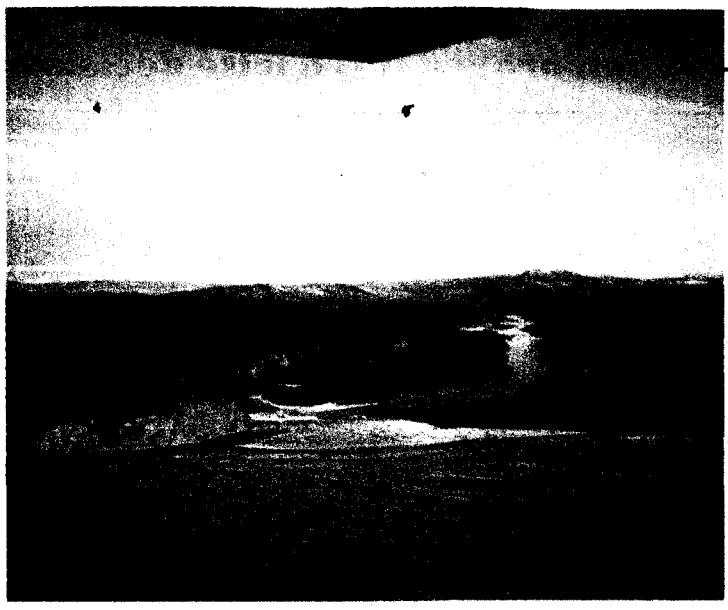

Tanana River Valley is part of Alaskan heartland, the area we must defend—or risk having enemy use Alaska against us

The first to know—and fight—will be the jets

TO MOST of the troops regularly stationed in Alaska, Exercise Warmwind was a welcome interlude in the humdrum duty of guarding arctic outposts. Similarly, the paratroopers of the 503d Regimental Combat Team, who were flown from Kentucky to wrest Eielson Air Force Base from the enemy's grip, also had a stimulating taste of arctic fighting—something they hadn't experienced before. But to the young pilots of the 449th Fighter Interceptor Squadron, who fly the F-94 jets out of Ladd Air Force Base, Fairbanks, Warmwind was old hat.

During the maneuver, they made simulated strafing runs on the enemy. They flew close support for friendly troops advancing on the ground. They fought off B-29s playing the part of hostile bombers. But it was only slightly more demanding than the job they do every day of the year.

Outfits like the 449th form, in fact, our first line of defense against any invasion from Asia. The squadron is the northernmost-based interceptor outfit on the North American continent. It is never off duty. Its round-the-clock job is to roar aloft to investigate every unidentified blip that appears on a searching radar. The interval between the time that something suspicious is spotted and planes of the 449th are in the air is exactly three minutes. Thus, they would very likely be the first to know of—and the first to fight in—any attempted airborne invasion of Alaska—the real-life equivalent of Exercise Warmwind.

At any time, they may have to live up to the insigne painted on each of their planes. It is a *shloyiak* (Eskimo for gyrfalcon), an arctic bird that will rush in to attack other birds twice its size. ▲▲▲

Capt. George F. Allen, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma (left), and Lt. Monty Duncan, Elkhart, Indiana, race across Ladd Air Force Base, Fairbanks, to man

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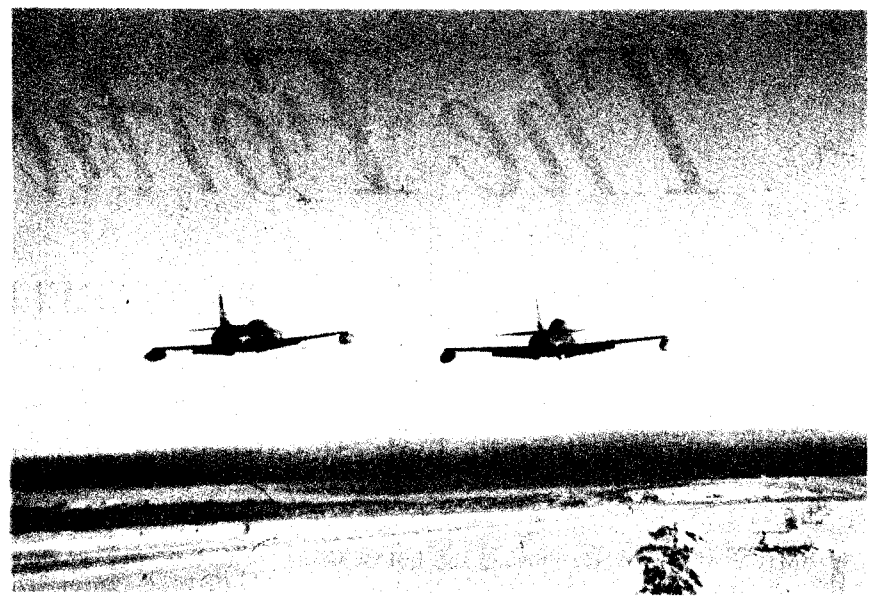
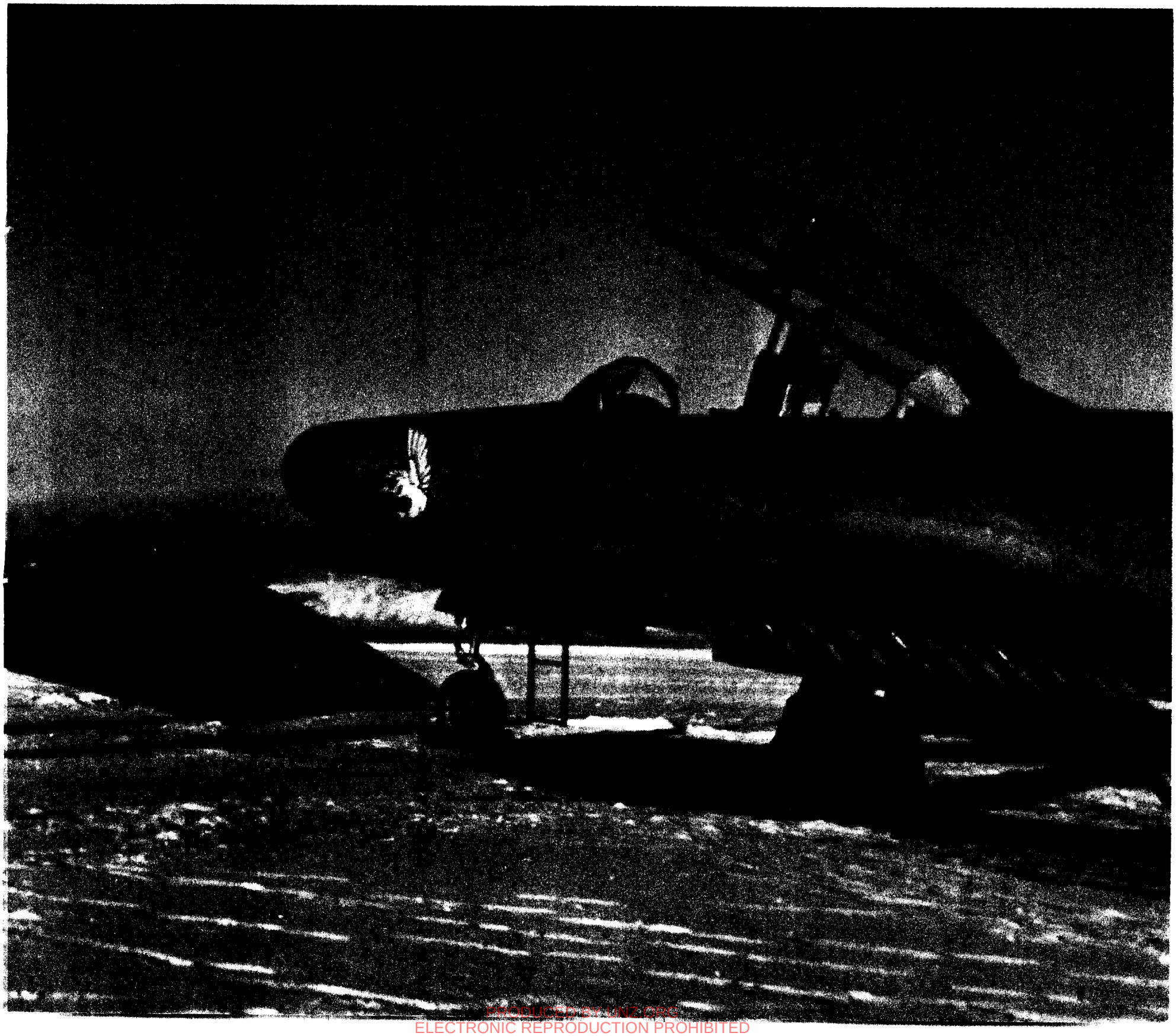
Helicopter flies out men injured in air drop. One per cent injuries were considered exceptionally low in view of terrain and the weather



Jets of 449th Fighter Interceptor Squadron streak toward target to support troops. Group is northernmost-based outfit in North America

jets of 449th Interceptor Squadron after suspicious aircraft are detected. Assigned pilots always stand by, can be in air three minutes after an alert



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The Fortune Hunter

By ISABELLE HOLLAND

Emily knew that her friends and relatives, and even disinterested observers, would think she was being a fool. She also knew that pride would be cold comfort if she lost her love

EMILY MAITLAND finished the last of her packing and sat down wearily on the uncomfortable straight chair by the window. There was another chair on the other side of the room, large, overstuffed and musty. But it was shut off from any breeze by the wardrobe on one side and the door on the other, and she was too tired to drag it across the room and too miserable to care about the hard wood against her shoulders and legs.

The slatted blinds were half shut, as she had left them that morning to keep out the heat of the sun, which in Paris in September still fell baking on the streets. That afternoon, when she had returned to the room from the interview at her uncle's house, she had been aware of nothing except a sense of frantic haste to pack and leave.

It was now seven o'clock. Outside, the trees rustled as the air moved through them. The streets, lit by the dim yellow of lamps, were noisy and cheerful. The café opposite, throwing a bright wash of light out onto the sidewalk, rattled with conversation and a thriving business. Scraps of conversation rose to her balcony above the steady clatter of feet and voices.

How expressive they are, Emily thought wearily, with their quick contrasts of pitch, but half the pleasure was gone when you couldn't watch the gesticulations.

She thought of the clothes tossed into her suitcases, of the bath she had persuaded the fat concierge to let her have in the middle of the afternoon. She turned her mind to anything idle and inconsequential that would keep at bay the memory of that morning. But the picture kept recurring: the long, high-ceilinged room; her uncle fingering his gold watch chain as he talked with painful, humiliating tact; the eighteenth-century clock that ticked through the silences before André-Paul arrived. Undoubtedly, Emily had thought, it had ticked with the same dispassionate regularity when the Bastille fell, when a queen of France swayed and clutched the wooden cart that carried her to the guillotine.

It was not really her uncle's fault. He had done what he thought was right. In a sudden spasm of hatred she tried to remember that. Sitting there in the semidark, her packing done, the rest of the evening a vacuum before the midnight train, she wished for the first time that she smoked. It would give her something to do momentarily: cross the

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The young Frenchman answered her uncle's questions frankly, but his eyes were guarded. It was then that Emily felt her first chill

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It was 5° below

when the boiler let go...

But because of a discovery by Inco Research, the radiators were soon hot again

"It looked like a long cold spell for the Fergusons. That's what they told me when they phoned that their furnace had let go.

"It *did* look that way. And there's no doubt it would have been pretty serious in the Nineteen Thirties. But things are different now.

"I'm an old time welder, and in those days we had good reason to hate any repair job on cast iron. In fact, I'd have told the Fergusons to order a new boiler and move out until it arrived.

"We used to think cast iron was much too brittle to weld. No matter how careful we were to heat it and cool it slowly, ten chances to one the metal would crack or pull apart.

"I used to ask myself, 'Why doesn't someone make a welding rod that can really weld cast iron?'

"Then International Nickel research engineers learned how. They discovered that with just the right amount of Nickel, they could make the kind of electrode we old timers needed. They called it Ni-Rod '55.'

"With Ni-Rod '55,' I was able to mend the Fergusons' boiler easily, right as it stood and without tearing it apart. You can see how much this meant to the Fergusons. Of course, I had to be sure I used the right welding procedure."

You probably would be surprised to learn how many repairs welders make today on cast iron, with Ni-Rod "55." As a result of this one International Nickel research discovery, many thousands of dollars worth of cast iron machinery has been saved from the junk pile.

International Nickel's research is responsible for scores of discoveries in other fields, too. Only when you see them, you probably do not recognize them as miracles based on metal. You identify them as jet planes, or modern wonder drugs – or even the living image in your television set.

But it is "Your Unseen Friend," Inco Nickel, that helps make them possible—Nickel in some form, some alloy, some mixture of metals that came out of a crucible after months and years of research in one of the Inco laboratories.

Inco research enables Nickel to serve you more efficiently, to make your life more comfortable and more secure.

How deep is a mine?

How large is a mill? How many thousands of electric cells are needed to refine pounds of Nickel from tons of ore? Ore brought up from a mile down? In all International Nickel operations—mining, milling, refining—production is at a high. And *back* of that production is an amazing story. Read it: read *The Romance of Nickel.* Free. Write to The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 11b, New York 5, N. Y.

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Inco Nickel... Your Unseen Friend

The INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, Inc.

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room, grope in a pocket for a cigarette, and then light it.

Her uncle smoked thin, brown cigars. André-Paul smoked cigarettes, one after the other on some days; at other times, hardly at all, pulling one from a crumpled package in his coat only after lunch or dinner, savoring it to the last. She had wondered about that and had put it down to a change in mood that was too deep to show in other ways. Now, of course, she knew the reason: lack of money. All he had was sunk into that arid farm of his near Beaulac, and still, it wasn't enough.

Joshua Maitland had explained that carefully during the morning interview, clipping off the end of his after-breakfast cigar with the gold knife that dangled from his watch chain. "You see, my dear," he said, "most of us Americans don't realize just how poor even formerly wealthy Frenchmen are just now. At least, those of us who haven't been in Europe since the war," he went on, gracefully and inaccurately including himself. "The war itself, the occupation, and then the strikes . . ." His voice trailed off. "It's hard for us really to understand."

IN THE midst of her awakening to what was coming, Emily found time to feel sorry for her uncle. He was so obviously caught between two loyalties: one to his beloved, adopted country, France, which normally he could not bear to hear criticized, and an older obligation to his niece from the same small farming town in Vermont from which he had come. It required some juggling in time. He had to throw aside the tenderly cultivated love of forty years and speak in a language he had almost forgotten. Even his voice was different. When he spoke French, which he did almost always, it was lighter, readier. Now he was fumbling with old phrases and colloquialisms.

"Are you trying to tell me that André-Paul is a fortune hunter?" said Emily bluntly, her hands clenched in her lap.

A look of distaste passed quickly over her uncle's face. "Our way of doing things in America is different," he said sharply. "According to French standards, he is perfectly within his rights to want to marry a girl with money. He owes it to his family."

He pulled up sharp, as though realizing that, without meaning to, he had wandered into the other camp. He had not summoned his niece in order to defend André-Paul; on the contrary. He took a deep breath and warmed his words with the glow of a compliment. "You're an American girl, Emily, and very much a native product. It was wonderful, your aunt leaving you that money, and fine for you to come over here. Everyone should travel. But now it's time you went home and married some nice American boy. I don't think you're at all suited—well—to life over here." His voice faded away again.

And Emily, with characteristic insight, saw herself as she appeared in his eyes: a plain girl with brown hair and eyes, as unspectacular as the brogues and tan linen she was wearing—and, by contrast, André-Paul, with his Gallic attractiveness.

"Anyway," he said, obviously glad to return to facts, "André-Paul said in his note that he would be here at twelve, and we shall see."

"He is coming," said Emily defensively, "to tell you that we want to be married."

"Yes, my dear. I know. Very proper."

They waited in silence for André-Paul's arrival. Emily, perched on the edge of her uncle's gilt-and-damask sofa, her body tense, let her mind stray back over the three months since she had met André-Paul.

Falling in love had been no part of her plan when she came to Paris. Coming at all had been, for ten years, an impossible dream that suddenly became possible when her aunt in New York died. After six years as a secretary, Emily wouldn't have been able to pay her passage on a freighter. But the astonishingly large legacy made first-class fare on the world's largest liner of little more moment than a bus trip from one end of town to the other.

Even after meeting André-Paul at an embassy party, she had kept the even tenor of her dream, seeing with him the Louvre, Versailles, the Tuileries, the Bois de Boulogne, the Champs-Élysées. Love had come slowly, and without trumpets, sometime during the walks they had taken by the river; the dinners in small, inexpensive restaurants; the rides through the green fields that lie around Paris like a skirt. His face, with its blunt features and square chin, had become inextricably mixed with all that she saw and loved. And when she awoke one morning with an odd, turning sensation in her stomach at the thought of seeing him in an hour, she was completely surprised.

Her upbringing had left her strangely unsentimental and untouched by romantic fancies. She had never before been in love and was totally unprepared for the radiant colors it threw over the most ordinary word and thought. Whether he loved her, she had no idea. Any vague notions she had had about Frenchmen had been completely refuted. André-Paul never made love to her. He never even kissed her. When, on their way back to her pension two nights ago, he had asked her to marry him, she was as astonished as she was happy. He didn't even kiss her then; just looked at her for a few seconds, smiling a little, and left.

And now, this morning, her uncle had told her that it was the simple need for ready cash that had prompted his proposal. The hurt of it would have driven through her body like a spike, if she hadn't been sure he was wrong.

She had sat like a stone until the little clock struck noon and André-Paul arrived, his English tweeds looking at charming variance with his Gallic face.

EMILY, sitting now in her slip by the window, shivered. It was like seeing a ghost to recall the surge of reassurance she had felt on seeing the familiar dark face and light gray eyes. It reduced everything for a wonderful moment to sanity. Her uncle's suggestion seemed preposterous. In a few seconds André-Paul would laugh suddenly, in the way he had, and they would walk out, leaving her uncle to the comfort of his furtive suspicions and analytical ramblings.

But it had not worked out like that.

André-Paul looked surprised, even a little shocked, to see her there at her uncle's house at all. Evidently she was not abiding by the rules of the game, and he seemed only partly mollified by Joshua Maitland's assertion that in America it was entirely the custom for all three to be present.

"After all," he said, speaking to André-Paul, with an obvious effort, in English, "it concerns you equally."

He started off with the usual questions. The young Frenchman answered these frankly, but his eyes, Emily noticed, were guarded. It was then she felt her first chill. It became plain before long that her uncle was leading his victim pitilessly to the admission that his farm, which was his only source of income, was degenerating year by year for lack of equipment; that he was forced to live on it most of the time, coming to Paris only off and on; that there was no hope, short of a miracle, that he could hold the land beyond a few seasons.

It was as pretty a piece of work as was ever seen in a court of law, creating line by line a perfectly clear picture. Like a master craftsman, the suave old man waited until the tension of climax had passed to ask his final question, pitching it in such friendly, casual tones as to hide its bald cruelty.

"Then if my niece were not independently wealthy, you would not, perhaps, be here?"

André-Paul's eyes were hard, his face expressionless. "No," he replied quietly, "I would not." And he got up and, with a slight bow, left. . . .

Emily, aware at last of her numbed legs and back, got up from the chair and went and lay face down on the bed, her mind helpless against revolving circles of pain. Deepest was the realization that André-Paul didn't love her, had never loved her; that the world he had unveiled was a fiction. A fiction? No, not that. If it were, it could no longer hurt her. The hurt lay in the fact that the world existed for her, but he didn't share it. He had created love in her as a means to an end, not a response. She was surprised to find she felt no anger toward him, only a dull, anguished surprise.

The anger was reserved for her uncle. She saw again his pouched eyes, bland and murderous as an unsheathed sword; the small, plump hand playing with the chain that fell in an arc down his round little belly. His cruelty had spared neither her nor her suitor. Dimly, behind the shadows of pain and humiliation, Emily realized that her uncle had been merciless with André-Paul not because he had turned out to be a fortune hunter, but because he had broken the rules in choosing her as a victim. By so doing he had forced Joshua Maitland to return in spirit to the land of his fathers, to expose the weakness of his adopted love for the benefit of an old loyalty. Perhaps, Emily thought, with an odd detachment, her uncle had been the most humiliated of all. But the detachment did not stop the anger from pounding through her, anger at being cheated and robbed.

She sighed and turned her face on her arm, feeling its coolness on her heated forehead.

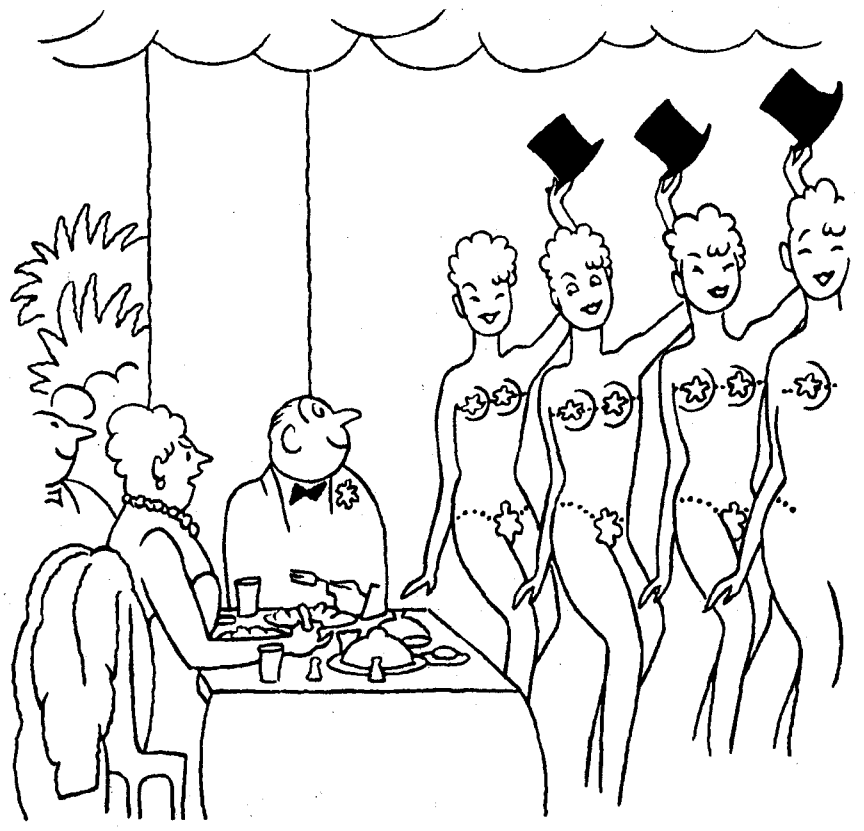
And André-Paul? Tomorrow morning she would leave for Switzerland, and he would return to his farm, with a sense of apology to the fallow pastures and decrepit house for having failed them. It would, she mused, be the regret of the lover who had failed to lay the victory laurel at his lady's feet. Because if her uncle's first love was for a civilization, a way of living, it was now obvious that André-Paul's was for the starving acres of which tradition and heritage had made him steward.

SHE had been out to the farm once with him, about two months after they had first met. He had issued the invitation casually at dinner one evening. She had told him of the farm on which she had grown up, and he, for the first time, had spoken of his home. Emily had heard with quiet amusement the almost indifferent tone in which he had referred to the land that had been in his family for three hundred years. She was also touched, because she knew it is the townsman who speaks of the country in terms of glowing enthusiasm. The true countryman, to whom living on the stone floor of a city would spell death, would as soon indulge in elaborate praise of his wife to a total stranger. In each case the tie is both too deep and too taken for granted.

"I'd love to go," she said, trying to keep the eagerness out of her voice.

His eyes had, surprisingly, gone a little bleak. "It is not," he commented dryly, in his excellent English, "anything like an American farm."

The words had a warning in them which she didn't fully understand until the following Sunday morning, when



COLLIER'S "Another nice thing about a tearoom. You can always eat there in peace!" GARDNER REA

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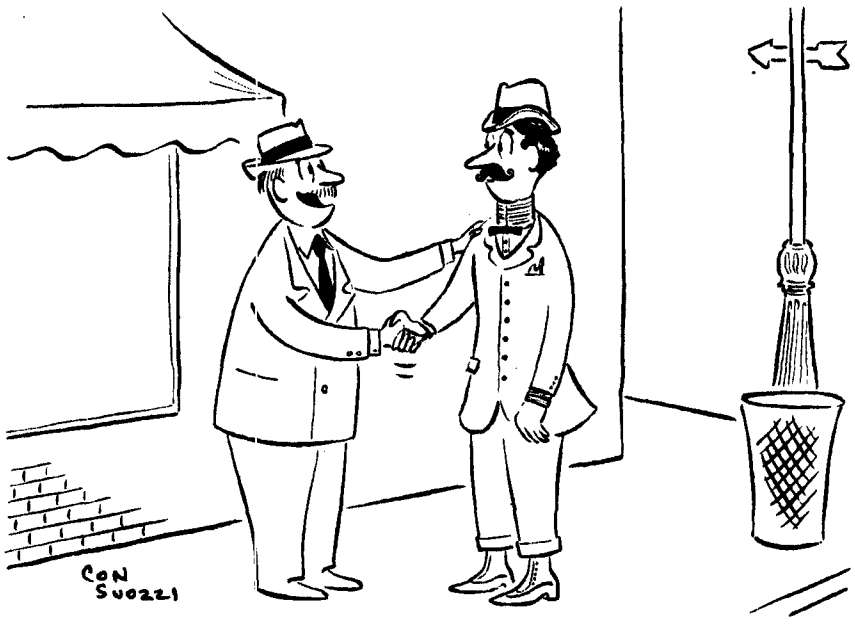

COLLIER'S

"Still the same old Freeman! You haven't changed a bit in thirty years"

CON SUOZZI

they crossed the border of his property. The three-hour ride from Paris had been beautiful but rough. André-Paul's old open car had spared its occupants nothing. Every ridge and hole in the road had sent its own particular message to Emily's aching limbs. Her little suitcase, with the breeches André-Paul had requested her to bring, jumped around like a frog on a hot skillet.

HIS farm lay a few miles outside the village of Beaulac. The lake from which the place and the family derived their name lay serene and gray on the estate. As the car bumped on the dusty road, Emily watched the fields, some gold with wheat, others brown and weed-grown. The low stone walls were in need of repair, and the few cattle she saw grazing in a distant pasture looked, to her experienced eye, dirty and in need of attention.

André-Paul was silent. His glance roved over the land on either side as though, thought Emily, he were trying to look at them with her eyes.

"You have a nice crop of wheat," she said tentatively.

"Yes, there are a few fields that can still take it. But next year they will have to lie fallow, as the others are doing now." And then, violently, he added, "What they really need is rich fertilizing, and then to be plowed under for a few years." As if he regretted his spurt of anger he turned and smiled. "They'll be all right after a year's rest."

Emily, never one for wishful optimism, said nothing. She would have liked to reassure him, but felt a cheerful lie would be the final insult.

They turned a corner and the house itself came into view. As houses of that type go it was small, set squarely and sturdily in the ground. Its rose-colored stone was almost invisible behind a thick blanket of vines whose throttling arms parted reluctantly for the windows. Emily noticed patches in the roof where tiles were missing, and the overgrown remains of what must have been once a fine garden. She felt a wave of pity and admiration for the man beside her. The place needed a small army to put it in shape, and the only other human being she saw was an old man, wandering slowly through the sparse orchard at the back, carrying a bucket.

The house inside was old, beautiful and run down. Dust was not quite visible, but lay in the shadowy corners of the spacious rooms and angles of polished wood.

She was introduced to the only other member of André-Paul's family, Tante Monique, arrayed in timeless black and looking at her with eyes that were curiously like André-Paul's. Her face was small-boned and fragile, and she sat talking to Emily with delicate formality, hiding red, thickened hands under a silk reticule.

The day was depressing. Not because of the evident poverty, but because of the queer, proud way in which both Tante Monique and her nephew ignored it. If it hadn't been for André-Paul's single revelation of angry pain that morning, Emily could have thought them both totally indifferent to the dying land.

After lunch she put on her breeches, as André-Paul said there were certain areas she might like to see which they could reach only on horseback. When she came down he glanced at the expensive newness of her outfit (which she had run out hastily to buy the day before) and said casually that it would be a dusty ride. He had changed, she noticed, to a pair of corduroy breeches that might well have embarrassed his poorest tenant.

THEY rode almost until dark, and by the time they returned Emily understood André-Paul's concerned glance at her clothes. The horses' hoofs had kicked up clouds of dust, and several times they had splashed across small streams.

But it had been an illuminating ride. Once, coming through a small wood, they had emerged beside an old mill. It was desolate, its great wheel still, the upper half dry and threaded by cobwebs. Riding on, they had left the estates for a few miles and passed small farmhouses, with the farmers moving competently about their orchards and their wives scattering handfuls of feed to clattering chickens or setting out, bucket in hand, for the last milking of the day.

As they passed one cowshed Emily inhaled deeply. "You know," she said thoughtfully, "people in the office where I used to work thought I was mad because I loved the smell of cows, but it's always struck me as the most basic of country smells."

André-Paul gave her one amused

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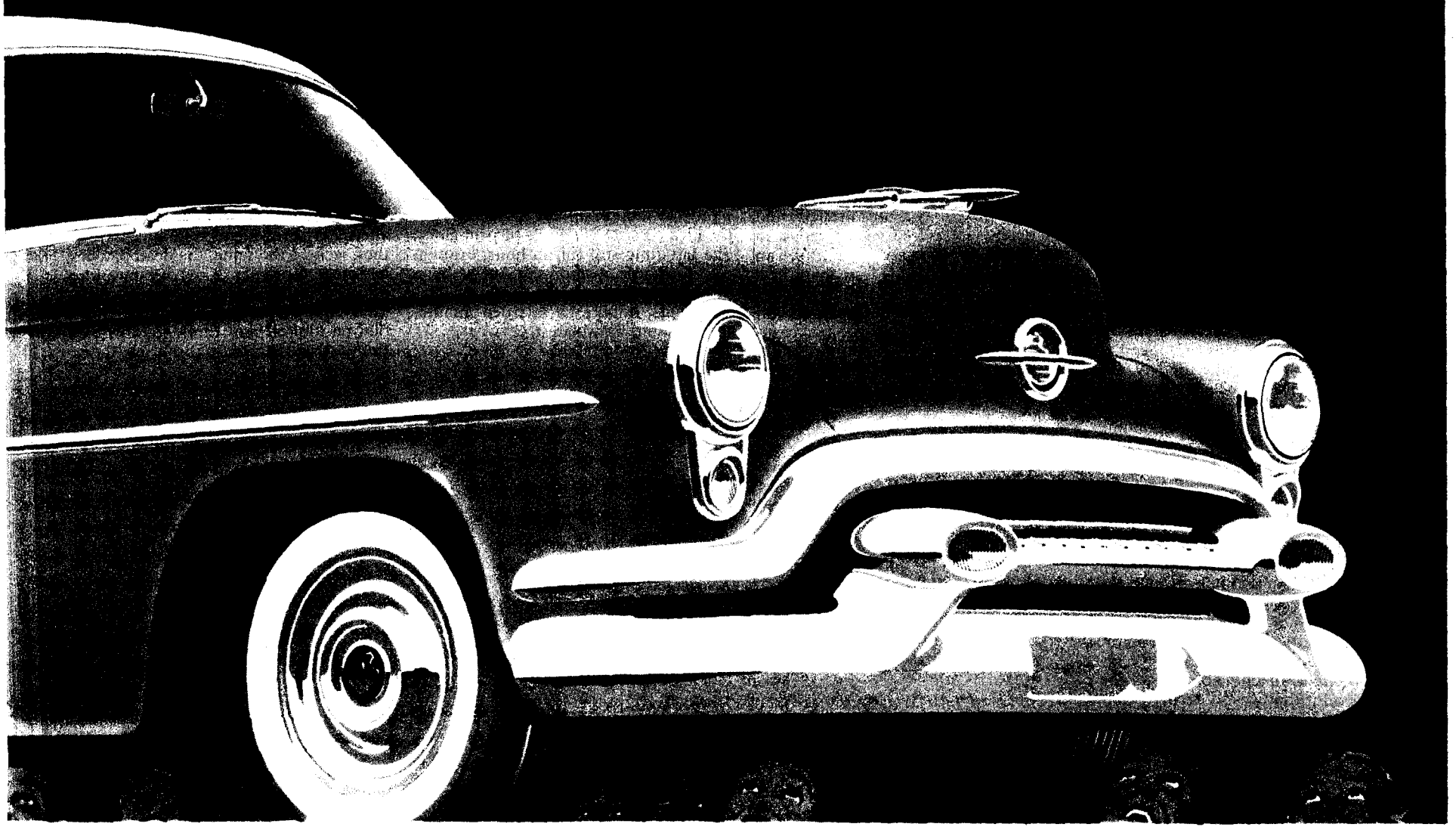

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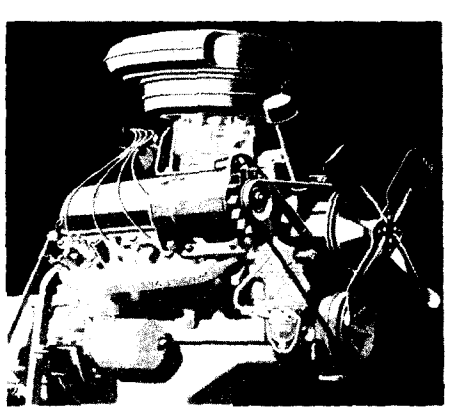

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look and burst out laughing. "But of course. In France—Switzerland also—a large pile of manure is the farmer's proudest possession. He places it in front of his house where all can see and be impressed by his prosperity. People in town," he added with mock scorn, "have no real values. . . . Tell me," he went on, soothing his mare who had just shied at a rabbit, "what was your farm like?"

"Well," she said dryly, "for one thing it would be lost in one corner of yours. My father's parents had a much bigger one which was run by a manager, but my father always wanted one of his own." She sighed. "He wasn't the world's best farmer, but he did love it. The house was a real farmhouse—not like yours, but small and made of gray stone. There was a red barn, and we kept Guernsey cows."

"The land was rich?"

She nodded. "And Father, I will say, was always up on the latest improvements about rotation and fertilizing."

"What happened to it?" he asked gently.

"My parents weren't well, and we'd had a couple of bad years, so they sold it. It was the only thing they could have done, I suppose, but it almost broke Father's heart." She felt then the stirring of an old anger that her wealthy maternal grandmother had refused all help, having disapproved violently of her daughter's becoming what she called "a farm hand." The money had gone to another daughter, Emily's aunt, who had added to it by marrying a rich New Yorker. Ironically, it had come back to Emily, too late to do her parents any good.

"And now," he said quietly, "you live in a town yourself?"

She hesitated. "Well, I did. There was my living to earn, and the country's a poor place for that. But I kept thinking of the farm, especially in spring and at harvesttime. It's funny. Even more than the way it looked, I missed the way it smelled: the hay, the flowers after rain." She laughed. "Even the cows. Particularly the cows." She glanced around for his responding smile. But his face had gone bleak again.

AFTER he had driven her back to Paris that night, she lay awake a long time. André-Paul's face, with its square chin and stubborn features, seemed to stare back at her through the darkness. She was in love with him. She knew that by now, accepting the fact with a simplicity that would not allow for pride or argument.

She thought of his home and the land around it that was so deeply a part of him. A little money now, she knew, could save it. Her imagination leaped far ahead, bringing a tingling sensation to her veins. The whole thing couldn't be done at once, of course. The first thing would be to fertilize some of the fields; then plant half of those, letting the rest be plowed under for a season.

Then the stock could be improved by bringing in more cows and a couple of bulls. The dairy would be reopened . . . The fantasy soared on.

As fantasies go it was remarkably practical. To Emily, however, it was a picture of paradise. To marry André-Paul any time, anywhere, in a slum even, would be the world, like a golden apple, put into her hand. To be able to work with him and give him back something he loved and was losing was like having the sun thrown in as a bonus.

At that point cold realism inserted a wedge: André-Paul hadn't asked her to marry him.

Eventually, of course, he did. Two nights ago, a thousand years ago, thought Emily, lying in her slip on the hot bed, watching the lights and shadows from outside chase one another across the wall. The reason he did was now obvious, thanks to her uncle. She remembered the pudgy little man with his hostile eyes. Why couldn't he have left it alone? she thought with bitter illogic.

"And if," something questioned her mockingly, "your uncle had not interfered, what then?" She pondered the question.

If her uncle had not interfered she would, she supposed, have married André-Paul in blind faith. She would have gone to live on the farm, pouring her money, as though she were irrigating a desert, into new equipment for the tired land. Eventually it would have been back on its feet again. And then?

Ancient Anglo-Saxon suspicion of French married life rose in her mind. Emily shrank within herself. André-Paul's total abstinence from love-making had a new and unpleasant significance. Before, the fact that he had asked her to marry him had erased any doubts she had about how he felt. Now that she knew why he had proposed, she saw the more logical explanation. He didn't make love to her because he didn't want to.

"And yet," thought Emily, holding off for a second a wave of recurring misery, "why me? Why not some other wealthy American?" An incident she had forgotten came back.

They had attended a cocktail party once, a mixed bag of French and Americans, sponsored by someone in the embassy. Toward the end, an American girl descended on them in a swirl of mink and diamonds, her hand outstretched to Emily, her eyes on André-Paul. Emily had met her casually once before and bristled now under the obvious maneuver. The fact that the girl was young and extremely pretty in no way helped. Yet André-Paul had remained as unmoved by her blandishments as a pyramid. Emily's inflamed pride eased a little—but not too much. There was, after all, his self-confessed motive for marrying her.

Pride. That was the astringent needed to draw the scar together and make it heal—enough pride to cover the hurt and loneliness. She turned over again on her face.

THE café outside must have been about to close. A sudden clatter of feet and a burst of good-natured, loud conversation broke the gathering peace of the night and then died away.

It was funny about pride, thought Emily. Most people didn't need to beat the bushes to rouse its power. It came, washing over their defeats like an avenging army. "Something must be wrong with me," she muttered.

An idea, craven and treacherous, nagged at the back of her consciousness. "No," she said loudly, pounding the pillow with her fist.

Lying there had become impossible. Swinging her legs off the bed, she stood up. The air was hot and oppressive, and she longed for a bath, but she knew the concierge would suffer shock in every corner of her bulging flesh if she suggested a second one.

The enamel bowl and pitcher stood on a marble-topped table. The water was cold. Stripping off, Emily poured a bowl full and sponged down the length of her sturdy, well-shaped body. Then she went back to the bed and slid under the sheet.

It was madness, she thought, to consider tossing your life into a gamble as lightly as though it were a marble. But the idea persisted in all its serpent glory. She lay quite still for an hour, examining it. There would, she knew, be a price, to be paid over a lifetime in installments, minute by guarded minute. But it would be worth it. . . .

The road past Rouen and then north to Beaulac was even more unpredictable under her driving than under André-Paul's. Hiring a car at seven o'clock in the morning had not been easy and had taxed Emily's limping French. But she had finally secured a small Simca that looked like a beetle and puffed like a bull.

Emily was neither happy nor unhappy. She knew that her friends and relatives, and even disinterested observers, would condemn her for a fool. Only the doughty little woman who had been her father's mother, hard as the soil she cultivated and just as real, might understand; she who had once grumbled in Emily's hearing to a coquettish farm girl, "Pride is a poor comfort on a cold night." Even Emily's mother, sensible as she was in so many ways, had been shocked at that.

Emily had made a fool of herself, but she could not summon sufficient pride to prevent her from going as fast as her straining little car would take her to commit even further folly. On only one thing had she closed the door and locked it, seaming up the cracks so André-Paul would never see it. That one thing he must never know.

The villages flew past. Eventually, with a tight feeling in her stomach, she turned off the hard surface to the dusty road that would lead her in about fifteen minutes to the front door of the house.

SHE stopped the car and looked at the fields on either side, wondering if they would seem the same after all that had happened since the last time she had been there. They did. The soft gray-green land rolled up at the horizon like the edge of a saucer, and, inside, the big squares, divided by hedges, lay alternately brown and gold. But, though they seemed the same, the dead patches had new meaning. They lay awaiting thirstily a much-needed dowry. For them André-Paul had brought humiliation on himself and Emily, and would, Emily thought, gazing out at them, probably do so again.

She had rehearsed what she was going to say and how, because she had to be careful that it was right. She was therefore startled to hear his voice beside her.

"Good morning," he said quietly.

She turned quickly and found that he had come up on the other side of the car. It put her off, and for something to do until she could remember her opening, she leaned forward, switching off the ignition and pulling the key out.

"Good morning," she said casually. Then she looked up at him and got a shock. His eyes were as hard as polished metal. The words she had planned fled. Yet as the silence lengthened she knew he would not help her to begin. She drew a breath.

"Two days ago you asked me to marry you. I've come to find out if you've changed your mind." She saw a flash of surprise break through his expression. "Because," she went on doggedly, "if not, my acceptance still stands."

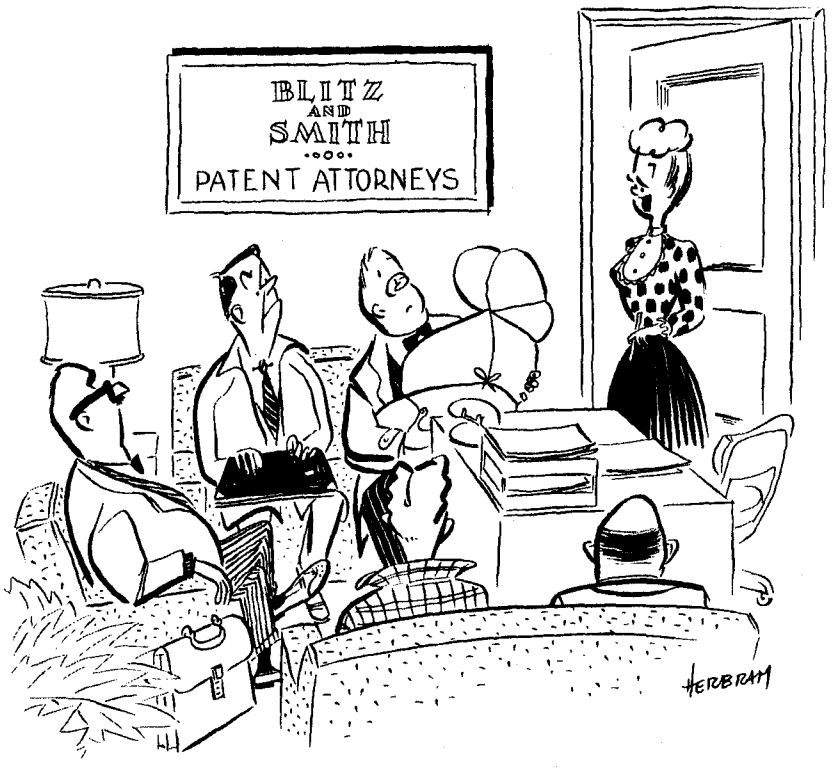
"Why?" he asked evenly.

Careful, she thought. This is the difficult part.

"When my uncle . . ." She paused, searching the right phrase.

"Revealed my motives?" Irony tinged his voice.

"Yes. You left before we could talk." She looked straight ahead. "As it happens, I have—motives—too. I've come to realize—marriage isn't always the romantic impulse it's made out to be. I know now I want a home—a *foyer*, as you call it—and as I've told you, I want



COLLIER'S "Which one of you screwballs is next?" HERBRAM

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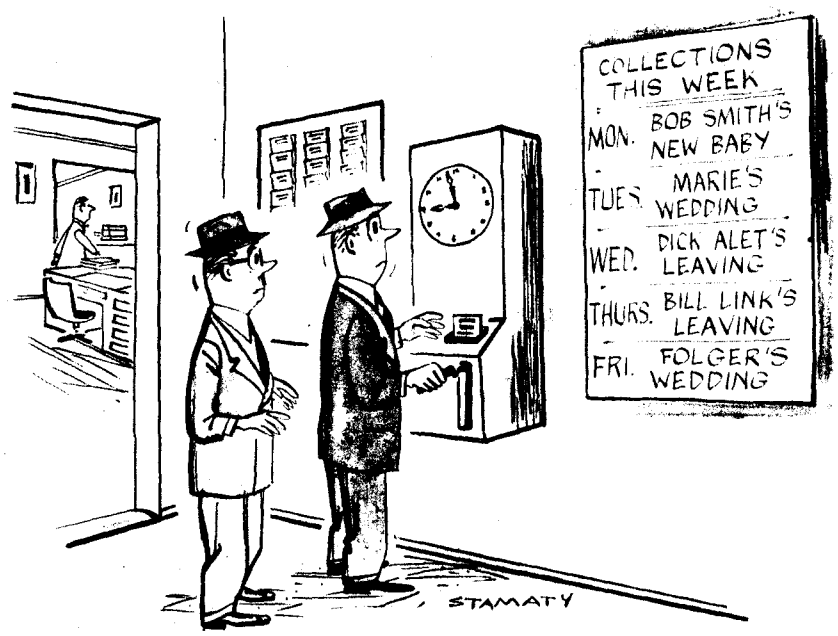

COLLIER'S STANLEY STAMATY

to live on a farm. It seems a fair bargain."

"I see."

She looked at him. He was leaning forward, his hands gripping the window ledge of the open car, and something in his eyes made her feel as though she had walked into the cold waters of the lake.

He went on. "I am sorry. I should have explained to you before you began. I have, as you say, changed my mind." His English, usually so good, had become stilted, like a schoolboy's.

There was a timeless silence. Then her pride kicked savagely, sending a wave of rage and sickness over her. To leave, get away from him, became as urgent as physical pain. Her foot sought desperately for the starter, fumbling because she couldn't see through the film in front of her eyes. She reached out for the choke, yanking it, hating the tears now on her cheeks.

"It might be well," he said dryly, "to use the key." His arm, brown against the white of rolled sleeves, went out to the little chain hanging from the dashboard. But as he leaned forward in front of her, his hand stopped. Her own darted forward, but was caught and held.

"You are crying," he said in a different voice.

"Let me go." She wrenched her arm free and turned on the ignition.

THERE was a quick movement beside her as she pressed the accelerator. The car jerked forward. But she hadn't left André-Paul. He had vaulted into the car, climbing from the back seat into the front.

"Get out!" she screamed at him.

"Steady," André-Paul said quietly, easing in beside her. "You will land us in a ditch."

"I hope I do."

"And I," he said, pushing her foot off the accelerator with his own and taking hold of the steering wheel, "would much prefer that you didn't."

He stopped the car. Sobs tore at her, ugly and convulsing. Hours of tension and strain had eaten away her discipline.

An arm went around her, pulling her toward him. She fought it vainly and felt her head come to rest against his chest. That she should find it comforting after the seventh hell of humiliation she had suffered passed comprehension. But she gave up trying to understand and cried against the counterpoint of soft French words flowing above her head. With his other hand he stroked the back of her neck.

"And now," he said when she grew quiet, "we will talk."

The sense of comfort went abruptly. She felt herself to be drab and obvious, an open book before this suave, worldly Frenchman, so fully in possession of the one vital fact she had tried to keep hidden that he could afford to be kind.

"You did not come, after all, because of the home, the *foyer*."

"No," she said dully.

"Why, then?"

AT LEAST, she thought, she could plant one last splinter of revenge and discomfort. He might be capable of lying for a fortune, but she knew instinctively he could also feel shame. The truth could be a weapon. "Because I wanted to give you something that would make you happy."

He tipped her face up. "And now, to pay me back," he said, "you hope telling me this will make me feel like a lout, a pig."

It was no use. She had no defense against his astuteness. But she could try to wring one admission from him. She pushed away abruptly and looked up. "And now tell me something. Would you have asked me to marry you if I hadn't had money?"

"No," he replied calmly.

It was no triumph after all. "Please get out," she said. "I must go."

But he remained where he was, looking at her. "Do you think, loving you, I would have asked you to leave your country, with its wealth, its opportunities, to take over this?" His arm swept out, indicating the dried fields, the tired land. "A French girl, yes; perhaps her lot would probably be something like this anyway. But not you. You do not know what it is like. Your money would help me; but it was for you that it was necessary. Without it you would become like Tante Monique, who not only does the work of three servants, but works in the soil like a laborer."

The explanation was before her, but Emily heard only the words "loving you . . ." They cut through her like sunlight.

There was amused tenderness in his face as he watched her.

"You really do not understand the French very well, my darling. But"—he reached out, drawing her face to his—"you will learn."

When the Going Gets Tough!

When winter winds come roaring out of the north, they frequently bring a lot of snow – and a lot of trouble, too.

But the railroads are old hands at fighting weather – ready with the equipment and man power it takes to battle emergencies.

When big storms come, extra crews are put to work. Chemicals are spread and heaters used to keep switches from freezing. Steel-winged plows pushed by powerful locomotives fight to keep tracks clear. The whirling blades of huge rotaries chew their way through the bigger drifts.

Although other forms of transportation contend with the effects of severe winter storms, there is *this big difference:* The railroads use their own men, equipment and money to "keep 'em rolling" when the weather gets tough. *Your* local, state and federal tax money is never used to keep vital rail service running.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

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Between the Devilfish and

That's the domain of the skin divers—a rugged breed of underwater swimmers who

DR. NELSON E. MATHISON

Spear fisherman Mel Fisher, of Redondo Beach, California, brings 438-pound jewfish to the surface. Giant fish gave Fisher and his companion a two-hour battle in Gulf of California

Compressed air tanks permit diver to swim underwater hours at a time

Diver displays sheepshead fish he caught with spear gun. A watertight rubber suit is used in cold water

HAVE you ever come face to face with a six-foot octopus, stalked a shark, been nudged by a porpoise, speared a fish or explored the ocean floor?

If not, you have yet to experience the thrills of skin diving—America's newest and fastest-growing sport. It already has sent more than 100,000 Americans plunging into the weird and wonderful world which lies beneath the surface of oceans, seas and lakes. And there are nearly 1,000,000 other equally enthusiastic skin divers elsewhere in the world.

Skin diving is underwater swimming—with a few added fillips. The basic equipment is a face plate—a disk of glass set in rubber—which fits over the eyes and nose for extra comfort and vision under water, rubber webfeet for more speed and mobility, a snorkel tube through which you can breathe while swimming face down on or just below the surface, and a spear gun.

Thus attired and armed, skin divers will tackle —and have tackled—everything from shellfish to sharks. Their adventures have become legends. They have speared and landed not only sharks, but octopuses, barracuda, tarpon, jewfish and giant rays weighing hundreds of pounds. Some skin divers have been nudged so sharply by playful porpoises that they have suffered broken ribs. Others, wearing watertight, close-fitting rubber frogmen suits for extra warmth, have been butted by sea lions.

At Wake Island, where American air crews indulge in skin diving between flights, a shark stole a fish right off the spear of a member of a club known as "The Rover Boys under the Sea." The indignant skin diver punched the startled shark—and speared it. When a hammerhead shark bit another skin diver's catch in two off Hikueru Atoll in the South Pacific, he hit the shark with his spear gun, kicked it, punched it on the nose and kneed it. But when he tried to grab the shark by its jaw, he lost the tip of his thumb.

In New Zealand, another diver caught a four-foot octopus—temporarily, and not in the way he had intended. When he came up for air after stalking the octopus, he found it had settled on top of his head and wrapped its tentacles tightly around him; one tentacle clamped shut his jaws so he couldn't yell for help. The diver fell back into the water and the octopus, probably as scared as the hunter, let go.

Members of the underwater cult also tell of a Mexican skin diver who leaped into the water in a pair of luminous trunks of a particularly vivid shade of cerise. For some reason, a shoal of barracuda took offense, ripped off the trunks and left a few scars to remind the diver of his lapse in good taste.

Such adventures are told, retold and embellished by skin divers. And, even though the sport only now is winning widespread popularity, they can —and do—boast that skin divers or their ancient equivalent have been encountering such adventures for centuries.

Pacific Islanders, for example, have been fishing under water for generations. Hawaiians used to send down squads of four divers to spear a delectable octopus. They would take calculated turns at jabbing its eyes and extricating each other from the tentacles until the sea creature was dead. Sleeping sharks were a favorite quarry of New Zealand Maoris. They would tickle a somnolent shark's tail until it lifted, then slip a lasso around the body, surface, and haul the shark ashore. Members of Polynesian tribes have been known to jump on the backs of sharks, plunge their fists into the gills and ride the sharks.

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the Deep Blue Sea

By RICHARD G. HUBLER

spear game fish and explore the ocean depths for thrills no other sport provides

Pearl, shell and sponge diving are historic Oriental occupations. Oyster diving also is mentioned in ancient Greek literature. In Homer's Iliad, the Greek Patroclus likened the head-first fall of a soldier from a chariot to the plunge of an oyster diver. The incident referred to occurred more than a thousand years before Christ, and Patroclus' description of the charioteer's fall contains the first known reference in literature to diving. In 414 B.C., the Athenians used divers during the siege of Syracuse to remove underwater obstacles which barred the harbor to Athenian war galleys. Cleopatra used an early skin diver to play a prank on Antony. A poor angler, Antony sometimes sent down divers to tie fresh fish onto his line. When Cleopatra learned of his ruse, she sent down her own diver to tie a salted fish onto the line.

Diving unencumbered by heavy suits and air hoses first began to catch on as a modern sport in a small way in the 1930s, and World War II gave it a big boost. American naval frogmen, wartime version of skin divers, helped assure the success of Pacific and European invasions by removing underwater explosives and obstacles.

Today, the growing army of skin divers embraces all ages, all classes, all professions. Most are in the fifteen-to-fifty age range. But Charles Weeks, a Florida octogenarian, still can spear 200 pounds of edible fish in two hours, and Ed Proctor of Capistrano Beach, California, although seventy plus, descends every day of the year. At the other end of the age scale are some California skin divers only six years old.

Movie Actors Are Keen Skin Divers

As a matter of fact, California has become the principal American center for this underwater sport. Governor Earl Warren is an enthusiast. So are his daughter Nina and his twenty-two-year-old son Earl, Jr., who claims to have knifed a shark. (Young Earl recently told a skin-diving friend that no one need fear a moray eel, and put his fingers in a captured eel's mouth to prove it; when his friend did the same, the eel bit him.) A number of Hollywood movie actors skin-dive at every opportunity. Among them are Errol Flynn, Johnny Weissmuller, Broderick Crawford, Buster Crabbe, Gary Cooper, Eddie Bracken and Sonny Tufts. Flynn, something of an expert on both subjects, says, "A woman is only a woman, but going after those devilfish is a real thrill."

But the number one enthusiast in California—and in the United States—is a Los Angeles fireman named Ralph N. Davis. He has skin-dived for most of his 35 years and has devoted all of his free time during the past 15 years to promoting the sport.

It was Davis who founded the International Underwater Spearfishing Association in 1950 in an attempt to standardize skin-diving practices, promote underwater fishing competitions, set competitive rules, establish a means of recording and confirming skin-diving records, and serve as a clearinghouse for scientific data uncovered by skin divers. "Our purpose," he says, "is to encourage the sport as recreation and as a potential source of scientific knowledge."

Skin divers also have a magazine of their own called, appropriately enough, The Skin Diver. It is devoted to tall tales and factual reports from clubs and individuals.

The vast majority of skin divers do not belong to any organization, but there are 60 clubs in the United States with a total membership of around 2,000, and 32 clubs in foreign countries. Many of the American clubs have joined the IUSA. With their backing, the association in 1951 persuaded the Southern Pacific Association of the Amateur Athletic Union to approve underwater spear fishing as a competitive sport.

Spear-Fishing Contests Held Yearly

The IUSA also initiated annual spear-fishing contests. The third was held last year at Laguna Beach, California, with 20 teams of three men each from various clubs participating. The object was to catch as many fish as possible in four hours within a mile-wide area extending out from the shore line. The competitors were permitted to use snorkel tubes, but no other artificial breathing apparatus. The prize for the largest individual catch went to Dan LeMay, of Los Angeles, for a 28-pound angel shark. The Seadowners, also of Los Angeles, won the team prize with a total catch of just under 65 pounds. There were no events for women; they have not taken to the rugged sport in such numbers as men.

Skin diving has been conducted on an informal basis for so long that the IUSA has not yet been able to compile any confirmed national or world spear-fishing records. Most of the so-called records discussed in skin-diving circles have been relayed by word of mouth or through letters exchanged by enthusiasts. Frequently the name or names of the skin divers involved have been lost in the process. Thus, neither confirmed nor confirmable, most record claims are open to question. In this category are a Miami diver's report that he speared and caught a 610-pound jewfish and a claim by a trio of Brazilian divers to have spear-caught a 589-pound jewfish.

One of the largest confirmed catches was made recently by two California skin divers off La Paz, Lower California. It was a 438-pound giant black sea bass, which also is commonly called a jewfish. Mel Fisher, of Redondo Beach, and Dr. Nelson E. Mathison, of Long Beach, finally brought the fish to the surface after a two-hour battle, during which they shot three spears into it.

Two record deep dives by skin divers also have been confirmed. Only a few months ago, Raimondo Bucher, of Italy, dived into the sea off the island of Capri and 77 seconds later came to the surface clutching a cork which marked the 127.9-foot depth on a cable stretching to the sea bottom. That was 13 feet deeper than any previous known dive without artificial breathing apparatus; Bucher wore only rubber fins on his feet, webbed gloves on his hands, a glass plate over his eyes and nose, and clips on his nose. With breathing apparatus and compressed air tanks strapped to his back, a Frenchman named Maurice Fargues in 1947 plunged to a depth of 397 feet and wrote his name on a slate hung on a rope alongside him—then he lost consciousness and drowned. No one since has equaled that feat.

Not Anxious to Make Depth Records

But skin divers usually are more interested in fishing than in trying to set depth records. The average dive without artificial breathing apparatus is short—only about nine seconds—although a fair diver can stay down a minute and some, with practice, for more than two minutes. Skin divers seldom go deeper than 40 feet, and the most popular depth is between 18 and 24 feet.

In recounting their experiences, skin divers use a language all their own. You might hear one of them say:

"Had to horse out a snook. A cuda came, zip

Dr. Nelson E. Mathison, Long Beach, Calif., shows 230-pound jewfish he speared near Key West, Fla. In left hand are rubber feet fins which give skin diver added maneuverability

MEL FISHER

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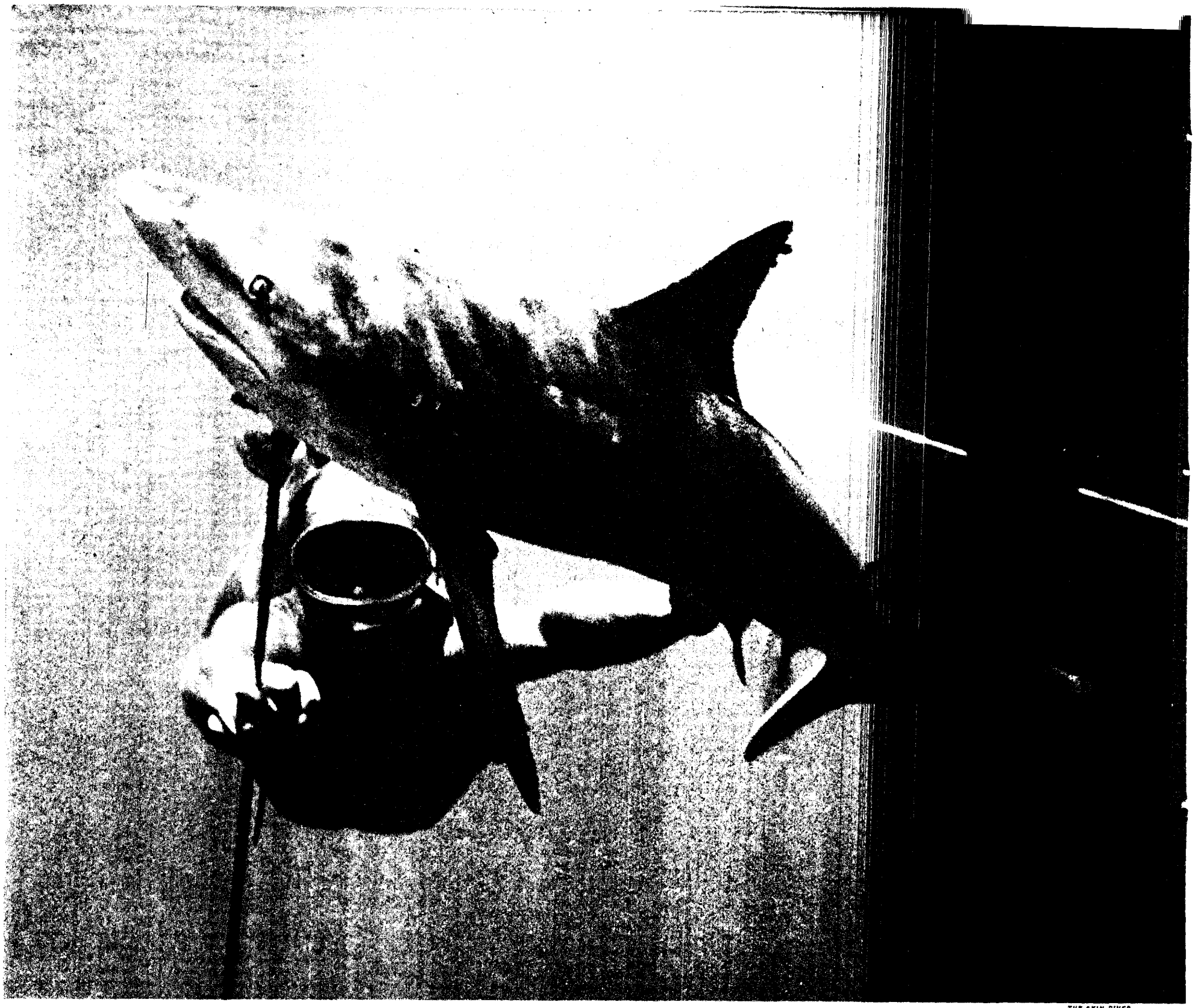

THE SKIN DIVER

Skin diver Gustav Dalla Valle spears a shark with spring-type gun off Port-au-Prince, Haiti. Divers also catch barracuda and octopuses

JACQUES-YVES COUSTEAU

Underwater cameraman found these bream, crab and grunts at the base of an Atlantic reef

H. BROUSSARD

Photographer Dimitri Rebikoff aims camera with lighting unit deep in the Mediterranean

SERGE DE SAZO

Women skin-dive, too. This Mediterranean tourist explores wrecked ship off the Riviera

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with the rubber band. Snorkel got sniffles, had to flip up."

"Give you kicks, aqua-man?" his companion might ask.

"A four-way thrill, kelptomaniac!"

Roughly translated, the skin drivers were saying:

"I pulled my fish out from under a reef. A barracuda swam by and I fired my spear gun. My breathing tube clogged and I had to surface."

"Quite an experience, eh?"

"Not bad. I nearly drowned."

The hazards of skin diving are numerous. Rip currents and tides, kelp entanglement, predatory fish and accidental spear discharges have killed at least 20 skin divers during the past 15 years. No accurate records of casualties have been kept, however, and the toll undoubtedly is higher.

Detonating Head Makes Spear Deadlier

A spear gun discharges a stainless steel or aluminum alloy shaft two to five feet long. Powered by springs, rubber strips, carbon dioxide, blank cartridges or compressed air, the guns give a spear an impetus of 60 miles an hour for 50 feet under water. Even that often is not enough, and a detonating head is sometimes used; on contact with the fish it fires the barb on through.

Some divers seeking even more lethal weapons are experimenting with poison-tipped spears. Mel Fisher plans a hypo-spear, the needle of which would be filled with a strong sedative. With it, he hopes to capture a devilfish, a giant ray weighing up to two tons.

Supplying weapons and other equipment to skin divers is becoming a big business, even though the divers themselves still make about 30 per cent of their own accessories. Manufacturers sold more than $10,000,000 worth of equipment in the United States alone in 1951, and the total should be even higher for 1952 when the final figures are in.

A beginner's kit, consisting of face plate, feet fins and a hand spear, costs about $25. But other accessories are available which can quickly run the equipment bill up above $250. These de luxe items include primarily a thin rubber suit, close fitting and watertight, which with heavy underwear will permit a skin diver to stay out half a day in water as cold as 45 degrees, and compressed air tanks with breathing apparatus and mouthpiece which will enable him to stay beneath the surface two or three hours at a time.

The artificial lung was invented by a French engineer, Emile Gagnan, and a fabulous French skin diver, Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau, author of the forthcoming book, The Silent World (Harper & Brothers). Cousteau has used the lung while killing fish with weapons ranging from harpoons to knitting needles, removing live torpedoes from a sunken German submarine, classifying marine flora and fauna, and bringing up trophies from a sunken Roman galley 130 feet down in the Mediterranean off Tunisia.

Artificial breathing equipment has proved a boon to underwater photographers and scientists.

New information about fish and other marine life is being supplied to scientists by skin divers every month. One diver compiled a report on the life cycle of a tube fish. Another is studying the blood serum of surf perches. Still others have added considerably to our knowledge of the feeding and migratory habits of coastal fish.

In the Red Sea, Dr. Eugenie Clark, a pretty thirty-year-old research associate from the Department of Animal Behavior in the American Museum of Natural History, recently discovered three new species of fish while amassing the largest collection of Red Sea fish ever obtained by a single person. Skin diving in the Red Sea also was the subject of a recent RKO Radio picture, Under the Red Sea.

But whether you're interested in spear fishing, exploration or scientific research, skin-diving enthusiasts say you will become a convert after only one dive. A new world, luminescent and filled with amazing color and life, awaits you beneath the surface. ▲▲▲

Collier's for January 24, 1953

JACQUES-YVES COUSTEAU

French diver Frédéric Dumas searches a reef 90 feet down in Mediterranean off the Riviera. Another Frenchman with breathing device wrote name on slate 397 feet down—but drowned

Skin diver brings up an ancient urn found off the island of Corsica. Other divers have recovered valuable war trophies from sunken Roman war galleys on bottom of Mediterranean

SERGE DE SAZO

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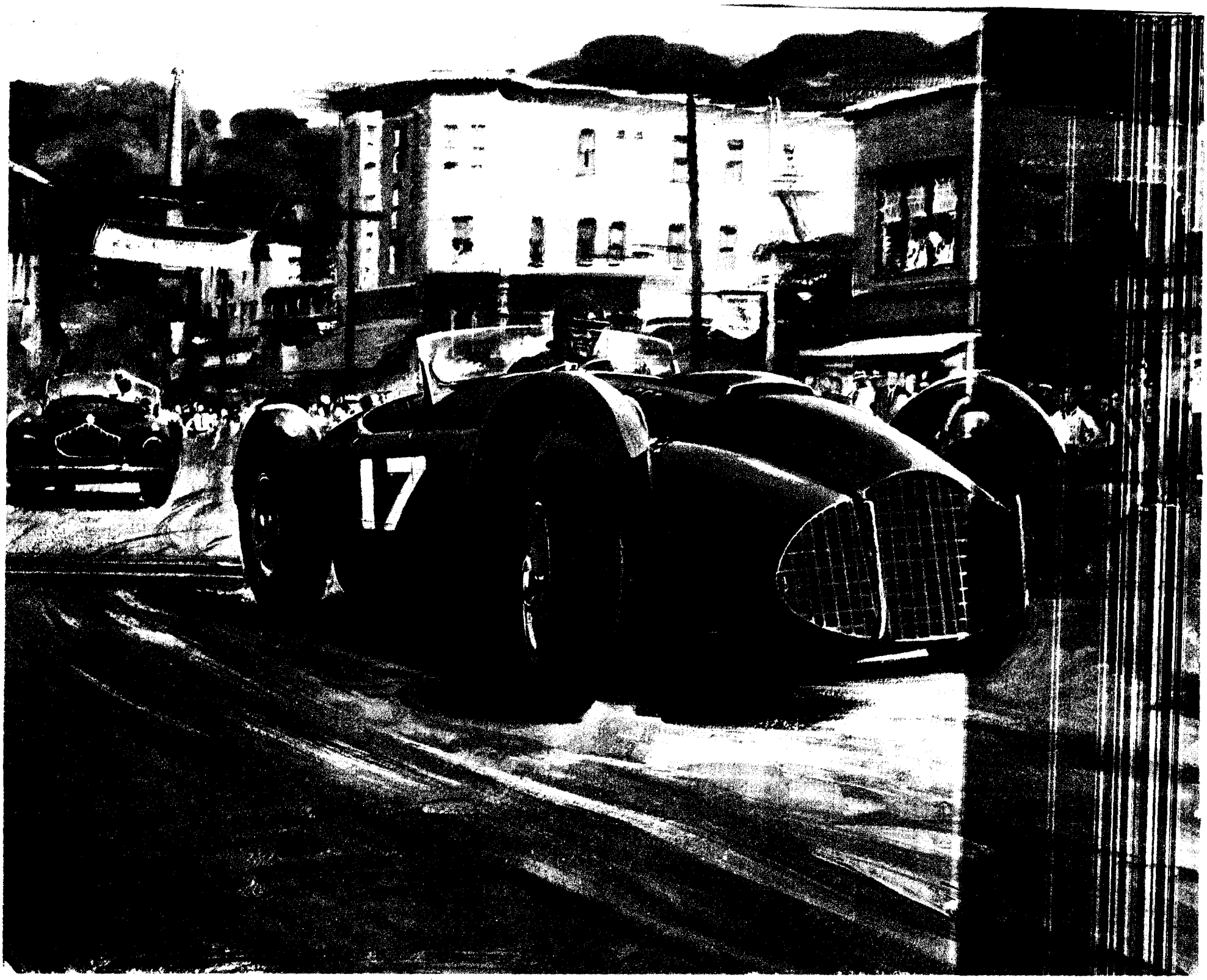

Then the last corner, the ripping acceleration along the crowd-lined street, where somewhere Ellen was watching him.

THE MOMENT OF

HENRY BLATCHFORD had always been glad that he'd had the side porch added to his Connecticut house. After the spruces that he had planted near the driveway had taken good root and interlocked their branches, there was a pleasant seclusion here that was divorced from the rest of the house.

Nobody else in the family used the porch much. Henry suspected his daughter of finding it handy for saying good night to her beaux. He had, in fact, caught her at it, although caught was perhaps not the word.

Henry had simply been enjoying a nightcap, there in the darkness; and, as he said afterward, he thought it was damned sporting of him to have lighted that match and given fair warning. But after her first outburst, Marguerite had been barely and icily polite to him, and somehow her mother had taken offense too.

"My God!" Henry exclaimed. "Hasn't anybody around here a sense of humor?"

"There's nothing funny about being spied on," Ellen said.

"Now, Ellen," Henry said, "I wasn't spying!"

"Well, it looked like it." Ellen's eyes darted around, which showed that she had already abandoned the argument. Argument with Henry was futile, her manner said; already her active mind was elsewhere. Ellen always seemed in a rush to catch up with her own thoughts.

"Anyway," she said, and Henry had the distinct impression that she was calling back to him from some great distance, although she was still standing right there with him; "anyway," Ellen said, "you spend too much time out on that porch by yourself. It's morbid."

And perhaps it was, Henry thought on this sunny Saturday afternoon. He was sitting with his feet propped on a hassock that had lost favor with his wife. Maybe I'm getting old, thought Henry, who had nearly all of his forty-first year ahead of him; and it seemed to him that his own house was a whirl of vigor and activity that had thrust him outward. Like debris, Henry thought, toying, experimenting mildly, with self-pity.

His mood lightened when he heard the sound of his son's jalopy coming up the street. Young Hank lived by an esoteric credo of speed; and Henry smiled, touching the yellow telegram in the pocket of his shirt. He belonged to a staid firm of Diesel consultants, but recently he had designed a new cylinder head for the sport car of a racing enthusiast.

THIRD STRAIGHT WIN YOUR HEAD, YOU WONDERFUL GUY. SEE YOU NEXT WEEK. JAKE BELTER, the wire said. Henry smiled again. In the world of the *grand prix,* Jake Belter was a famous name.

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

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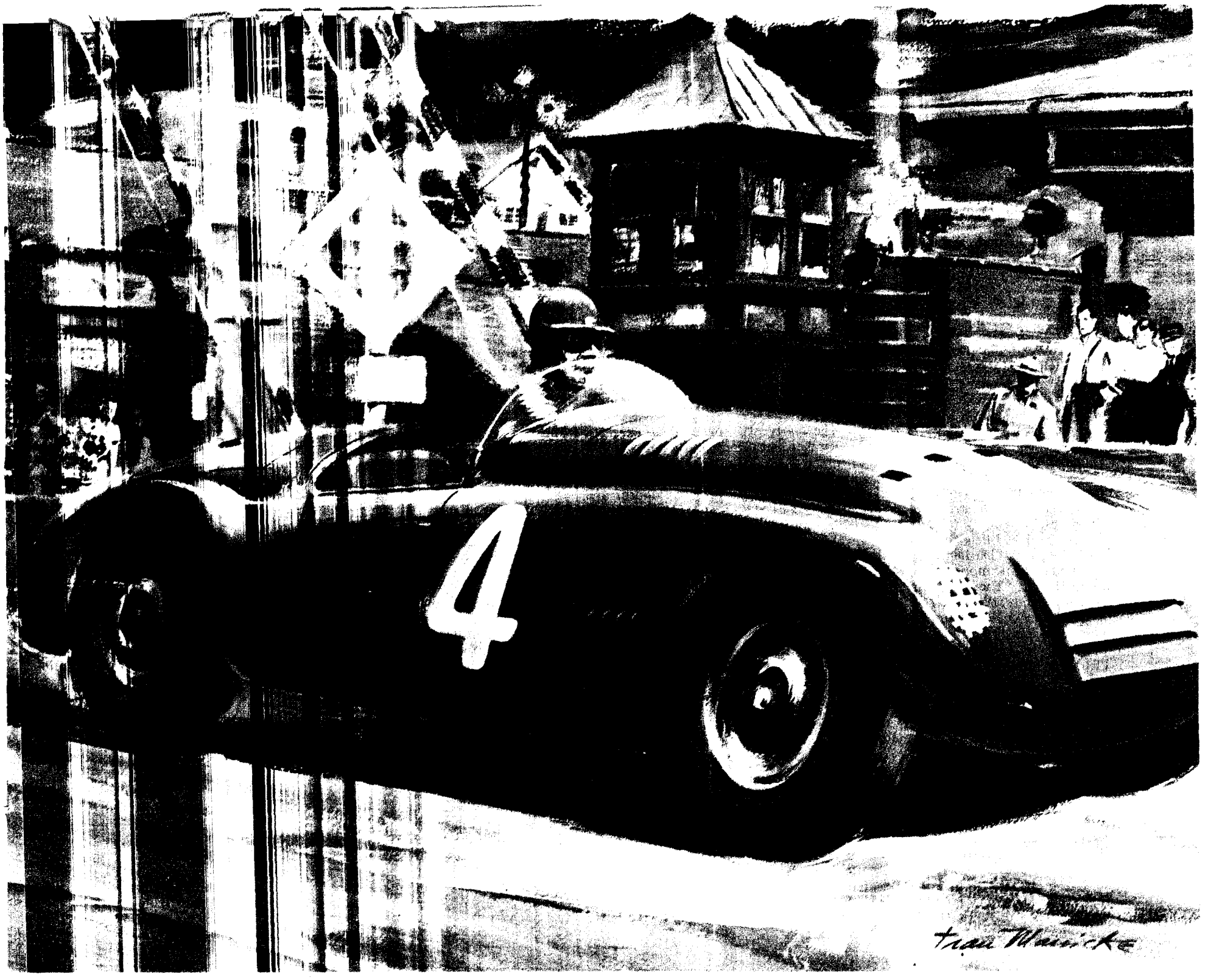

Henry knew all he needed to know for this lap. The green car must be challenged; the green car was the car to beat

TRUTH

These racing men lived richly. They were committed to hazard and to competition. In their high-powered cars, they found the thrill that daily life denied them

By JOHN F. WALLACE

Young Hank would get a kick out of this, Henry thought. He stood up, draining the last of his highball, stretching the stiffness out of his legs. Henry could still go down the steps at a loose-jointed run, but he was becoming conscious of this ability.

Young Hank had just churned up the drive, his exhaust a little louder than the law cared for.

"Hi," Henry said. He hooked his thumbs into the front of his belt and strolled up to the car.

Hank's straw-colored hair was standing straight up, from wind or excitement. His bright gaze encountered Henry's, and slipped past. "Hi," he said. "Hi, Pops." He looked a little trapped.

"Well," Henry said, "what've you been spending your money on today?"

"Spending?" Hank said.

"You have the spending look," Henry said.

"Oh," Hank said. Then the enthusiasm came bubbling out of him. "Look," he said. He lifted the jalopy's hood. "Looka this!"

The flat-headed engine had had one more gimmick added, or, rather, two. Each cylinder bank was now crowned in gleaming chromium and aluminum.

"High-comp heads," Hank said, with a note of awe.

"She's getting more stuff on her than a fancy woman," Henry said.

"She is my fancy woman," Hank said innocently, and then colored abruptly.

Henry felt a little warmth in his own cheeks. Kids were so prissy! And they hit you with their prissiness when you tried to reach them.

"How's she run?" he asked, trying now for an air of interest, leaning over the engine, giving it expert appraisal.

"Like a bomb, Pops. Like a bomb. Here, I'll start her up."

The motor cracked into noisy life, revving high. Henry reached inside and screwed down the idler, and the whole car started to shake violently. Hank switched the motor off. "She's a little rough," he said. Like Ellen, young Hank had the habit of suddenly looking as though he were urgently needed elsewhere.

"Rough!" Henry, who had two engineering degrees, was offended by the understatement. "Why, that engine is tearing itself apart."

"Listen, she's smooth as honey when I let her out. She's strictly jet. These are the cars of tomorrow we're building, Pops. It's not your kind of engineering."

You're damn' right about that, Henry thought;

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the telegram in his pocket, the triumph he had been saving to share with Hank, now seemed anticlimactic. In his disappointment Henry became angry. "Can you make that engine idle smoothly?" he demanded.

"Well—no," Hank said.

"Then don't talk to me about engineering. Engineering is a word you speedsters hide behind. You just buy these gadgets and bolt them on. You call that engineering? You call this a car of tomorrow?"

Hank was flushing a dull red now. My God, Henry thought, what's the matter with me? He's only a kid. I start off trying to be his pal, and it comes out telling him he's stupid.

There was a crunch of gravel, and father and son turned with relief to find Ellen approaching.

"Darling," she said. "I hope you haven't been driving too fast."

"You get kicked out of the club if you speed," Hank said. "That's the agreement with the cops. That's why they let us have that old stretch of road for our drags."

"I'm so glad." Ellen touched her son's gangling arm. "Darling," she said, "I wish you'd drink more milk." She turned to Henry. "There isn't any vermouth," she said. "You've forgotten it again. And you know all those people are coming for cocktails."

"What people?" Henry said.

"I'll get it for you, Mother," Hank said.

"Darling," Ellen said, "they won't sell it to you."

"I didn't know there were any people coming," Henry said. He turned to Hank. "Give me your keys," he said; "I'll use this jet job of yours for the errand."

Hank looked concerned. "She's got a lot of gow, Pops. What I mean is, your reflexes . . ."

Ellen was darting away again, mentally. "Better take the sedan, dear," she said. "Hank's used to his roadster."

"My God," Henry said, "am I a graybeard? Am I doddering? Maybe," he said bitterly, "one of you had better drive me down to the liquor store."

IT RANKLED, the way a lot of things had been rankling lately. The way everything was rankling lately, Henry amended morosely. Ellen's cocktail party was in full swing, and Henry was stuck with the man across the street, who sold insurance and was a bore.

"Listen, Bill," Henry said, "as soon as they passed that law about extra liability for kids, I got in touch with you, didn't I?"

"Henry," Bill said, "a man can't carry too much insurance."

Ellen flashed by, checked, and closed in on them. "Bill, darling," she said, "hosts simply can't have a good time at their own parties. I'm going to have to tear Henry away from you."

Henry followed her happily. Ellen was wearing what is known as a little black dress, and she wore it very well. Any man, Henry thought, would enjoy walking behind Ellen; and when she crossed the porch, now dimly lit, he reached out and held her back.

"There are those two Allison women," she said, "out in front. Be nice to them for a few minutes."

"Ellen," Henry said, "do you really think I'm getting old? I mean about driving Hank's jalopy this afternoon?"

She laughed. "Well, we're none of us getting any younger. Come on, dear, or this thing will go dead on us."

"No, look." Henry drew her closer to him and patted her, gently, intimately. "Ellen," he said, "you've got wonderful hips. You feel like a young girl."

"Darling," Ellen said, "this isn't the time, or the place—"

"I love you, Ellen," Henry said.

She looked at him with brief curiosity, and then with kindness. "Why, darling," she said, "of course you love me. Now come on. And look in the refrigerator as soon as you can, will you? We're going to need more ice."

Of course it hadn't been the time or the place; Ellen was quite right. But then, there never did seem to be a time or a place for him to talk to her. Ellen was always in a hurry, or in a fret about the children, or achingly tired. And even if she had stopped, even if they had found a moment, what did he want to say?

The party was over, the cocktail party that had turned into a buffet supper and dwindled congenially away to the sound of good-bys and the slamming of car doors. A squally rainstorm had sprung up, presaging October, and Henry put on an old trench coat and walked out into his driveway.

"I love you," he had told Ellen, and no wonder that she had given him that look of surprised curiosity. It had been a long, long time. And then, I love you could mean so many things. I want you, I need you, I'm scared, or, where in hell do we go from here?

A little of each, maybe, Henry guessed. He walked up to the open garage, thinking to close the doors, thinking and criticizing himself for his pettishness, that this was Hank's job. The family sedan gleamed at him, dimly reflecting the house lights, and Henry slid into the front seat. The car was new enough to still have that new-car smell. It was a smell that had always excited him vaguely.

He was not car-proud in the sense of always wanting a new one or of needing to have his car bright and polished. But he always tuned them himself. His engineer's sense of respect for a piece of machinery would let him do no less. He turned the switch, and the engine whipped into life. Henry backed the car's stern clear of the garage so that the exhaust would be carried away.

He thought of young Hank. "Whyn't you put a hot cam in her, Gov?" Hank had said once. He was experimenting with appellations for his father. He had gone through Chief and Boss and Governor, and currently used Pops. "Yeah, plane her head, bore her out, and give her some gow," Hank had recommended.

Well, it was a speed-crazy age. Henry backed the sedan all the way out of the garage into the lashing rain, turned it on the apron, and went quietly down the drive. Kids nowadays wanted to go fast, fast with plenty of noise. Car-crazy, speed-crazy, with their heaps and jalops, their irons and their bombs. Henry couldn't remember that it had been like that when he was young.

THEY'D liked speed, all right. But flying was the thing then. A car was to get you places, but the thing you dreamed about was getting a joy stick between your knees. You'd drive to the crude flying fields just for the thrill of seeing a plane land, or take off.

Henry had got his joy stick, all right; it came with his first engineering degree, and it had led eventually to bombers over Germany, with the flak coming up and the fighters boring in, and the picture, always, of Ellen and the kids waiting for him when it was all over. Or of Ellen and the kids proud of him, even though he hadn't made it back.

"What did you do in the war, Daddy?" A man wanted to have a good answer for a question like that, but of course Hank knew what he'd been doing so he asked very differently: "How many Germans did you kill?"

The question had been totally unexpected a long time after he'd come home, and Henry still remembered shouting: "Hundreds of them, thousands, damn it!" and stumbling from the room. He still remembered Ellen's white face and the way he'd wanted to explain to her; the way, suddenly, there'd been an awful lot he'd wanted to tell her; the way he'd realized that they both had a great deal of catching up to do.

But Hank was sniveling where Henry had left him; and even in those days Ellen had been very busy, always in a rush about something. Henry grinned wryly now, remembering his disgraceful behavior, remembering how he'd tried later to stop Ellen in the hall, but she couldn't stop. They were having a cocktail party, young Hank was still upset and needed her, there were a thousand details . . .

Henry gunned his sedan violently, as though by speed he could escape from yearning and incompleteness and frustration. The rain, which had reminded him of October, hissed past the windows and he wondered why he had thought of October, when June was barely under way.

He was wishing his life away. Or risking it away, for now the car was going very fast. The wet road rushed toward him, and now his mind focused on the mechanics of driving, of controlling a speeding car.

It was not the first time he had vented his feelings, or sought anesthesia, this way. He knew the road well, knew where to cut his speed for the sweeping turns and when he would reach the top of the long, steep hill. That was where Henry always liked to knock the car out of gear, when he was alone, and let her plunge down.

He did this tonight, his eyes straining ahead for the bridge at the bottom of the hill, something in him soaring as the car's undercarriage *whumped* to the slight arch of the bridge and all four wheels almost cleared before she leaped up the slope beyond. He put her in second hauling her around the turn.

He grinned with triumph, or relief. In the glow of the dashlights, Henry, who had reached the age of looking a little older than his years, now looked youthful. The car had begun to lose a little traction on the wet road, and he corrected this skillfully, letting the wheel spin in his hands, feeling for a grip on the road through the accelerator. The engine boomed softly as the car jumped into the straight stretch. Speed was like a dope, Henry thought: once you started fooling around with it, you had to keep having more and more. And then he pressed harder on the gas pedal, and stopped thinking.

TWO days later Jake Belter came to see him. Jake was a trim, wiry man of Henry's age. He looked like a career military officer, and he lived for excitement. Jake was rich.

"Henry!" he shouted. "You old son of a gun. You old genius!"

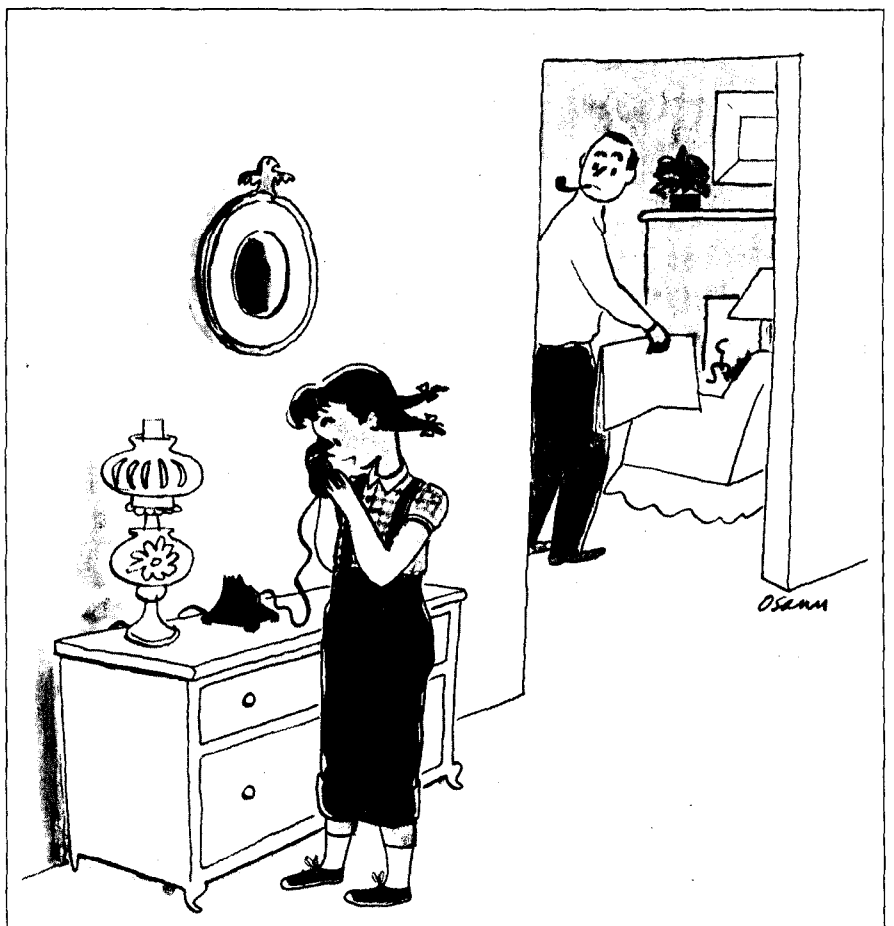
"She was good, huh?" Henry grinned.

"Listen," Jake said, "you're in the wrong racket." He waved his arm around Henry's office, at the pictures of Diesel trucks and tractors and bulldozers. "I've got a dozen guys that'll lay cash on the line for half the motor you made for me."

"Well," Henry said, "that's our business here, Jake. But we're not snobs; we don't mind branching out into toys."

Jake Belter laughed. "Come on out to the country with me," he said. "Come on up to the club. I'll show you my toy. I'll give you a ride like you've never had before."

"I've got a lot of work to clean up."



COLLIER'S

"Why, of course I'll go to the dance with you. Only my name isn't Barbara—Does that make any difference to you?"

KATE OSANN

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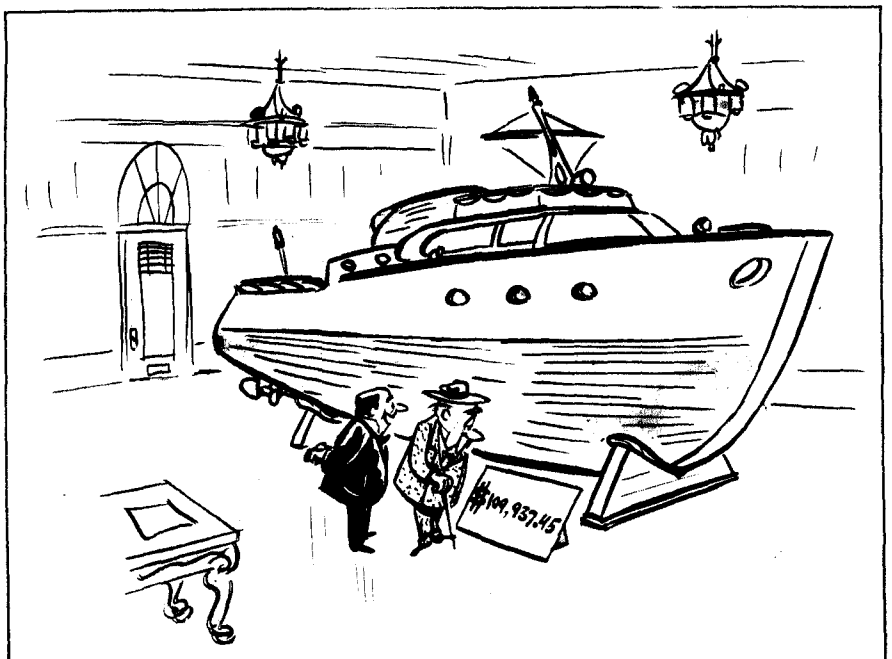

COLLIER'S

"That price includes tearing down the building to get it out"

REAMER KELLER

"Well, put this down to research," Jake said. "Come on, boy. The open road is calling."

Afterward, Henry realized that that ride with Jake Belter had been a turning point in his life. Jake's car was parked outside of his Manhattan office, attracting curious and envious stares. It looked like a big cat, sure and light on its feet; and it had something of the bellicose appearance of a tomcat, even to the point of bearing a few scars.

It had authority in the New York traffic, the way Jake drove it; and it seemed odd to Henry that the motive power of this savagely eager automobile was of his own creating. He had seen the redesigned engine on a test bed, of course, but there its potentialities were impersonally registered on the instrument dials. Here, in the nose of this car, it was real.

When they got to the open country, Jake gave the car its head. Henry was not nervous, although he usually disliked driving with anyone else at the controls. He was exhilarated by the speed, by the sure-footedness of the car. At some point, probably at a speed over any he had experienced before, there was a strong shift in his sensations. It was as though the car and its occupants had entered another dimension: something happened to time, and something happened to velocity. Their progress had a dreamlike, narcotic quality: it was the oblivion he had touched briefly in his sedan, and Henry felt himself sighing with regret, or protest, when Jake slowed the car and turned off to a narrow, rough road.

"This is something else she's good for," Jake shouted. The car sped over the rough surface, catfooted, goatfooted. Henry saw the corner, a right angle; felt the firm grip of the bucket seat and the safety belt, and a straining of the cords of his neck, as the car snapped around it. Then Jake eased up on the gas pedal and laughed, slapping the wheel with his hands.

"What d'you say, Henry old boy? What d'you say?" Jake said.

"I think I'd like one of these," Henry said. "I think I'd like to try a little racing. Are all you guys rich, Jake?" . . .

They weren't all rich, Henry found out. Some were men with a good deal less than his own comfortable income. But they all lived richly, committed to hazard and to competition. Henry found that among these men who raced one another over country roads in high-powered cars the word sport had reverted to its truest meaning. More was sought than the winning.

There had been a good deal written about the cultivation of danger, Henry remembered. The Freudians tried to call it a transference of a man's frustrated love life. Some said it was merely a juvenile defiance; and the Spanish had a philosophy of the bull ring which said that the moment of utter danger to a man was also the moment of ultimate truth about him.

"It's fun," Jake Belter said, and Henry decided that was about it.

JAKE taught him to drive a sport car; and there were other men at Jake's club who took Henry out in their cars, proud to show off the individual abilities of their cars, generous in letting Henry take the wheel. He learned fast; and he learned, too, why many of the things he had tried on his lonely night rides had been impossible in his sedan.

"You've got the touch," they told him. "You've got the right instincts, Henry."

"Why don't you buy a car, Henry?" Jake said. "You could be all right in competition."

"Competition? Listen, boy, I've got a wife and family."

But it had been at the back of his mind all the time, Henry knew.

"Well, you should give it a whirl," Jake said. "I've got that little Class F job you could borrow. We could enter you as a novice in that meet next week."

The whole thing had the quality of fate, Henry decided. He drove in the race and placed third, never losing control of the car, trying nothing he was not sure of. He beat younger men and men who had better machines. And he beat all the ones who, like himself, were trying competition for the first time, but who, unlike himself, wanted no more of racing after the first experience. Some kind of seal had been set, Henry thought, and he went ahead now, seriously, and putting all of his engineer's mind to the task of acquiring a competition car. . . .

"Henry," Ellen said, "you're looking awfully well. What kind of club is it?"

Henry didn't know why, exactly, it seemed necessary for him to conceal his activity from Ellen. He knew she'd be angry with him for doing something

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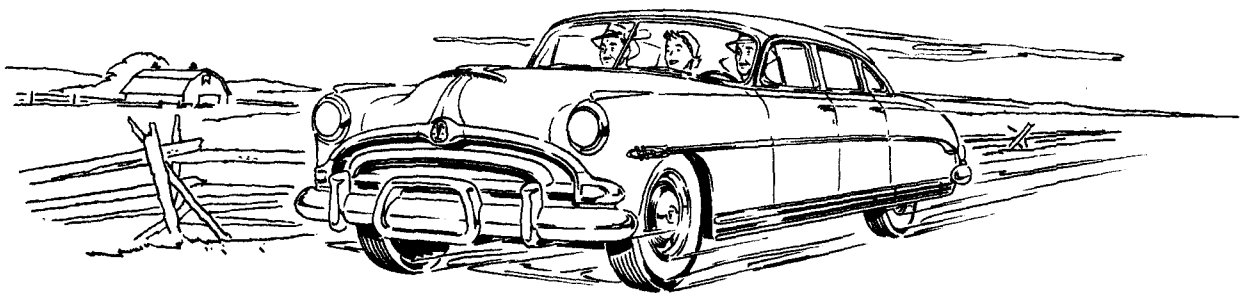

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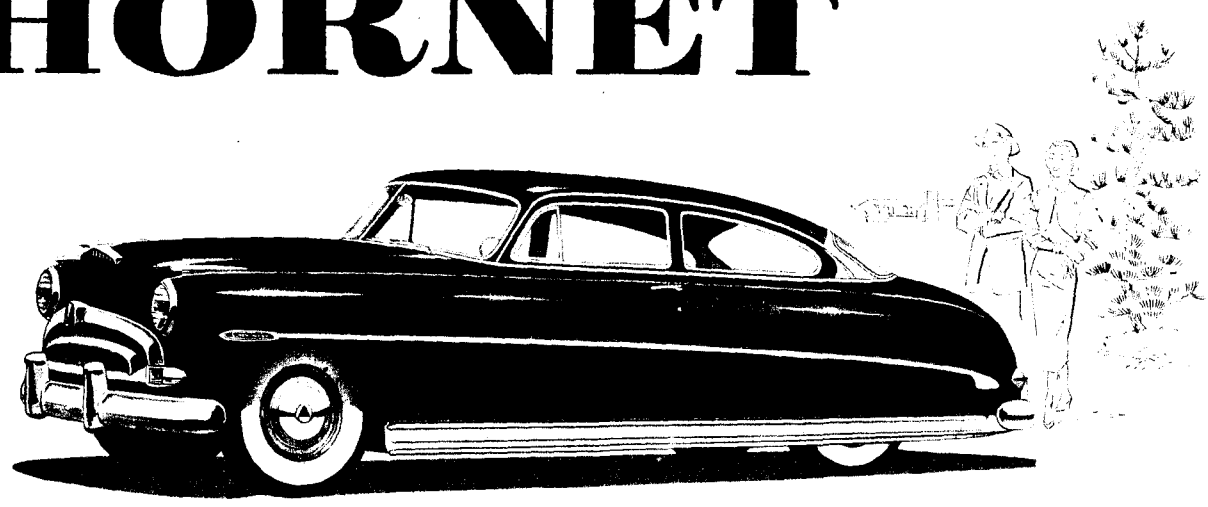
HORNET



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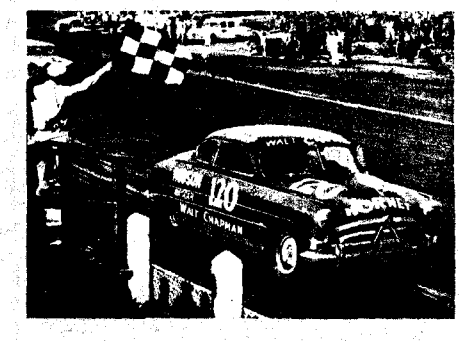

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foolhardy, of course, but that was not the whole answer. Vaguely, Henry felt guilty, as though, in his seeking for ultimate moments in this courtship of speed and danger, he were being unfaithful to his wife.

"Oh, just a sort of sportsman's club," Henry said. "You know, horses and yachts. And cars." It was technically true about the horses and yachts.

"Well, that's nice." Ellen was very conscious of their position in the community. Henry was sure that he had made his new activities sound just right to her, and he felt suddenly ashamed, ashamed and frightened of the way that they had drifted apart. There was something terrible about knowing a woman so well that you lied to her with an almost mathematical certainty, and yet not in a lovers' climate that made deceit impossible.

"Ellen," he said, and stopped. How many times had he tried to tell Ellen something, anything, and failed?

"You were spending too much time by yourself," Ellen said. "Moping out on that side porch." She was sitting at the inlaid escritoire he had given her years before, and that she had used constantly since. She was fingering one of her lists—of shopping or laundry or guests or household tasks. She looked at him brightly.

TOO brightly. It had been a long time since he had seen Ellen struggle with tears, since there had been any occasion for tears, or any other emotion, between them. Crashingly, it came to him that he, the deceiver, was the only one deceived here.

"Darling," Ellen said. "Don't you like us any more?"

"Of course," Henry said.

"Of course," Ellen said. "Nothing's of course. I try," she said. "I keep trying. I try to run the house the way I think you'll like it. I try to keep everything going so you'll never have to think about it. Even the children—I always tried to get there first, if anything happened, so you wouldn't be bothered."

"Listen," Henry said. "I'm only fooling around with some racing cars. I just got kind of interested."

"Racing cars?" It obviously meant nothing to Ellen. "You're acting infatuated," she said.

There was a loud crashing sound on the stairs that Henry realized was young Hank making a normal descent.

"Ellen!" Hank shouted. "El-len!"

"In here, dear," Ellen called.

"Shirts," Hank shouted, coming in. "No white shirts. Hi, Governor," he said kindly to Henry.

"Darling," Ellen said, "don't you think you could be a little more old-fashioned and just call us Mother and Father?"

"Okay," Hank said cheerfully. "I just hate to make you feel your age."

"Well, by God!" Henry exploded. A kind of loyalty to Ellen worked in him so strongly that he felt he would strike his son. "Well, by God . . ."

"Henry," Ellen said. They were both looking at him oddly.

"I'm reaching the point," Henry said to Hank, "where I don't care much what you think of me. But to speak of your mother . . ." His breathing labored.

But they didn't believe him. Of course they didn't believe him. Obviously they thought he was making another spectacle of himself, of his hurt vanity. Things, thought Henry—taking one more step backward, and into the refuge of defeat, accepting stiffly young Hank's bewildered apology—things were right back to normal.

He could never talk to Ellen, he thought later, alone. And there was no use trying, he assured himself, needing this prop, needing almost any old lie at all, now, to hold him up.

Henry had ordered the chassis for his new car, with his own modifications incorporated, from a California builder of racing cars. Partly from conviction and partly from irritation at hearing the virtues of European cars too often proclaimed, he had reworked a stock American motor for maximum power.

The whole thing, he decided, must have aesthetic appeal. Too many other cars had too much fairing-in disguised as streamlining, too many phony and unnecessary curves. The Italian influence that was attacking the American taste he found baroque at best, and usually ugly.

Henry's car emerged somewhat stark, reminiscent of prewar design. It looked exactly like his mental picture of it, perched powerfully within the firm spread of its wheels; and after he had driven it Henry knew that he was going to be as satisfied with its performance as he was with its looks.

He broke a fuel line the first time he entered it in a race. The second time, exuberant because at last he had a car of his own and because it held the road better than any he had driven before, he "spun out." The car lost traction while he was taking a sharp, flat corner, bounced off a hay bale, and shot backward into the ditch. The accident cost Henry a black-and-blue midriff, where his safety belt held him, and a twisted chassis.

"Henry, old boy," Jake said, "don't kill yourself. It gives the sport a bad name, and we like you around here."

Henry had no intention of killing himself. But the competitive urge was powerful in him; he began taking novice events and club rallies with regularity. By the fall of the year he felt ready to race in a *grand prix* effort.

"Good boy," Jake said. "I'll head up your pit crew."

"I thought you had your heart set on this one yourself," Henry objected.

"Listen, boy," Jake said, "I got you mixed up in this racket. It's up to me to see you through your first big time."

"Can I take it, Jake? Can I win?"

Jake gave him a curious look. "You want to win too badly," he said. "It's none of my business why, but we both know something's pushing you into this too fast. You should be more seasoned."

Henry nodded. Jake was not inviting confidences.

"Outside of that," Jake said, "I'd say, good. You have wonderful reflexes for your age, and good judgment." Jake laughed. "Hell," he said, "you're going to win, boy, if it's what you want. Now come on, and let's practice cornering."

HENRY practiced a good deal, and when he wasn't driving his car he was tuning the motor or making adjustments to the car's running gear. He was home very little these days, but so far as he could see it made no difference to Ellen.

He made his excuses for the race week end long in advance. Ellen was used to having him travel occasionally for his firm. It was easy enough to tell her that he had to make an out-of-town survey, easy enough to spend the night before the race with Jake Belter.

It was necessary for Henry to run a qualifying race in the morning, before the *grand prix*, and he took this handily, happy to come in first and happier to know that at no time had he realized the car's limits, or his own. It was his first experience of a big and enthusiastic crowd, there in the little upstate country town, and he was not so sure that he was happy about that. There seemed, to Henry, to be something indecent in having this experience publicly; and he was worried about someone's meddling with the car.

"Never mind about it," Jake said. "The boys won't let anybody near it."

But Henry couldn't sleep. He had begun to jitter with nervousness, or eagerness. He paced irritably on the hotel veranda; when it was time to go he was shaking through his whole body.

The crowd was hard to control, clamorous for its favorites. In spite of all the stewards could do, Henry and Jake had to make their way by force to the closed-off area that held the cars.

Somebody wished him luck, remembering his minor win of the morning, and then Henry saw the hat. It was the kind of hat that only Ellen could wear, and worn only the way Ellen would wear it. He grabbed Jake's arm.

"What's the matter?" Jake said.

Ellen was at the very edge of the crowd, a long way away. She waved. Beside her, young Hank was waving too.

"Come on, boy," Jake said. "We're holding things up. They're waiting."

Henry climbed into his car and pulled up the belt. His teeth rattled against the neck of the soft-drink bottle Jake handed him.

"You sure you're okay, Henry?" Jake said. "Don't drink too much. It bounces in your stomach."

"I'm okay," Henry said.

"Then start her up, boy. And luck."

He felt better with the motor rumbling up in the nose, with the whole pack of cars poised now about him. Even at idling, the noise was deafening; with the green flag, it broke like thunder.

Henry's was not one of the favored starting positions, but he made a strong bid for the lead at once. At the first corner he had cleared the pack, was trailing the five strongest contenders. He cornered on the thin edge of skidding, depending more on the car than on himself, and then she was gathering herself under him, hurtling herself after the fleeing tails of the other cars.

Nothing now but ride for a win. Nothing now but obey the accumulated experience of months, the fine-drawn knowledge of himself and his car. Nothing now for Ellen, and Henry held his mind closed against her, against thinking of her. If he was trembling now it was too intermingled with the vibrations of the car for him to know it. He was feeling fine now.

THE little black square of an underpass was leaping toward him, enlarging until it became a great maw that suddenly swallowed him. A solid chunk of his own car's noise was flung at him, and then he was through, braking, down-shifting, and losing speed against the engine. For a critical moment he let her float, and then he gunned into the turn. He saw one of the lead cars in the ditch, its driver standing up and signaling that he was okay.

Henry was closing fast. At the next turn another car "spun out" in a shower of hay and dust. Now there were three ahead of him and the long straightaway coming up. Henry pressed the gas pedal down firmly.

He passed one easily, began to duel with the second for the lead to a little humpbacked bridge. Ahead of him he saw the lead car make a tremendous spraddle-legged leap over the bridge, a leap that could hurtle a car end over end to destruction, and Henry knew it was time to slow. He was abreast of the car he was challenging now, and the other man held the pace until Henry felt the cold sweat of fright oozing under his armpits. Then abruptly the other car braked, conceding the position. Henry slowed and steadied himself for the bump.

The car took it well, landing true, so that there was no fight for control. Only gas and more gas for the final straightaway before the turn into the town's main street and the end of the first lap. He recognized the green lead car now. It was of fabulous marque, and Henry knew that the youngster who drove it had twenty times his experience.

Then the last corner, the ripping ac-

COLLIER'S

"All the while I thought he was saying he *owed* the Gas Company. Not *owned* it!"

JOHN RUGE

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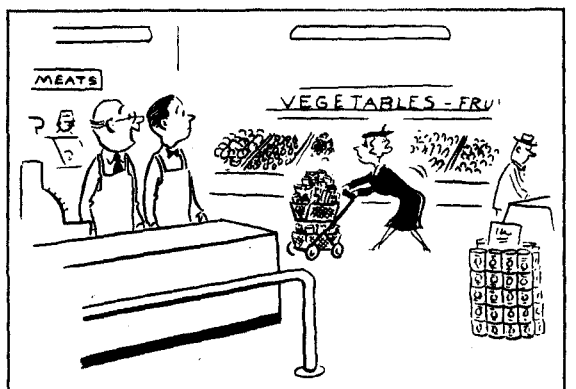
celeration along the crowd-lined street, where somewhere Ellen was watching him; Jake holding the board with his time and position. Henry hardly looked at it. He knew all he needed to know for this lap. The green car must be challenged; the green car was the car to beat. Henry hit the corner with hard confidence.

At the straightaway he saw that he had closed the gap without yet hitting any limits. The green car led for three more laps; three more in which Jake's board told him that there was no serious competition behind, that he and the green car had taken the lap record.

HE LET it go for two more, and then he began nerving himself for his bid. It could be a win if he got out in front, Henry knew.

He swung into the street corner, the car pulled down briefly to twenty-five miles an hour. With his eyes adjusted now to picking out objects, he saw Ellen clearly. She was at the edge of the crowd, and she was standing perfectly still, her hands clasped in front of her.



"Her kids are eating me into a house and home"

COLLIER'S CHARLES SKILES

"What about Ellen?" It was like a voice inside his crash helmet, and Henry shook his head impatiently, curving himself against his car's acceleration. He was right on the green car's tail now, and he cornered into the straightaway faster than he'd ever dared before. Then, with a fraction of power in reserve, he pulled up abreast.

The two cars were screaming up to terminal speed now, and the now familiar sensation of passing through a barrier into the mystic dimension of no motion and no time passed over Henry. Out of the corner of his eye he could see the other driver's face, set in lines of furious concentration. The green car was at its limit. All Henry needed was the will to use his reserve of speed.

But in this trance of terrific velocity, Henry's urge to win had become a nebulous thing, a confused value. Out of time, he attempted to debate the matter within himself when suddenly an expression of fright, or a gesture, from the other driver shrilled an alarm at him. The few, blasting seconds on the straightaway had run out. Somebody had to yield.

Somebody had to yield, and in near panic Henry found himself braking, saw the green car shoot ahead, and then brake down and corner with exquisite skill. The clumsiness of fear was on Henry now, and he hit the corner like a man who had never driven any kind of car before. He shrieked around it with the rubber straining to leave his wheels, and spun violently. Some saving reflex established a little final control. He sent hay from the bales flying in a shower, and his rear wheels plowed to a stop in the ditch. He hadn't crashed in any final way, but by the time he had started up again, the green car had a winning lead. . . .

"Darling," Ellen said.

He was home now, sitting on the side porch, drinking his first highball in weeks. Henry felt he needed that highball. He was still ashamed and puzzled with the final failure of his courage.

"Darling," Ellen said, "I thought it was another woman."

Young Hank's jalopy roared deafeningly in the driveway, then was silent. The car's door banged, and Hank came running up the steps.

"Hey!" he said. "Listen. The guys at my club want you to come over and make a speech. Boy, is my stock up with them!"

"What?" Henry said.

"Listen," Hank yelled. "You're hot stuff. Second place in the biggest race of the year, in your own design."

"Don't yell," Henry said.

"Don't let me down, Dad."

"Well, I'll be damned!" Henry said. Pleasure stirred in him. "Okay," he said. "I'll make you a speech."

"Darling," Ellen said, "go away, please. I want to talk to your father."

"Right." Hank ran down the steps.

"Well," Henry spoke again. "I'll be damned."

ELLEN put her face in her hands. "I wish it had been another woman. Women are equipped to go through that, one way or another. But when Hank told me, when he said your name was in some magazine, and I found out what you really meant by fooling around with cars . . ."

Henry put out his hand and touched the top of her head.

Ellen looked at him and then stood up. Her eyes were glittering with tears and with a kind of fierceness. "You were rather magnificent," she said. "It kills me to tell you, but I have to."

Henry grinned. "Well," he said. His feeling of pleasure was definite now.

"But I can't compete with it. You'll keep wanting to try again. You'll keep wanting to win. A woman can't compete with that." She was standing beside him, very straight, her hands gripping each other, and it came to Henry that in Ellen this was an attitude of supplication.

"There isn't going to be any more competing," he said. "No more for me and no more for you."

He stroked her, gently, with happy intimacy. "I love you, Ellen," he said.

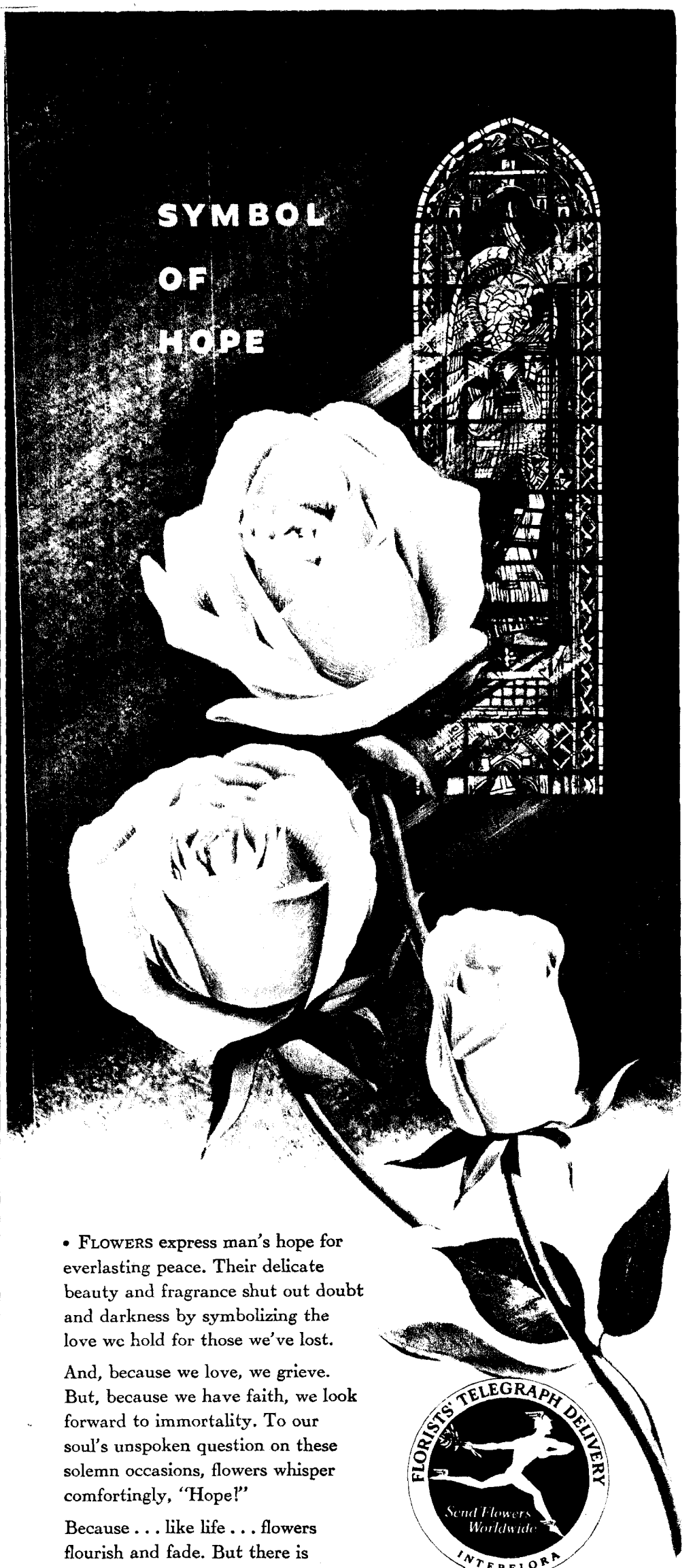
"And I love you, darling." She came down into his lap and kissed him. "You didn't have to risk your life to find out all this," Ellen said.

"Oh, yes, I did," Henry said. He thought of something. "I had to look for my moment of truth," he said, laughing now, feeling no distance at all between them, knowing that a good deal of the truth lay warm, now, within his hands.

"Truth," Ellen murmured. "Did you find it, darling?"

"Why, yes," Henry said. "I didn't recognize it, though. I had to come home for that."

Ellen lifted her head. "You know," she said, "I'm beginning to feel terribly flattered." She kissed him, hard, biting a little. "Darling," Ellen said. "You're such a fool." ▲▲▲



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THE CUBS HAD ME SCOUTED

The men of Den 8 learn something about Marine Corps discipline from a drill instructor who wishes he had minded his own business

By HENRY GREGOR FELSEN

THE other day I returned home to find apples growing on the cherry tree, our house resting precariously on one chimney, and half my lot in the neighbor's yard.

For the moment I thought the Russians had dropped in, but then I remembered it was Tuesday, and that my wife had been playing weekly hostess to Den 8 of the Cub Scouts of America.

The fact that the dust was settling rather than rising indicated to me that the meeting was over. And indeed, a moment later I saw my wife in the smog, busily engaged in locating our younger children with one hand, and rebuilding our home with the other. I helped as best I could by filling my pipe, asking her for a match and complaining that I couldn't find the evening paper.

"The trouble with the cubs," I said, "is that their meetings are presided over by women instead of men. You den mothers mean well, but you don't know how to impose discipline on the lads. I have read up on these things, and I know that this havoc is not the fault of the boys, but it is a direct result of your mom-ism."

"Oh," she said sarcastically, "I suppose *you* could do better."

"Could," I admitted modestly. "After all, I *was* a drill instructor in the Marine Corps during the war. And I had more than ten sweet little boys to lead. I had sixty fouled-up civilians at a time to train. Why, if I had the little tykes for just . . ."

"You have," my wife said. "Next Tuesday."

* * *

I've always been a man of my wife's word, and when next Tuesday rolled around I was ready. I decided it would impress the boys if I were in uniform, so I got out my old Marine greens. Most people who put on their wartime uniforms after several years find that the uniforms have shrunk around the pistol pockets and the lower chest. My experience was the opposite. My uniform had grown like a wool mushroom in its dark trunk, and when I put it on, the sleeves came beyond my fingertips, the trousers came up under my armpits, and the belt sagged to my knees. Yet, with the gay ribbons that indicated my campaigns from Washington to San Francisco, I was pretty much the awe-inspiring leather-lung of the past.

At close to the appointed time for the meeting I took my place at the top of the front steps, head bent, neck outthrust, hands clasped behind me. My son, a member of Den 8, and hitherto a loyal staff member, had been dispatched to tell the other boys that I expected everyone to arrive on time.

Naturally they arrived on time. The entire group hove into sight at once, advancing slowly, as skirmishers, taking advantage of every natural terrain feature to scout me out as they approached. I remained motionless and grim of aspect until they stood in front of me.

I had intended to start off with a typical Marine Corps greeting, but when I saw these bright-eyed boys before me, with their innocent, trusting eyes looking up at me with respect and admiration, the words "yard-birds," "feather merchants," "skinheads" and other nomenclatures of the recruit died in my throat.

"Fellows," I said. "Men of Den 8, you are going to have a different kind of meeting this afternoon. We're going to do things the Marine way. And we'll show the world that there can be a den meeting where everyone has a good time, we can accomplish our mission, and finish our tour of duty without anyone getting hurt or any property getting damaged. Right?"

"Right!" they chorused.

"All right," I said. "You'll find me a commanding officer who is easy to get along with as long as everything is done my way, when I want it done, without argument or discussion. Now we're going to march down to the basement to hold our meeting. No talking in the ranks on the way, and everybody try to keep in step. Den . . . Aten . . . shun! Forward . . . HOO!"

Turning around smartly, I stepped off at the standard military pace, counting cadence as I led my boys. "Awn-up reep, reep fa yo low," and so on. Arriving at the back door I shouted, "Den . . . Halt! One . . . two!" And I turned around again to check my men.

They were all there, still in ranks. Mathematically it had been impossible for them to break step for a moment without getting left behind. They were with me, I had heard the tramp of their marching feet, and their faces shone with the same innocence and desire to co-operate.

How to explain, then, that the clothespoles were down, the side of the house was decorated with pictures and slogans, an old maple tree was snapped off at the base, and two cubs had black eyes?

I decided to overlook that which I had not seen, and to be more watchful in the future. I stood at the back door and issued another command.

"All right, you people!" I bellowed, getting some of the old toughness into my voice. "I want you to get down in that basement on the double. When you get there, freeze like statues until I arrive. Understand? Not a move! Now you have five seconds to get downstairs and three seconds are gone already. Move out!"

One at a time they scooted down the stairs. When they reached the basement they stood rigid, as I had commanded. When they were all down, I followed. I turned for perhaps half a second to close the door behind me, and when I looked again, my boys still hadn't moved. They *couldn't* have rolled their eyes without my hearing them. And yet. . . . The furnace lay on its side, the guns on my wall rack had been taken down and completely field-stripped, there was nothing left of my prize mounted fish but the head and the skeleton, and four boys sported black eyes.

There was only one explanation for it. I was looking at some wreckage left over from one of my wife's meetings.

"Now, men," I said, "we will start the meeting. The color guard will come forth with the colors, and we'll pledge allegiance to the flag."

"That's not the way we start," a shrill voice protested. "We say the cub promise first."

"We do not!" another, shriller, voice counterprotested. "We pledge allegiance to the flag first!"

"I guess I know more than *you*. I've been in cubs longer."

"Yeah, and you missed more meetings. I guess I know more than *you!*"

"You're both wrong," another voice shrieked. "We make the living circle!"

"Attention down here!" I bellowed. "Attention! Quiet! Aten . . . SHUN! Boys! I SAID TO SHUT UP!"

Suddenly I remembered the magic signal to regain quiet. I held up my right hand with two fingers extended, the traditional cub sign for attention. It worked, and they quieted.

"Now, men," I said, "you don't have any wishy-washy den mother to deal with today. You have a man here, and I won't stand for any more nonsense. From now on, anybody who wants to speak has to ask my permission."

And they did ask permission. They really did. Every one of them at the same time. They yelled for permission to speak, they screamed for it, they wrestled with one another and swarmed over me in their earnest effort to gain my attention. I went down under their combined weight, knowing in my

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The boys were taking their punishment like real men. They were scrubbing the floor with the family toothbrushes

heart that they believed the cub who came out with the biggest piece of me in his teeth would be entitled to speak first. Eventually they tired, and I decided it was time to quit being soft.

"Just for that outburst," I said sternly, getting to my feet, "we will scrub the basement floor with toothbrushes before we go on with the meeting."

"I don't have a toothbrush with me," one of the lads complained.

My son came to the rescue. "We've got plenty in our bathroom," he yelled. "Let's get 'em!"

I tried to head them off at the stairway, but I was too late. By the time I reached the stairs they were in the house proper, and when I reached the bathroom it was already six inches under water. I turned off the water and stopped the wrestling matches in the closets.

* * *

When I returned to the basement the boys were taking their punishment like real men. They had buckets of soapy water, and were scrubbing the floor with the family toothbrushes. Those who hadn't found any of our toothbrushes were trying their best to get the floor clean with my wife's hairbrush, the fur collar of her new coat, and the cat's tail.

"Well done, lads," I said, hoping to interrupt them before any damage was done. "We will now pledge allegiance to the flag."

They pledged. It was a solemn, moving moment, followed by a thoughtful silence. I figured it was a good time to deliver a needed lecture.

"Boys," I said, "the youth of today are the citizens of tomorrow. How you learn to play the game of life in this basement will determine whether you make the varsity when the whistle blows to start the great game of Life Itself."

The first floor of the house suddenly fell in. I stepped aside, and, putting my foot on a chunk of rubble I once called my hearth, I continued:

"The simple virtues of discipline, obedience, fellowship and courtesy will remain when all the sham and dross has melted to dust," I said gravely. I paused while several explosions took place. "Civilization depends on you young people of today. Yours is the great responsibility of tomorrow. We must guard against allowing young boys like yourselves to be dominated by women, as it is obviously making milksops of you, and weakening your ability to get out in the world and strive like men and fight like aggressive male animals. Now let me say a few words about close-order drill."

At this moment my wife clambered over the wreckage and came to my side. "Is your meeting over?" she asked. "Dues collected? Project completed? Rehearsal successful? Treats distributed? New skills learned?"

My son, grimy and happy, bounded to her side. "Don't jeer, Ma. The poor devil is trying."

In another hour or so all the lads were tired, and bidding one another fond and affectionate farewells until next week, they went happily home, stopping to help old ladies cross streets and to remove splinters from the paws of limping dogs.

* * *

I creaked to my feet and began rebuilding the house. My wife stood by, watching. "How did the close-order drill go?" she asked. "And the iron discipline that enabled you to command sixty rugged Marines? Do you think having men take over the den meetings regularly would do away with the evil of mom-ism?"

I promised to give her a complete report in writing, in due time. But at the moment I pleaded with her to give me a hand in getting our house back together again.

Do you know how she helped with that task?

She took out a cigarette, asked me for a match, and complained because she couldn't find the evening paper!

Well, that did it. So far as I am concerned, our boys can grow up to be the biggest sissies in the world. I am through trying to show the superiority of pop-ism when it comes to raising children. From now on, Tuesday afternoon is my afternoon to relax. I'm joining the Marine Corps reserve unit in town, and I'll be practicing amphibious landings under neat and quiet machine-gun fire. ▲▲▲

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY BARLOW

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Collier's COLOR

Scratching

A doctor shows how far we'll

IF YOU think that people will go to any lengths to scratch where it itches, you are wrong. Dr. Theodore Cornbleet, a dermatologist at the University of Illinois College of Medicine, had long suspected that the response to an itch is not a random motion. He recently showed in a precise scientific study that all human beings of normal health scratch specific parts of their bodies with strokes of approximately the same measurements.

To obtain his data, Cornbleet worked with adult volunteers. Areas of their skin were smeared with ointment to reveal scratch marks, but though they knew they were being observed for scratching habits, to keep them from altering their normal motions they weren't told that the length of their scratches would be measured. For some, itching had to be induced by stimulating the skin with hairs or a fine wire; others were subjected to drug-induced irritations, but many began to scratch

Scratching across forehead requires average strokes of nine tenths of an inch to allay itch

Inside of finger tip takes one-tenth-of-inch scratches; palm gets about half-inch strokes

Student of scratching. Dr. Theodore Cornbleet shows how scratch marks left on ointment were measured for [illegible] proved everybody scratches the same way

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an ITCH

go to ease a common problem

spontaneously after sitting before the doctor for two or three minutes with nothing else to do. After measuring scores of scratch marks on all parts of the body, Cornbleet found that skin areas in which nerve endings sensitive to touch are close together required short strokes; areas in which the touch receptors are farther apart required longer strokes. Because of the distribution of the tactile nerve endings, long scratches occur closer to the trunk; shorter strokes are used on surfaces farther away from the trunk. The inside surfaces of finger tips, for instance, were satisfied with strokes about one tenth of an inch long; the middle back needed strokes over three inches long.

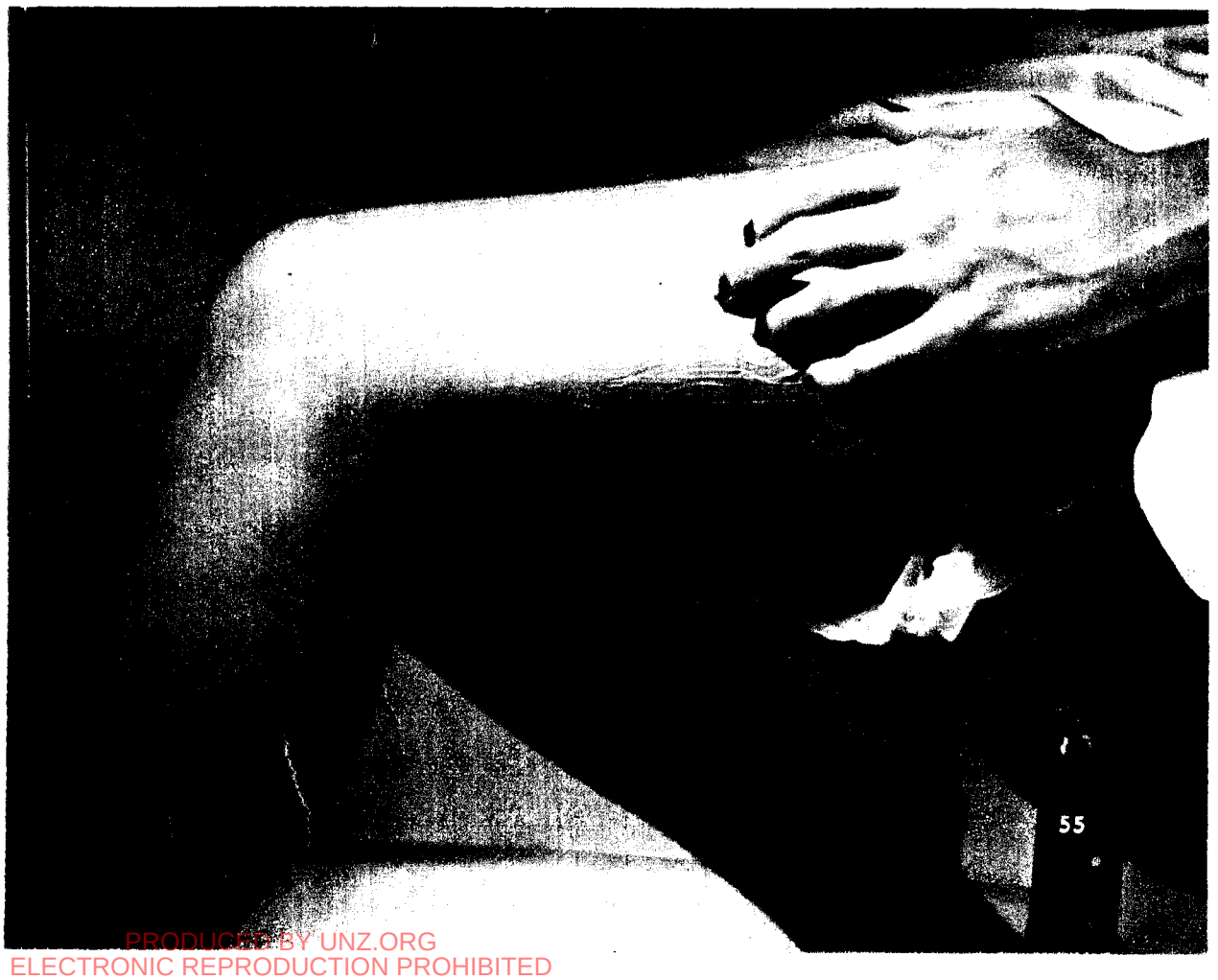
What did Dr. Cornbleet accomplish? For scientists, he contributed to knowledge of the workings of nerve endings. For the rest of us, he helped assuage the common itch to know as much as we can about how and why we act as we do. ▲▲▲

Longer marks are made on skin less sensitive to touch. Chest average: almost two inches

Cornbleet's report had no length for nose scratch. Wondering what it would be, volunteer subject Rhonda Sherwood scratched thoughtfully, guessed quarter inch

Length of scratch on thigh is two and nine-tenths inches; like other scratching patterns it lengthens under influence of such things as cold, narcotics, fatigue

Scratches on back of neck were just over two inches; on middle back, a bit more than three



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR SIEGEL

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The Lovebird

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

flat-footed walk of the parrot, but with the quick, nervous pit-pit-pit of a sparrow. And as it went, it took bearings with the sly, swooping glance of all wild things, and the round black eyes, that had no pupils and gleamed like small black mirrors, seemed to warn, "I'm friendly, but don't try anything sudden or funny."

It was five weeks old, according to Mrs. Valdeyo. "Poke out your finger," she suggested.

The young woman did so. Without hesitation, the bird trotted up to her finger and, like a runner taking a hurdle, went over it. Then, tempted back by the red polish, it hopped on to her knuckle and started nibbling at the nail. The young woman squealed and clutched her husband's arm, and he smiled tolerantly. But at once, as if her touch on him recalled them to themselves, she let go. He took a step away.

"Oh, dear," the young woman said, "this I must have."

"Of course, if there are children, you'll have to be careful they don't hurt it. Children will do that without meaning to, you know," Mrs. Valdeyo said.

"There are no children," the young man said. "I believe you said this was a male?"

"Right." Mrs. Valdeyo was short because she was not happy about the sale. These people looked cold, supercilious—so modern. Mrs. Valdeyo used "modern" as a catchall to distinguish between the older and the more recent extremes of sophistication. It's all guts and glands and complexes now—no sentiment, no heart, was her verdict. Grudgingly, she said, "You see that bone over the beak? Well, that's the ceres. It's hard to tell the color in so young a bird, but it looks bluish—blue for males, brown for females. The males talk better."

That was how Don and Laura Hoverley acquired a bird, a cage, a supply of seed and gravel, and a bottle of bird candy. Mrs. Valdeyo threw in a booklet on the care and habits of the Australian shell parakeet, often called budgereegah or budgie, and sometimes, incorrectly, lovebird. She came out to the doorway and watched them turn the corner. In the shop, Soldier was trying to hit a black-and-white kitten with the bottle.

"I do hope they give the poor thing a good home," Mrs. Valdeyo said, when they had gone.

MRS. VALDEYO was wrong about the Hoverleys. They were not supercilious or heartless. As young people go, they were kindly, affectionate, fun-loving and popular, with a talent for making and holding friends. Their marriage, now in its third year, was thought of as a long and flawless honeymoon. They were the envy of their circle. But, recently, the pleasant rhythm of their lives had been spoiled. It was nothing unusual or startling. It could happen to many people, and, as a matter of fact, does every day. But it was this very quality of being ordinary and everyday that made it all the more insidious and terrible to bear. And what Mrs. Valdeyo had assumed to be a kind of fashionable flippancy was actually the strained mask that hid a wretchedness that each was trying to keep from the other.

In the circle in which Don and Laurel had grown up, the relations between men and women were neither exaggerated nor underestimated; if anything, they were formalized into acceptable social patterns. Sex, for instance, was taken for granted. Whether you did or did not do something about it was strictly your own affair. Older people quite naturally expected something would be done about it, quietly, of course, and in good taste. They even suffered a momentary Freudian qualm when they were convinced that nothing was being done about it. But they did not interfere. They knew their own shortcomings. Their most intimate habits had been a subject for open jest, commiseration or astonishment.

THEIR children were more sensible. Their children's bank accounts, social ratings, politics, careers and styles might be, so to speak, on the table. But their emotions and instincts were their own. And so the young Hoverleys talked least about what they felt most. If you had to talk about it, there were always psychoanalysts who were paid to listen, and were presumably wise and tactful listeners.

They had carried this reticence into marriage. As long as they were happy with each other, it made no difference. But as soon as their pleasure in each other began to fade (not all at once but imperceptibly, by degrees, and not first with one and then the other, but with both together, as though a gas jet were being slowly turned off), then the habit of silence and privacy, enforced by the wish to spare each other, became one more burden piled on to the burdens of guilt and frustration.

It was not merely a lessening of sexual desire. Everything that marriage required them to do together—eating, sleeping, dancing, going to a ball game, seeing friends—all of it became tolerable only when done separately. One night they were listening to a news broadcast. The lamps were down; they were in pajamas, Don, with a glass of sherry, in the big wing chair, Laurel, with a liqueur, on the Chippendale couch. Suddenly a feeling of dismay swept over them, and each, secretly, looked down a dim, enormous emptiness with the horrified thought: I'm bored stiff and have been for a long time.

What use was there to search for reasons? There were none, or there were too many to understand. At any rate, it did no good to talk about it. If there was a comical side to this, the Hoverleys did not see it. They thought of it as a rotten break. Here they'd been going along, satisfied and pleased. They hadn't wanted a change. They didn't want to hurt each other. They wanted their smooth, pleasant and gracious way of life to go on, and they loathed what was happening. Still, it went on happening, as though ordered by a will and logic beyond their control. Not that they were less fond of each other. It was simply that, for no one reason or purpose, they had ceased to be lovers. And in their hearts burned the knowledge of irretrievable loss.

They tried to hide it, to seal it off. They made frantic efforts to be cheerful and amusing. Their devotion to one another had always been known; now their unflagging attentiveness excited wonder. Yet nothing helped. It all rang hollow. Gradually, they lapsed into a cool, brittle and dull detachment, interspersed by diversions that flared up briefly, and, failing to reawaken the old passion, came to nothing. Alone, silently, they suffered, shut off by their isolation from the relief of a good confession or the tumultuous cleansing of tears, recrimination or lament.

And this was the household into which Mrs. Valdeyo had sold the little parakeet.

AT FIRST, it seemed a very lucky arrangement. The bird was excellent therapy. The Hoverleys had scarcely placed his cage in an alcove formed by two huge casement windows, when they began to feel the impact of his personality. Using his beak as a third leg, he did a series of balletlike acrobatics. They found themselves talking about him, playing with and worrying over him. He was someone to love and to share. They had no trouble naming him. Both hit on McCorkle, after a Bermuda fisherman who had taken them on a three-day cruise in the days when being together had been a superb new joy.

They decided that since he was a wild bird, they would give him as much freedom as possible. But as he had no control over what Laurel euphemized as "dropping doodles," they barred him from the kitchen and dining room. That still left him plenty of room to cavort. The Hoverleys had five luxurious rooms. The building they lived in had been designed by a famous modern architect with an eye to "conspicuous waste." It was elegant and chic, had a doorman who looked like a Western movie star, two elevators for passengers and one for freight, an incinerator, mail chute and college-trained superintendent. Their apartment was furnished with English and French antiques, and among their paintings were two Reynolds, an Inness and a Renoir. They had a maid who slept in and a cook who came to prepare dinner.

DON was the New York and New Jersey distributor for the Yak Farm Equipment Company, having inherited the agency on his father's death. He had an income of twenty-seven thousand dollars a year, to which was added Laurel's eighteen thousand dollars a year from a trust fund left by her uncle.

They spent several evenings poring over Mrs. Valdeyo's booklet. *The parakeet,* it said, *lives up to its nickname of lovebird. Actually, it is not a lovebird but has earned the title because of its nature, which cries out for companionship and love. If kept without a mate, it will transfer all the fervor of its passionate little heart to the humans around it.* This proved all too true. McCorkle was almost frightening in his demands for love. Uttering short shrill cries whose import could not be mistaken, he would nuzzle his soft head against the nearest hand, cheek or neck, begging fiercely to be stroked and petted.

McCorkle was curious, daring and full of tricks. When Don was brushing his teeth, he would fly to the brush handle for a free ride. Laurel couldn't bite an apple without hearing wings behind her. He had to taste what they ate, for the sheer pleasure of communion. Their guests were alarmed, on raising a glass of beer or whisky, to see a green rocket detach itself from the wall mirror and dive toward their heads. McCorkle liked nothing better than to perch on the rim of a glass and sip with a great affectation of daintiness.

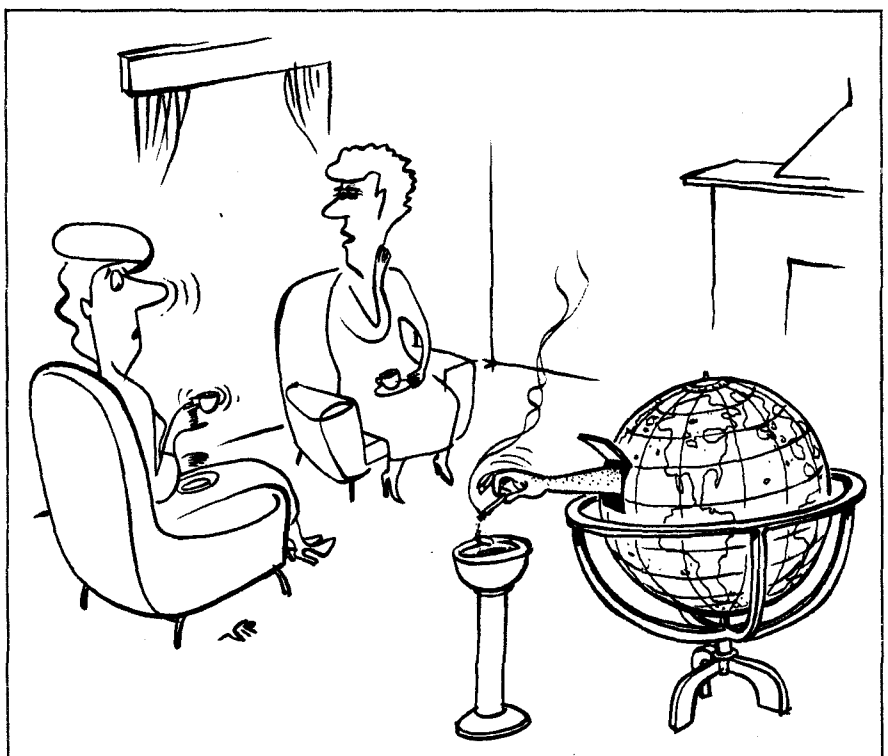
"Some of our dear ones are not at their best after a few shots," Laurel remarked. "But I'm proud to say that McCorkle holds his like a gentleman."

In one respect, McCorkle was a flop. They could not each him to speak. Don and Laurel alternated in holding him on a finger, repeating slowly and clearly, "Mac-Cork-ell—Mac-Cork-ell . . ."

The small knobby head would cock smartly, the round black eyes would shut, the beak would gape distortedly, the throat would quiver as though in pain—in short, all the motions of speech without a sound. Don and Laurel were disappointed. "It's childish to care, isn't it?" said Laurel.

"Of course it is," Don replied.

The bird appeared to sense their disappointment. He would perch on the gilded frame of the wall mirror for hours, bobbing his head, chattering and



COLLIER'S "Ed lives in a little world of his own" VIRGIL PARTCH

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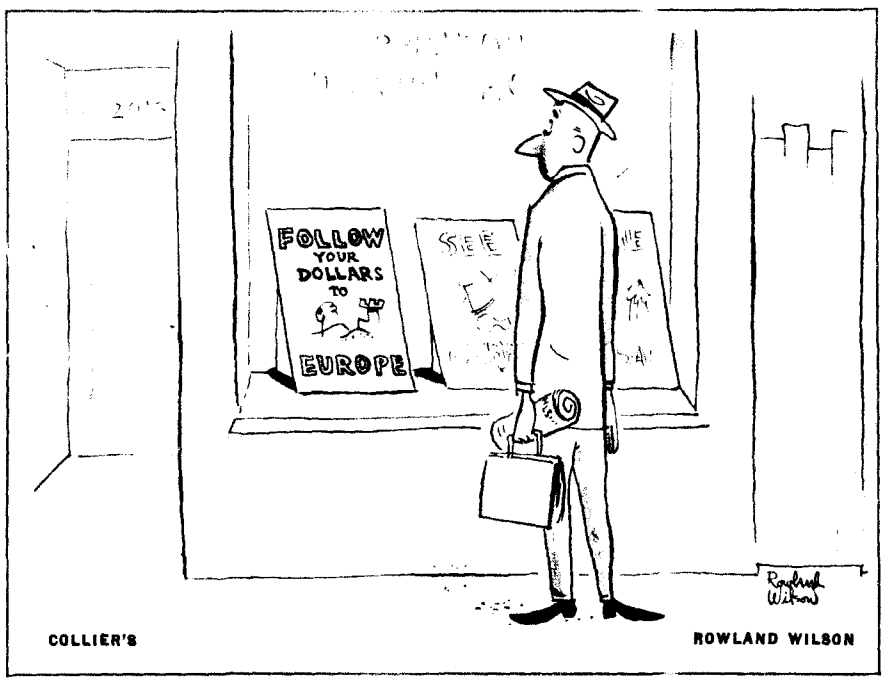

playing with his reflection, but now and then he would shut his eyes, open his beak and go through the tormented mimicry of human speech, to no avail.

One of their guests suggested slitting the parakeet's tongue to make him talk, but Don shut him up fast. "One more peep out of him, and I'd have slugged him," he said, after everyone had gone. Nevertheless, they wrote to the curator of the Bronx Zoo, and he advised that McCorkle might be slow in memorizing words because other birds were distracting him.

This was a shrewd guess. Their casements opened on a back yard that was dominated by a great branchy sycamore whose leaves flickered within inches of the sill. That tree was alive with sparrows, tough perky fellows who hopped out to the end of a branch and called to the parakeet. McCorkle, on hearing them, would flutter from window to window, beeping and shrilling wildly. One Sunday, the Hoverleys heard a staccato rapping like a telegraph gone mad. They rushed into the living room. McCorkle and a sparrow were dancing on either side of the window, rapping with their beaks on the glass.

As long as he was at liberty, the bird would not let them out of his sight. When Laurel bathed, he sat on her shoulder, licking at the drops of water clinging to her back. When Don was reading a newspaper, he would clutch the top of the sheet and, like a person eating corn on the cob, nibble his way across and back again.

WITH the coming of spring, the bird began to molt. Floors, tables and chairs were littered with colored feathers. Laurel pressed a couple of blue plumes, fallen from his tail, in a photograph album. She said nothing of this to Don for fear he'd think her silly.

One morning, while Don was still at breakfast, Laurel decided to clean the cage. Suddenly she gave a cry. Don hurried in, still holding the butter knife. "What's wrong?"

Laurel was rocking and gasping helplessly on the couch. She pointed waveringly at the bird perched precariously on her knee. "Brown, brown," she said.

"Can't be," Don said, in the tones of Mrs. Valdeyo. "When the ceres is blue, he's a male."

"It's turned brown—he's a she!". . .

On the surface, things seemed to be almost normal with them until one night Don came home from the office and Laurel met him at the door.

"Just listen to this," she said. "I was in the bedroom, doing my hair, and you know how that little devil can squawk? Well, I heard the most awful fuss in here, and I came in to see what was up. Well, there was a mouse—really, a live mouse, scooting over the rug—and right over his head, guess who? Miss McCorkle, if you please, strafing the mouse like an airplane. The poor mouse dived into his hole, and I'll bet we never see another in this apartment."

Don handed her his brief case. "She was jealous," he smiled. "She wants us all to herself."

HE WENT to wash up for dinner. The maid had the night off and Laurel began mixing Martinis in the kitchen, after lighting the oven to heat her casserole. Because McCorkle was on his shoulder, Don did not come into the kitchen. He stood in the doorway, watching his wife pour the drinks. Looking at her—a stunning girl, lively and athletic, her dark-gold hair soft around her thin tense features and her eyes the color of twilight—Don felt a surge of longing, and, with it, a pang of regret that it was so distinctly the longing of reminiscence, not desire. The bird reached up and nibbled his ear.

"McCorkle's a barrel of fun, isn't she?" he said.

"She is, wonderful fun."

"I'm glad we got her."

"Strange that a bird should make such a difference, but it *is* livelier since she came." She stopped, flushing, and there was an awkward pause; then she said, "That doesn't say much for two grown people, does it?"

"That may be, but it is like having another member of the family."

Laurel gave him a hard look. "If you mean what I think you do," she flashed out, "my answer is, I've been available for three years, ready, willing and able."

"We've both been ready, willing and able," he said. "And you know what the doctor said."

"Oh, shut up!"

Disturbed by the sounds of quarrel, the parakeet leaped from Don's shoulder to his wrist. He smiled wryly at it. "Them that can't, want to," he said, "them that can, won't."

They said no more about it. It was two years since they had consulted a doctor together, and nearly half as long since either had done any clinical research on the sly. There was no simple remedy. "You're both able to have

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children," the doctor had assured them. "Keep on hoping. It might take months, it might take years—don't lose patience."

They had lost patience. They had lost hope. They no longer referred to it. But it was there, and unless they were alert, it broke to the surface, the more frustrating because nobody was at fault.

THE spring came on; the Hoverleys' estrangement ran its course; and reluctantly, Don and Laurel came to the end of the line.

In May, Don's firm called all distributors of Yak Farm Equipment to Chicago for a three-day series of sales conferences.

"Will you come?" Don asked. "Wives are invited."

Laurel nodded at the cage, covered for the night with one of Don's sport shirts. "What about Miss McCorkle?"

They glanced at the cage as though expecting a rebuke. By then, they were aware of the restrictions that went with Miss McCorkle's affection. She loved greatly, but demanded great loving in return. She brooked no halfway right to her possessions, and the Hoverleys were the most important and dear of the things she owned. While she was cheerful enough playing with her toys and visiting sparrows as long as the Hoverleys were about, she abandoned these diversions and sulked as soon as Don and Laurel went away. The maid was afraid of her, and the bird seldom went near her. When the Hoverleys left for an afternoon, she would fly to the top of her cage and sit there, brooding darkly, a forlorn thing, until they got home. Then it would take a treat of candy and much coaxing to win back her favor.

"The trip would be a fine change for both of us," Don said. "Besides, we can't run our lives to suit a bird."

"There's no reason why we couldn't board her at Mrs. Valdeyo's," Laurel said firmly.

For a small fee, Mrs. Valdeyo asserted that she would "take over the responsibility" of caring for Miss McCorkle. Her grumbling softened after a thorough inspection of the parakeet, which she pronounced "in mighty good shape, I must admit."

The Hoverleys went on to Chicago, and to divorce.

The sales and promotion conferences began at eight in the morning and ended promptly at three in the afternoon. This gave the distributors and salesmen a chance to show their families around the city. Don and Laurel felt out of it the moment they arrived. They had little but business in common with the others, who were, in the main, middle-aged executives—hearty, loud, provincial and innocently coarse. But among them was one couple—the Creghorns, of Dayton, who seemed of the same age as the Hoverleys. The two couples gravitated toward one another and formed an alliance for the week end.

Will and Sidella Creghorn were very unlike the Hoverleys; they had neither poise nor beauty, money nor social position, culture nor wit. They were awed by the magnificence of Chicago and the Hoverleys. Will was skinny, pigeon-chested and rumpled, about two years younger than Don. Sidella was a short, meaty girl, addicted to sheer, flouncy dresses, and obviously just out of her teens. They had been married only six months, and were full of naïve delight in each other. They couldn't resist telling the Hoverleys all about it.

"Why say, when I bought her her first pair of shoes, she hung them around her neck," Will chuckled.

"You never had it so good," Sidella said, and then turned to Laurel. "He's gained four pounds already, and his mother's so jealous."

After three hours and six highballs together, the Hoverleys could stand the Creghorns no longer and retired to their hotel room where they gave way to sour jesting.

"Oh, those sheep's eyes and itchy hands—ugh!" Laurel said, crossly kicking off her shoes.

"You'd think they discovered the secret," Don said.

And Laurel said, "It's much too good for them—really."

Will Creghorn, who was at the conference to assist his father, an agent for Yak products, was impressed with Don already in charge of such broad and lucrative territories. Sidella was overwhelmed by Laurel's wardrobe and air of "having seen the show before." The Creghorns were so happy that they imagined everyone else was too, and they would have been shocked to learn that the older, richer and more brilliant couple actually envied them. As the week end wore on, the Hoverleys grew less critical of the Creghorns, and more so of themselves. The reminder of what they had lost stood before them, in the flesh, and they did not like the contrast between their weary, amused indifference and the fresh, ardent hunger of the newlyweds. They were glad when the conferences came to an end and they could bid the Creghorns good-by.

On the train, returning home, Don said, "I'm sorry it was so dismal."

"Oh, it doesn't matter."

"Those Creghorns weren't much help."

Laurel sighed. "It wasn't pleasant, seeing the you and me of three years ago, and then going back to our room—and nothing."

"I suppose we were like that once," Don said.

"And it will never be that way for us again."

Exactly how or when the truth had broken out between them, they didn't know. But they sat up straighter, and their silence was like a gasp of recognition. Then all pretense dropped, and they found themselves curtly and precisely in agreement on the need to part, and on the terms that would be convenient to both, pending court action for divorce. They spoke lightly, in "the civilized manner," yet they hadn't come to this lightly, nor were they bearing it lightly. It was simply that the problem had festered so long that the only emotion left them, at this moment of tearing apart, was sadness at their relief.

But what about Miss McCorkle?

THEY had been so engrossed in their plans that they had forgotten her. If they didn't like her so much . . . But they did. It was a bother.

"I suppose you'll take her," Don said. He was selling hard, so he took an easy, careless tone.

"Why me, why shouldn't you?" Laurel said.

Don glanced out the window at the countryside greenery swirling by, and he wished he could leave his problems behind half as fast. "You're keeping the apartment," he said, "and that's the home she's used to."

Laurel faltered. "No," she said finally, "she likes you best."

Of course they knew that neither wanted the bird. The reason they were destroying a marriage they had once been proud of, was that they had grown desperate for a new start, another chance at love and fulfillment. Knowing themselves, they knew there could be no hope for that, unless they shut the door on the past. There was no denying that Miss McCorkle had by then become integral to their past. She was

COLLIER'S

"One thing I'll say for Matt, he doesn't have a roving eye — just stares steadily at the prettiest one"

GLENN BERNHARDT

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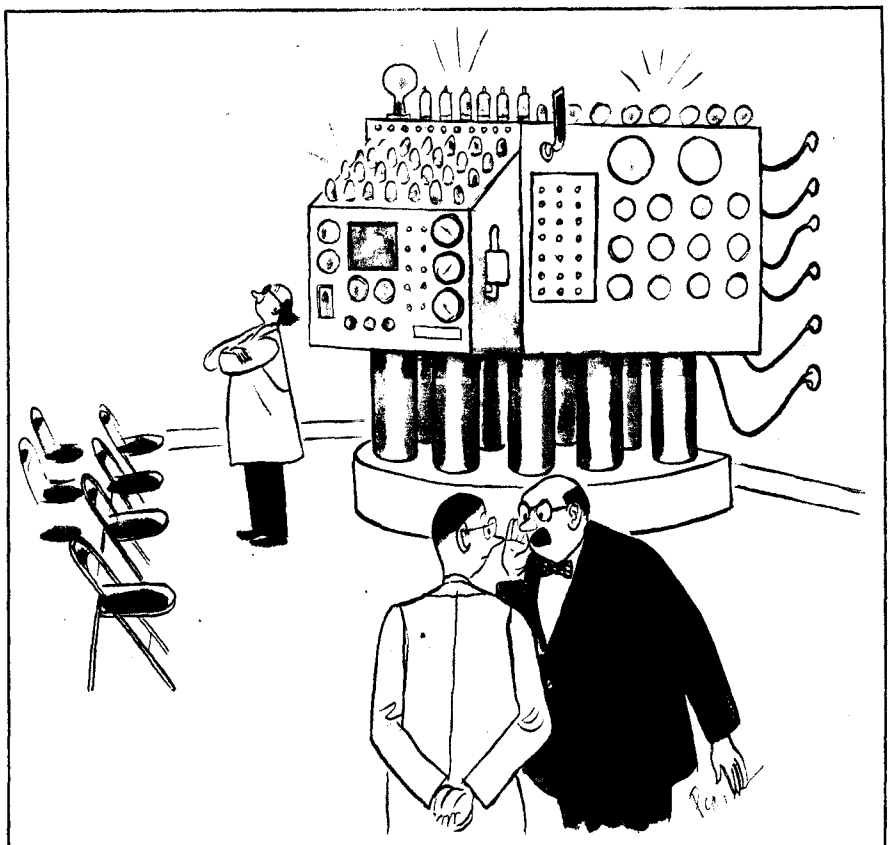


COLLIER'S **"Sonic Lab's electric brain is getting more publicity than ours. They have a bathing beauty demonstrating it"** CHARLES PEARSON

the last of many experiments that had failed. For the rest of the trip, they did some halfhearted adding and subtracting on the problem, but the sum remained the same. "We must be practical—we have our own lives to iron out—after all, it is only a bird."

It was significant that in this crisis "she" had become "it" once more.

They did not wait to get out of Penn Station before calling Mrs. Valdeyo to tell her she could keep the parakeet and the cage. She was singularly ungrateful for the gift. She sounded quite bitter.

"Don't you realize, you people, that you are the whole world to this bird?"

But now that the Hoverleys had set their feet onto separate paths, they were anxious to move as fast and far as possible. They hung up.

DON went to stay at his club, Laurel to visit her parents in Southampton. She was away a week, then returned to the apartment, and began a hectic fight against loneliness. The first day in, she made seventeen telephone calls, to let whoever might be interested know that she was back in circulation. On his part, Don had already cast his lines out. Popular and attractive as ever, they were besieged with invitations and appointments, and were soon whirling about in an aura of imminent adventure. Meanwhile their lawyers were stitching the fabric that would give society's sanction to their accomplished fact.

They were traveling in different circles now. But occasionally, on their jaunts through the entertainment areas, they would meet at a hat-check stand or in the lobby of a theater. Under the watchful eyes of their companions, they would remark on how well they were looking and trust that their families were in good health. And after the handshake, perhaps an afterthought flung over a shoulder, "McCorkle—she okay?"

"Can't really say—haven't heard . . ."

They were stunned to learn, after four weeks of this, that the little parakeet had died.

Don had just got in from his office. He was dressing for a date that evening when Laurel telephoned to ask him to stop by. The note of suppressed hysteria in her voice frightened him, and he lost no time hurrying over to the apartment. The maid let him into the living room. Laurel was standing in the alcove, gazing out on the rustling foliage of the sycamore tree. This was the first intimate look Don had had of her since their parting. He saw that she was thinner, and her eyes looked hurt.

"Oh, that stupid, nasty woman!" she exclaimed.

"Whom you talking about?"

"That Mrs. Valdeyo. Look what she sent me—us. The package says *Mr. and Mrs. Hoverley.*"

She gestured to an open cigar box on the marble-topped commode. Don approached it and looked down. On a bed of pink rose petals lay the stiffened body of Miss McCorkle, the black eyes open, the beak clenched in the death spasm. Mingling with the odor of the rose petals was the smell of decay. A note lay next to the box. Don picked it up. Written in a jagged angry hand, it informed them that the bird had stubbornly refused to eat or play, and had gradually weakened and died. With a brutal, literary flourish he would not have expected of Mrs. Valdeyo, the note concluded: *Shakespeare, or somebody, once said, "Men have died . . . but not for love." A pity we can't say the same of little birds.*

"Damn her, damn her, *damn* her!" Laurel said, and she began to cry.

Don started to put his arm around her, but thought better of it and patted her hand. "She's not nasty," he said. "She's a silly, sentimental woman, and she feels we were responsible."

"We were. We *were* responsible."

"Well, I guess that's true."

"Why couldn't she have just buried the poor thing and left us alone? It's hard enough trying to get adjusted."

"It is hard—for me too. Still, it would have been harder with the bird."

"I know."

"She'd always have reminded us."

"I know—we had to get rid of her. But she lived for us, and we said, 'She's only a bird.' "

"That's childish, Laurie. Besides, I'm the one who said it."

"But I agreed—and now I feel so cheap. That word 'only.' That's us, right down to the core. Only a child. Only a marriage. Only a bird. I hate that damned word."

"Hate it then, but what can you put in its place?" He began pacing haphazardly, his fists pressed together before him. "Don't you see, there can't be any absolutes for us. If there were, we'd end up in the alky or psycho wards."

"We had to separate—there was no other way."

"If what we used to have meant nothing, then we could have gone on pretending. Because then we'd have lost nothing. But what we had together, Laurie—once you've had it, you can't go on without it. That's not something you can have, and lose, and go on as if it didn't matter. You know that."

"I know we can't make ourselves over," she said. "But she loved and loved—and there was no measure to it, and no stopping it."

"So she had to die."

"That's what it comes to, doesn't it?"

LAUREL ran into the bathroom. She washed her face and put on fresh make-up. When she came out, Don was standing where she had left him, staring at the dead bird.

"Donny," she said. She glanced at him timidly. "Would you think it awfully—silly and sentimental—to bury her in the yard?"

"Hell, why not?" he said.

They closed the cigar box and wrapped it in a sheet of silver Christmas paper, then took the elevator down to the basement. There was a door that led to the yard. Laurel held a flashlight while Don, using a cake knife for a spade, scooped out a hole under the sycamore. Into this hole, they put the box, and shaped and pressed the earth tightly around it. On top they placed a rock the size of a watermelon. A cat with a bell dangling from its collar slid uneasily along the whitewashed brick wall. Whatever sparrows were about were silent.

Don held his wrist so that light fell on his watch. "It's past eight," he said. "I'll have to get along."

"Yes, so must I." She had turned off the light. "Well, thank you for coming right over, Donny," she said. "It was awfully kind."

"Listen here," he said. "Just because we've separated, let's not forget that we are people of breeding."

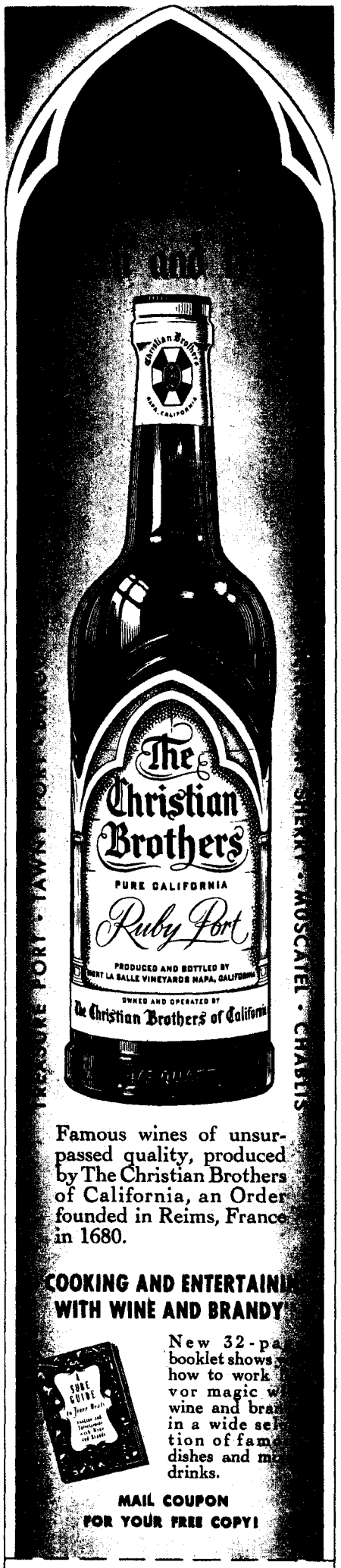
They stood there, looking into the darkness, a thousand things begging to be said.

"Do you know, Donny," she said, with a frown of thoughtful bewilderment, "tonight's the first real breakdown-and-cry talk we ever had?"

He nodded. They were thinking of the small, inarticulate creature that had been brought so casually into their home and had filled it with the fierce, unrelenting bounty of its heart. Its stay with them had been an indulgence they did not feel they had deserved. Now it was gone, and their life together was gone too.

She turned her head and made a droning cry. "Oh, Donny, Donny, why couldn't we have loved each other the way she loved us?"

His bitterness was like a larger sorrow. "I suppose that's part of being human," he said. ▲▲▲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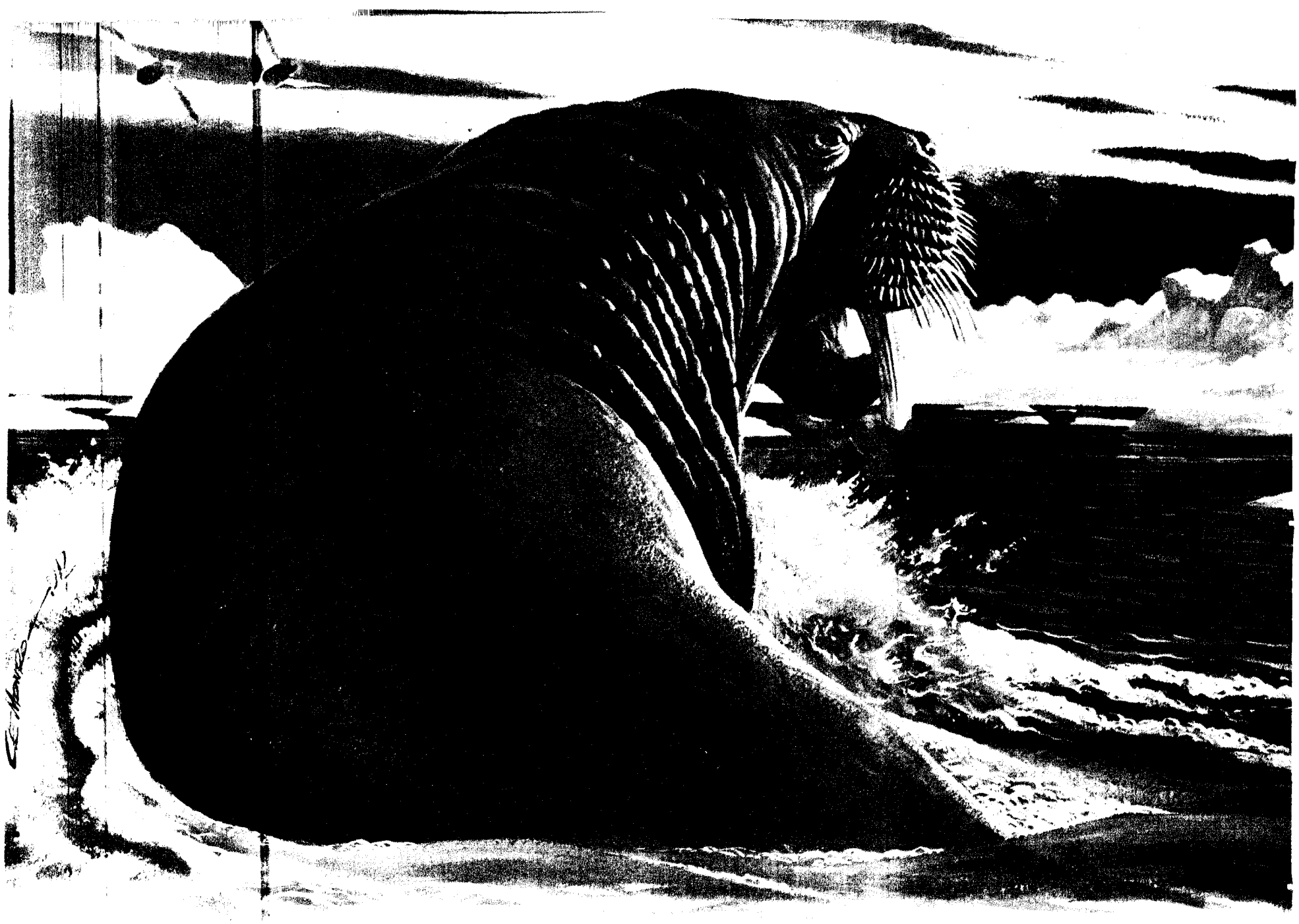

The man saw him and grew tense, as wary as any animal, but he showed no other sign of fear as he watched the great beast that was cutting off his escape

Honorable Death of a

In the arctic there are always some walruses unlike the rest of their kind—meat-eating

THE previous days had been desperate; towering mounds of ice had been crashing around the rogue walrus as a storm from the Bering Sea, whipping up toward the North Pole, had fractured the solid arctic pack into separate floes. During the winter the ice had been frozen into a nearly continuous field; but with the advance of spring, the cover of snow had melted and run into cracks and made it possible for the pounding winds to split up the pack. The floes were of iceberg size, with ridges extending skyward fifty and sixty feet, and with bases under the surface several times as deep. The gale tossed them about like rudderless ships, driving one into another.

To survive the chaos, the walrus had had to be active, to stay awake, for several days and nights, and by the storm's end he had been exhausted. Climbing onto an ice cake, he had had a long sleep. Now he was awake, lying on his back, enjoying the warmth of the sun on his belly, and seeing in every direction the new, open lanes of water through which he could leave this realm of eternal ice between Wrangel Land and the northern coast of Siberia. Through those lanes he would be able to go to his summering grounds off the coast of Alaska, where he would find the great walrus herds from the Bering Sea. There, perhaps, old and aching desires might be fulfilled.

The air was still stirred by the storm's trailing gusts, but they were not lifting the water. Its surface was placid, protected by the tall structures of sapphire-blue ice. The floes had spread out on the sea, forming small, intimate chambers and stately courtyards, one opening into another. All were floored by the polished water, and prismatic colors shimmered from the water to the crystal walls. The sky overhead was a cloudless dome of blue light.

The walrus' hind flippers were spread to the sides, relaxed; he was idly scratching himself with his fore flippers. With the back of his head on the ice, the two sharp, white tusks, that grew to a length of ten inches out of his mouth, pointed skyward, as did the bristles that covered his upper lip. The bristles were thicker than porcupine quills, and he viewed the world through their mesh. He was able to see all around him because his eyes, though not large, had a mobility almost like those of a lobster.

He was watching a flock of fulmars and gulls that were soaring about in the air, waiting for him to start hunting. The remains of his meal would furnish their nourishment; meanwhile, they scanned the water for starfish, capelin and shrimps. The sun, shining through the translucent white wings, outlined the birds' curving sides.

Summer and sun and movement, these were all present on that day, which was June 22d. As the walrus' eyes followed the gulls, a long, undulating line of ducks traveling in single file appeared out of the north. They were Pacific eiders—the males—leaving their mates in the nests on Wrangel's low treeless hills. Birds flying south were a reminder that the sweet season about to begin would not last for long.

On the journey the walrus would soon undertake, he would see life everywhere—on the coast, in the skies, in the seas. But within a few weeks all the migrating flocks and their young, most of the fish, the whales, and the other walruses would have deserted the arctic. The polar bears would

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'he walrus reared until his immense chest was out of water

Rogue

nan-killing beasts, cut off from the herd, lonely and wild

By SALLY CARRIGHAR

remain, the white foxes, and some of the seals, but they would be scattered. Days would pass in which the walrus would have no glimpse of a living creature. The banner of ducks, rippling through the sky on the opening day of summer, was the first warning of autumn.

He rolled himself onto his side, more than a ton of flesh, and reared his head, like the peak of a pyramid, over the massive and spreading girth of his chest. If seals were not here in these waters, the rogue must seek them, today, before he proceeded eastward, for he had not had any food since the start of the storm. Hooking his tusks in the ice, pulling himself along while he pushed with his fanned-out flippers, he came to the edge of his floe. As he dived, he seemed almost as boneless as a gigantic snail, yet his tumble was not without grace. With his weight gone, the ice rose two feet.

He swam with smooth, noiseless strokes, his flippers moving more freely than those of seals. The gulls accompanied him. They would warn his prey that he was coming, but he could not disperse the birds nor could he hide from them. Even though he was submerged most of the time, he was still visible to them in the clear arctic sea.

This was not his best hunting ground, for the arctic floes were so high that seals could not pull themselves up onto them. The walrus could do it by making a swift, upward lunge, hooking his tusks over the edge and then hoisting himself out by the elbow of one of his flippers. The seals lacked the tusks. But there should be seals down in the water. All winter they had been there, breathing through the holes in the ice that they had made—an ability not possessed by the rogue. Through what cracks he could find in the ice field, he had gone below and had captured enough prey to live, though not to live well; and his foraging had not been easy.

He soon heard a promising pulse in the sea, steady and rhythmical. He approached the disturbance cautiously and, a few feet under the surface, discovered a small seal absorbed in chasing its tail. Till the gleaming and murderous tusks were upon him, the seal did not notice the rogue. Then, clapping his hind flippers together sole to sole and using them as a rudder-propeller, he shot out of sight into a cavern below the ice.

The walrus pursued him. The cavern opened into a free area between floes, and the chase became faster. Sometimes the two were in uncluttered channels, sometimes under the ice, in and out of the shadows. The seal was not only quick, he was adroit at swinging around turns difficult for so large an animal as the rogue; and yet it was curious that the walrus had not succeeded in catching his prey. This was something new: that a seal so young could escape. The rogue drove himself; but his body was not streamlined. It was formed with its bulk at the shoulders, and not for speed.

If the rogue's life had been normal, he would not have attempted to catch any prey so swift. Now in a straight stretch, the seal drew away from him. It was disconcerting, even alarming, that the walrus could not overtake such an immature victim, yet he gave up the effort. He hung at the surface, much winded, only his nostrils out, panting, needing rest.

THE chase had taken the walrus southward. He was in thinner ice now, not blue like the older floes but green-silver. When he recovered, he swam ahead in the same direction and entered a loose, white drift of pans and cakes of ice that were frothy and porous. This was the kind of ice where the seals, basking on top, often could be surprised.

But it was not the scent of his usual prey that alerted him next; it was the scent of a human—the eater of walrus flesh. The rogue's head went up instinctively, lifting his tusks to the attacking position. New strength seemed to surge through his muscles. He was again in his prime, filled with a compulsion to slaughter.

The man was an Eskimo; his own scent was mingled with those of his sealskin boots and caribou parka and wolverine ruff. Combined with these others was the scent of a freshly killed hair seal, but the rogue scarcely perceived it, for his fury was more stimulating than his hunger. Now he was approaching the long, nearly straight edge of the shelf ice which was attached to the shores of Siberia. If the man he scented was up on the ice plateau, the rogue would not be able to reach him. He would know soon.

He saw the Eskimo several minutes before the man was conscious of him. The man was kneeling on a floating ice pan beside the carcass of the seal. He had ridden his dog sled from shore to the brink of the shelf ice to hunt, and had shot the seal in the water. Leaving his gun on the sled, he had gone out to retrieve his seal, using the small pan of ice as a raft and propelling it with a paddle tied onto his harpoon.

The walrus swam into the lane of water between the man's raft and the shelf ice. The man saw him and grew tense, as wary as any wild animal. The rogue could detect emotion in the man's heightened odor, but the hunter showed no other sign of fear as he watched the great beast that was cutting off his escape.

Staying out of the range of the harpoon, the walrus reared until his immense chest was out of the water. He roared and bellowed and flung his head back, and then he suddenly jabbed it forward, a motion born of his wish. He charged along a few feet and repeated the threat. Whenever he wished, he could dive, come up from beneath and upset the floe, and then, grasping the man between his fore flippers, he could attack with his tusks. But he was not ready yet. He was controlling the situation entirely, prolonging the pleasure of the hunt.

He had more cause than he knew to resent a man, but he knew enough. He could not remember as far back as his infancy, but he had had recent encounters with human beings. Hunters had speared him and shot at him; he was carrying several of their bullets under his skin. But their greatest injury to him he could not comprehend. . . .

The incident had occurred when he was two months old, migrating north with his devoted mother and protective father. It had been June, as it was now, and his family, with numerous others, had relaxed on a wide field of floating

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ice which transported them without effort over the sun-bejeweled length of the Bering Sea. A thousand-mile trip lay ahead of them. While the mothers nursed their young, the other females were being courted. All enjoyed the sway of the ice and the waves that splashed on the edge of the field. After they had passed the Yukon delta and Cape Nome, they came to Sledge Island and the sheer cliffs of King Island, where thousands of gulls, kittiwakes and murres wheeled out from their nests at the sight of the herd.

The older walruses knew where the clam beds were; and when the ice moved over them, some would dive down to the floor of the sea to rake their long tusks into the mud for the shellfish. They worked rapidly, for the ice was moving northward at a rate of better than twenty-five yards a minute, and it was a matter of survival not to be left far behind. Walruses had died of exhaustion in trying to overtake ice that had gone too far ahead. And so, when the little one's parents had left him in order to forage, they never were gone very long, and he did not dive down to the beds himself. He would not do any digging until he was two years old. His tusks would not have grown out until then, and in the meantime he would be nursed.

COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

THE sociable herd was able to stay together as far as the bottleneck of the Bering Strait. There a wind from the north broke their field of ice into many small floes. The walruses would be separated briefly; but within two or three days, the current would take them all to Point Hope and on to Icy Cape on the arctic coast of Alaska. For the present the family of three lost sight of the others.

They passed through the strait, but beyond it the family's floe drifted into a fleet of white men's whaling vessels. The ships were waiting there till the arctic ice should withdraw far enough so that they could proceed up the coast in their search for whales, and they were filling their time by taking some walruses—sea horses, they called them. Walrus blubber yielded only a little oil; the prize was the ivory of the tusks.

A small boat put out from one of the ships. As it approached the floe, the three walruses dived. The little one rode on his mother's back, grasping her neck with his flippers. They were safe in the depths of the water, but they had to rise frequently to breathe. And the walrus swims in a straight line instead of maneuvering, as a seal or a whale does. By following long enough, therefore, the men were able to make a sure strike.

The one that they killed was the mother. She had clasped her young one to her breast in her fore flippers, shielding him even while shot after shot was striking her. Then her embrace relaxed suddenly, and the bewildered young one followed the boat as it towed his mother's body back to the ship. At the vessel, a cable was fastened around her chest, and her body was hoisted on board. He tried to work his way up the side of the ship, slapping against the hull with his flippers. The sailors did not want to kill him, for he would be of no value to them, but one of them thought of something amusing—they would take him on board for a while. He too was hoisted up. On the deck was his mother. She lay there, curiously inert, but surely she would soon make some sign. He crawled onto her back, as he had done so often, and patted her sides with his flippers. His breath was coming in short gasping sobs. The men stood in a circle around him. Some laughed, but not all.

"Oh, come on, put him back in the water," one said.

The young walrus was thrown overboard. He swam to his ice floe and there found his father, who would have defended his family if he had not become separated from them.

The floe carried them to more-distant ice, where they were out of the men's sight, and safe.

For a few hours the young walrus' only problem was loneliness for his mother. Then he began to be hungry. When his father dived to the ocean floor for a meal of clams, the little one went down with him, but he had no means of getting food. His discomfort increased. For three days he moaned and cried plaintively, finally staying on the ice most of the time. The fourth morning a small seal climbed onto the floe beside him. It did not fear walruses; they did not attack seals, at least not if their normal nourishment were available. But the young walrus was starved. He was several times the size of the seal and had several times its strength. He killed it and tore off its skin, and though he did not relish its flesh, he ate it.

THERE were many seal infants in the ocean whose mothers had already left them, for the seals, living on shrimps and fish, learned early to take care of themselves. The walrus caught others, although his hunting became more difficult when he began to have the revealing scent of a flesh eater. It was an odor the seals quickly recognized and took flight from.

By the time he and his father found the herd again, the other walruses detected the change in him. The mothers particularly, with their own young to protect, would drive him away. He stayed farther and farther out on the edge of the herd as the summer advanced. When the rest of them left for the south on the drifting ice, he was not with them. He paid no attention to their going, nor did he follow. He had become an outcast before he was six months old, a rogue walrus, as men would call him, one of those who ate and acquired a taste for warm-blooded animals rather than shellfish, because their mothers were captured before the digging implements of the young had matured.

There were a few such rogues in the arctic at all times. Every hunter could recognize them. On their rich fare, they grew larger than other walruses, and they also could be identified by their tusks which, being used for an abnormal purpose, remained short and were pushed out on a sidewise slant, no doubt from the rogues' efforts to get their mouths into their meat. Their temperaments were ferocious, for they lived by killing. Some Eskimos never tried to take a rogue; they were too apt to attack.

In spite of the meanness that he had developed, the rogue never ceased to long for the companionship of his kind. For a few weeks each summer, he went from his wintering ground near Wrangel Land to the outskirts of the walruses' congregation at the clam beds off Icy Cape. Still pursuing his hunt for seals, he would be in sight of the herd. He could hear their deep and resonant chorus. When the wind was right, he could get their scent, the scent especially of the females. He never had known a female, though in other circumstances he probably would have been a mate faithful through life.

The herd which came north did not include any walruses as old as he. After their vigorous years were over, the walruses remained on the small Punuk Islands, southeast of St. Lawrence Island, a southern resort with prolific clam beds offshore and a climate mild for the north.

On the Punuks the ancient ones foraged and swam together and loafed on the beach, lying in such a close pack that one could not lower his head without jabbing his tusks into his neighbor's hide. They grumbled and bickered a little, but the arrangement was in fact sociable, safe and easy—as pleasant an old age as animals anywhere knew. The rogue should have been sharing it. That last deprivation was the final injury men had done him. He had known so many years of misery, and now, on this day, one of the human beings responsible for his suffering could, any time that the rogue wished, be his victim.

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THE Eskimo on the ice raft got to his feet. He held the harpoon aloft in his hand while his feet, wide apart, were braced against knobs in the ice. He weighed less than a tenth as much as the walrus, but his face and his movements showed guile like that of an arctic fox, an animal that the walrus knew but had never been able to catch. Courageous and poised, the man waited.

The walrus lowered himself in the water and blew out his breath just below the surface, causing a shower of spray. He came up again, water dripping from his tusks and the bush of bristles upon his lip, and he flung his head back and bellowed again his horrendous threat. His prominent eyes appeared bathed in blood to the man, who turned away from the fearsome sight. The walrus detected this weakening, and his roars became louder. It did not lessen his anger to smell the dead seal and see the man apparently guarding that meat.

Each time the walrus dived under the surface, the impulse to upset the ice pan took shadowy form, yet each time he rose again and repeated his menacing show of anger. He was greatly enjoying this contest. It gave him a flash of pleasure to see the man lower the harpoon, now, in his tired arm, later to see him drop to his knees, to pass his hand over his eyes in a gesture of dizzy fatigue. By stages, the walrus was conquering.

Meanwhile, he too was becoming a little tired. His strength was not as it

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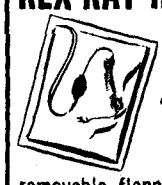

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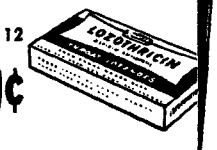

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had once been, and his capacity for strong feeling, for passionate wrath, also had dimmed. The fearful and bloody mauling that would have given him exhilarating satisfaction a few years earlier began to seem arduous, like climbing upon a high ice cake or like the swim which he would soon make under the conflicting currents north of the Bering Strait. Now moments came when the smell of the seal on the ice was more provocative than the man's helplessness.

Late in the evening a quietness spread across the sea. The birds—the auklets, paroquets, murres and cormorants—which had been canting by, all had disappeared. The fulmars and gulls were perching sleepily about on the ice. Although the sun stayed above the horizon, the beautiful arctic night drew an opalescent shadow from east to west. It passed as the sun's circular path tipped higher; another shimmering day commenced. The walrus continued to swim back and forth between the ice pan and the shore.

FOR fifteen hours the Eskimo had been under an intolerable strain, but he was still rational. He was indeed as smart as a fox, for he had planned a strategy he would use whenever the walrus' anger seemed to approach a climax or whenever he had tired enough so that food would appeal to him more than carnage.

The man stood up and made sure the paddle was tied securely to his harpoon. Now he was ready. The next time the walrus swam to the far end of his patrol area, the man picked up the carcass of the seal and heaved it off to one side of the ice pan. It fell with a splash, and the walrus stopped. The seal was sinking—food for the taking at last. He lowered his head; and the arc of his great back, and finally his hind flippers, came out of the water as he rolled down in a dive. Ahead, in the transparent depths, was the silvery seal, dropping flatly and slowly, so slowly that even one weary with age could not fail to catch up with it.

Closing his fore flippers around it, clasping it as a mother would carry her young, the rogue had only one wish: to escape with his prize. Staying close to the ocean floor, he swam northward, away from the man who had so long denied him this nourishment. The scoops of the Eskimo's paddle were audible behind him, but they only quickened the walrus' urge to hasten away with the meat, out of the reach of the man's harpoon. For a distance of several miles, the walrus rose only to breathe, submerging again at once and continuing his journey, which had now become a flight. When, for a space of time, he heard no more of the Eskimo's sounds, he hooked his tusks over the edge of a floe, pulled himself high enough so that he could put the seal up on the ice and, grasping the brink, heaved himself to the surface.

While he was eating the seal, he knew only the satisfaction of having his hunger stilled. Finally all of the meat was eaten; only the larger bones and the hide remained. The walrus stretched out on the ice and dozed, but he was not quite at peace. Although a consuming, intense emotion had passed from him, an enemy that he might have destroyed was alive, was unharmed. A man, a killer of walrus, could have been his victim, but he had not acted.

When the walrus awoke, he dived into the water. Now he would start for the coast of Alaska. He swung through the sea at a leisurely speed, and soon he was able to hear a grinding of ice caught in conflicting currents. North of the Bering Strait, like parallel rivers bound in opposing directions, two streams in the ocean passed, and, since each was bearing a load of ice, the ice churned in an unearthly, screeching, and crashing chaos. Cakes, blocks and pans tumbled together, a monstrous tumult. Off at the sides the disturbance gradually diminished, but a strip in the center, miles in width, could only be crossed by staying well under the ice.

The passage was a challenge, and coming up for a breath was impossible. An animal caught in that ice would be *instantly crushed*. Although the walrus had made this trip many times, he hesitated now. For half a day he swam back and forth, seeming to dread the test of his strength and endurance. With a new morning, however, there was a rise in the walrus' vitality, and his daring rose with it.

He moved toward the heaving ice, at the edge took several quick, deep breaths, and dived. Brushing along the sea's pebbly floor, he swam at his fastest pace into the turmoil. Soon he was under a ceiling of rapidly shifting, luminous, shining surfaces, out of which streams of bubbles kept spurting down. Often a jolted ice cake would be thrust down, which the rogue must dodge.

The clamor, like all sounds, was magnified in the water. It soon exhausted the walrus' nerves, and he swept into panic. It made his need for a new breath seem desperate. Finally he glanced upward and saw that the ice was more tranquil. Still farther, spaces of quiet water opened between the cakes. Relaxing a little, the rogue found that he was not suffocating. He stayed in the depths for more than another mile; then he came to the top, filled his lungs with air, and looked over the sea's calm surface, strewn with sparkling and placidly moving floes. He had entered the sea of his summer wanderings after an ordeal which, this time, had seemed almost unendurable. Never again would he return to his wandering grounds off the coast of Siberia.

He climbed on one of the ice pans which the current was bearing toward Icy Cape. Two days passed, during which the rogue's wish to join the walrus herd he would find ahead became urgent. His longing was so strong it blurred his knowledge that he was offensive to them.

THEY would stay near the cape for a month. There the mussels and clams on the ocean floor were so numerous that a walrus could dig up a bushel of them—as much as his stomach would hold—as fast as they could be swallowed. Icy Cape was the chief summer stop for the herd. Later they would go on to Point Barrow, Alaska's northernmost tip. Then, late in the summer, they would swing to the west, traveling with the southbound current down the Siberian side of the Bering Strait.

The permanent arctic ice pack stood twenty miles out from the shore when the rogue approached Icy Cape. As the current brought up the floes of migrating ice, they jammed up against the pack. Small pans and cakes like the rogue's were scattered over the surface, all drifting slowly and tranquilly. The time was late afternoon, and the sun, dropping down toward the ice, touched it with incandescence, so that great, burning coals appeared to be scattered over the water. Except for the current's deep flow, the water was nearly still.

Soon the rogue heard the droning hum of the herd's chorus, rich and clear, and as sweet as a call. He was stirred with an old and forgotten impulse—to make sounds like theirs. He tried; but his voice, accustomed only to roaring out threats, proved too hoarse and uncertain for gentler meanings. After a few melancholy grunts, he gave up the attempt.

BUTCH

"I got all th' silverware. How you doin', Butch?"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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COLLIER'S — JEFF KEATE

And then the herd was in sight. They lay on the edge of the ice field, thousands of massive brown bodies, a ridge of darkness unbroken and regular as a mudbank. Now their scent was also reaching him. It was the mild odor of animal flesh that has been nourished on bland-flavored foods, such as shellfish or plants. Almost a year had passed since the rogue had smelled it.

His ice pan was not moving fast enough. He dived into the water and, with only a little hesitation, began making his way toward the herd. Part of his hesitation was due to another odor, a human scent, that he detected faintly. Perhaps it came from an Eskimo camp on shore. A land smell was in the air too, though the coast, off to the south, was too far away to be seen.

Some of the herd had discovered the rogue. Their heads were raised so that their tusks were in position to attack. And the tone of the chorus roughened. Into the hum came a warning, the *huk, huk, huk* of annoyance.

The rogue remained close to the surface, rising often to check his nearness to the herd. Ahead of him, most of the walruses were sitting up, swaying their heads back and forth.

WITH a sharp report, followed by dazzling pain, a bullet struck the skull of the rogue. It entered through one of his eye sockets. With his other eye he could see an Eskimo boat dart out from behind an ice cake. Three men were in it. One was standing; all were aiming their guns.

It was impossible to know which was blinding him, blood or fury. He plunged toward the men: men, hated always; men who this time had killed him.

A dozen more bullets struck his hide, but he did not submerge. He drove on.

He reached the boat. He heaved himself out of the water, hooked his tusks over the side, and bore down upon it with all of his weight. Two of the men, grasping his tusks, tipped the boat out from under them. Diving beneath the boat, the rogue threw back his head and drove his tusks into its walrus-skin cover. He ripped the hide from one side of the boat to the other and shattered its framework. He continued to tear it, to mangle it, until nothing was left but splinters of wood and tatters of hide that sank down to the floor of the sea.

THE walrus came to the surface and looked for the men. Two of the Eskimos had already gotten onto the ice; they were helping the third man to climb up the edge. With all the life left in him, the rogue was intent on upsetting that cake. He meant to deal with the men as he had the boat. He would thrust his great bulk up under the floe. In a moment, when he had recovered . . . In a moment . . .

The darkness came quickly over his mind. He felt the water fold up from beneath, enclosing him, as it took him down slowly into its clean, cold, inaccessible depths.

There he might lie forever. But if his body did float to the surface, the Eskimos would not have it, for they had not been able to save their paddle or their guns. They did not have any means of propelling their ice cake. They stood on the ice now, helpless, at the wind's mercy. It could take them to shore in a few hours' time, or it could blow them and the arctic pack northward, toward the Pole.

Men had caused the loneliness of the rogue's life, and men had ended it. But three of those humans, for all that they had one another's company, would discover loneliness too, on their small raft of ice, adrift under the fresh, tender blue of the wide arctic sky. ▲▲▲

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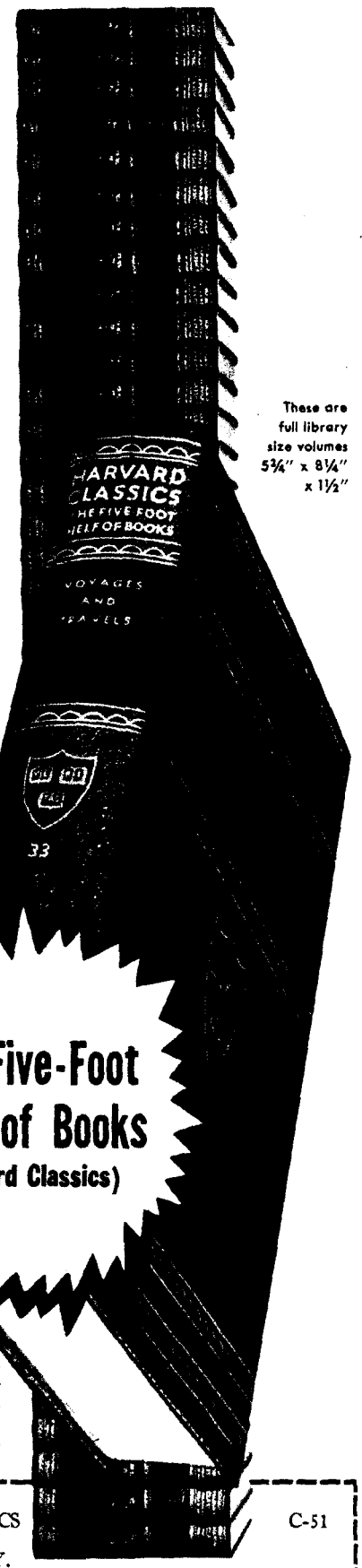

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What You Read Here May

Mouth and throat cancer needn't be fatal—yet the disease kills thousands each year. The symptoms are obvious and easy to check. Read about them. Remember them. They may mean life or death to you or to someone you love

THIS article will save many lives—certainly hundreds and possibly thousands. I feel sure of that for two reasons: first, the information I am going to discuss is hopeful information about a killer disease, cancer of the mouth and throat. Second, very few people know the facts I shall present; this magazine will make them known to millions. Of those millions, some would otherwise die because of ignorance.

Most will be men. Indeed, this could be called an article for men—except that every woman who has a stake in a male also needs to know the facts, for her man's sake. Cancer of the mouth and throat occurs about four times as often in men as in women—why, nobody knows.

Writing this article was not my idea (I am not an authority on cancer); it was not suggested to me by an editor; no doctor came to me with the suggestion. The real author is a friend of mine who has been a victim of mouth and throat cancer for more than ten years. He is a brave and brilliant man. He has endured so many operations that you might not believe the total number if I were to mention it. He said (or, rather he wrote, for he cannot speak) that if he had once known what he knows now, he could have saved himself years of unbelievable misery—and that he can certainly save myriads of others from such misery, by telling them.

"You're a writer!" he scribbled on his writing pad. "Why don't *you* tell them?"

There are also subsidiary authors of this article—other friends similarly afflicted, among them a retired tycoon who has no larynx any more, and former friends who have died from the affliction: the gentle owner of a country store in Connecticut, and a writer about whom all the world knows, Damon Runyon.

The principal authority for the facts I am presenting is, naturally, a doctor, a world-famous expert on mouth and throat cancer. Although he gladly poured out his knowledge for me, gave me access to the voluminous technical writings which have made him famous, and put at my disposal information from one of the country's leading cancer hospitals, he said, "Keep my name out of it."

I argued hard and long, but I was unable to change his mind. So I am responsible for the presentation, but my friend the surgeon is the main source of the material in this article. And that material consists principally of a single bit of knowledge, which can be set down in two sentences:

First: most cancers of the mouth and throat, if recognized soon enough, can be removed surgically, or otherwise cured (by radiation, for example) with relatively little distress to the patient.

Second: most such cancers, though they soon become very dangerous, give warning of their presence before the dangerous stage is reached.

To save your own life from mouth or throat cancer, or the life of a man who is your best friend, or the life of the man you love, all you may need to know is how to recognize the early symptoms and what to do. In a crowd the size of an average movie audience, you might not find a single layman who had this knowledge.

Yet the early symptoms are generally definite. The first is a sore anywhere in the mouth or the throat, or on the tongue, gums or cheeks, or on the lips. If it is a cancer sore, it will usually—but not always—be harder or tougher or thicker-feeling than the tissues around it.

All right. You have a sore in your mouth. Do you rush instantly to the doctor?

Not yet—unless the sore is big and nasty when you find it. If it is, drop everything and go to your physician at once. But if the sore is small—somewhat smaller than a dime—wait a week. After a week, if the sore is still present, you stop waiting and hustle to the doctor's office. The chances are it's not cancer; even the longer-lasting sores aren't usually cancerous. But if it is cancer, you've used up all your safe waiting time. From now on, every month, every week, every day you put off diagnosis might cost you an eye, part of your nose or jaw, part of your throat—or your life.

Author-philosopher Philip Wylie, who is best known for his penetrating sociological analyses of American culture (Generation of Vipers, Opus 21), originally intended to become a doctor. He has written essays, articles and books on a number of scientific and medical subjects, but never before about cancer. He turned his attention to mouth and throat cancer at the urging of a friend, for reasons he explains in the accompanying piece

A second important symptom is a lump in the neck. It can be a soft lump or a hard one, a little lump the size of a pea or a grain of rice, or fairly large. It can be painful enough so that the ache leads to its discovery, or it can be merely tender, in which case the pressure of your collar or an accidental touch may bring it to your notice. And it may not hurt at all.

The lump may be a swollen lymph node. Millions of people have swollen nodes which do not come from cancer; nevertheless, if you have a lump in your neck—or a number of lumps, of whatever size or consistency—go to your doctor. As with the mouth sore, the chances are the lump is caused by something harmless, but you cannot afford to run the risk. In fact, the risk is probably greater with a lump than with a mouth sore.

Why?

Because if the lump in your neck *is* caused by cancer, it nearly always means you have a cancer somewhere else—and have had it quite a while. In many areas of the nose, mouth and throat, cancers can start up unseen and unfelt. They usually don't hurt at first, or bleed or drain, either. The earliest evidence of their presence, all too frequently, is that lump in the neck. The lump sometimes means that a cancer in an unsuspected area (silent areas, the doctors call them) has started to spread. The neck lump is its offspring—a secondary cancer or, as it is technically called, a metastasis.

Another early cancer symptom is hoarseness. People get hoarse from colds, from yelling too loud at a ball game, because they smoke too much, or because of some other temporary irritation. That hoarseness usually goes away when the irritation is removed. But a person who is hoarse for as long as two weeks without going to his doctor is taking crazy chances.

Hoarseness that doesn't go away is the most common first symptom of cancer of the throat, the larynx and, especially, the vocal cords. If it's cancer, getting to the doctor on time may mean the difference between a fairly simple treatment that leaves you intact and a difficult operation that can leave you without vocal cords and obliges you to learn a new way of talking. It may—as always, in cancer—mean the difference between a ripe old age and a premature grave.

Those are the common symptoms: a sore anywhere in the mouth, nasal passages or the throat, a lump in the neck and hoarseness. Fortunately, they're noticeable symptoms. Certain cancers elsewhere in the body cannot be detected by the victim because they produce no marked symptoms until they are greatly developed. Cancers of the mouth and throat nearly always ring a warning bell in time.

There are, to be sure, certain other, rarer symptoms of mouth and throat cancers. But they are even more noticeable. One of them is continued or repeated bleeding from the nose, especially in middle-aged people. A noticeable difference in size in the two sides of the face is another highly noticeable symptom, which may indicate sinus cancer; any lasting swelling should be investigated by a doctor.

Besides the information about symptoms, in my talks with many medical men and scientific researchers I gathered certain other impressions and opinions about cancer which seem important. But since these impressions and opinions invade the field of medical ethics and enter areas of incomplete study, the rest of this article is written on my own responsibility, entirely.

It involves various questions that concerned me. What about smoking, for example; does smoking cause cancer? What about dentists? If I have a sore on my gum, why shouldn't I go to my dentist rather than my physician? And how do I know my doctor is trustworthy and can diagnose cancer even if I have it? Finally, a sorry, time-dishonored question: even if I do have cancer, isn't cancer so awful that I'd be happier just to ignore it so long as I feel okay—and face it only when my affliction compels me to?

Let's begin with smoking. Nobody has proved that cigarette smoking causes cancer. There is some evidence that smoking increases the *susceptibility* to cancer of the mouth, throat and lungs. It isn't necessarily the tar in tobacco smoke. Apparently, the plain irritation of smoke itself—hot smoke, cold smoke, filtered smoke, or what-have-you—may increase susceptibility. The key question, of course, is: "How much?"

The answer is not known. It's true that the great majority of all those who develop mouth, throat and lung cancers either smoke or have smoked,

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Save Your Life

By PHILIP WYLIE

but, on the other hand, more than three quarters of all American men smoke, or have smoked. It is not possible at present to make a comparative table of the hazard. Furthermore, quite a few men who have never smoked at all develop these cancers. And, as we extend the average length of life in this country, we increase the likelihood of the degenerative diseases—and cancer is one such disease.

Finally, it is true that all forms of cancer together, including those considered here, rank second as a cause of death in the United States. But, even if smoking increases the risk of mouth, throat and lung cancer, it is *only a fractional increase in one form* of the second most common cause of death.

I smoke heavily and have done so for 30 years. It may be that I shall finally develop cancer in the mouth or throat or lungs because of smoking. But smoking is so much a part of me and my ways that all the tables I saw and all the dire words I heard did not make me stop.

Moreover, I suspect that the recent findings concerning the relationship of smoking and cancer have done as much harm, by causing exaggerated anxieties, fears and phobias, as good.

Taking a Slight Statistical Risk

Smoking, as a cancer risk, might be compared to driving a car a shade too fast. As I grow older, I drive more slowly and I don't drink; there are many other acts I do or refrain from doing for the sake of health and safety. There's still one risk I do take—a slight one, statistically: I smoke. But I don't worry about it, partly because if I do get a cancer, I now have a clear idea of its early signs and the steps to take.

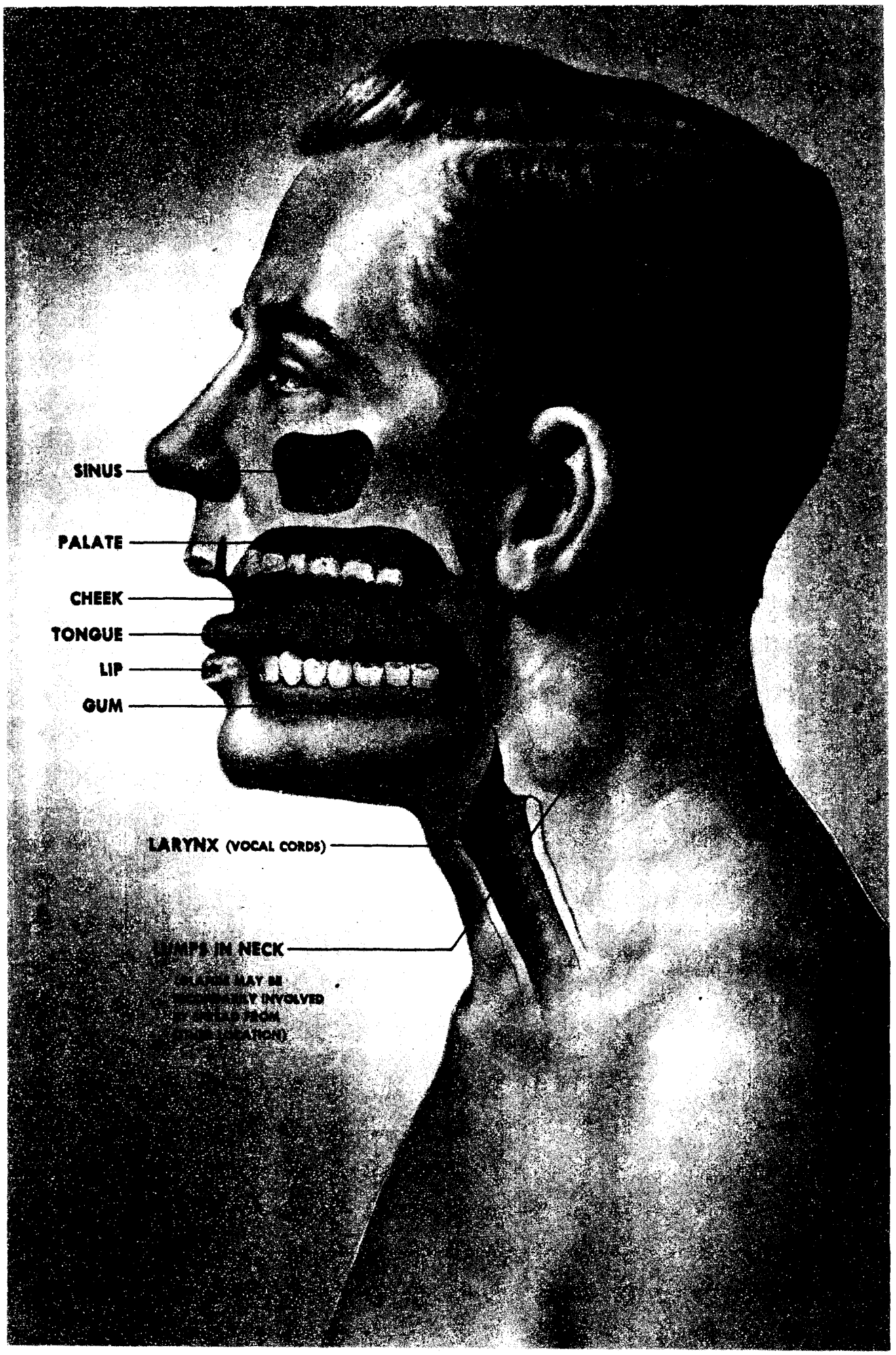
The next question seems even more important to me. It is quite natural for a person with a sore in his mouth, especially on his gums or near his teeth, to consult his dentist rather than his physician. Unfortunately, until fairly recently dentists were only haphazardly trained in cancer diagnosis. Men like my surgeon friend have led a vast effort of physicians and other surgeons to improve that situation; today, most dentists are far better able to spot cancer than dentists were five years ago, and some specialized dentists are experts.

However, if you have any of the symptoms of mouth cancer, go to a physician. That's where a competent dentist will send you anyhow.

I have almost answered the next question, which is: How can you be sure your physician will properly diagnose your trouble? How can you be sure *he* is competent?

Here's what I learned: the average physician or surgeon is capable of making a cancer diagnosis, and you should trust him. If you are uncertain about where to get a good doctor, telephone the local unit of the American Cancer Society, or the local hospital (or even the intern on duty in the emergency room of a good hospital) and ask for the names of able physicians and surgeons. You'll be told about several of the top medical men in your community.

It is, of course, possible that the finest physician may miss a diagnosis of mouth or throat cancer. Cancers are sometimes tricky; doctors are human beings; the best human efforts sometimes fail. It is



A sore on palate, cheek, tongue, lip or gum, frequent nosebleed, persistent hoarseness, a lump on the neck—all are possible (but not sure) cancer symptoms. Take them to a doctor

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also possible that your doctor, especially if he knows you're a worrier (and who doesn't suffer at times from imaginary diseases?), may be pressed for time and brush aside your report of cancer symptoms. He shouldn't—but he might. In such a case, remember that it's *your* health, *your* body and if you have cancer, *your* cancer. Don't accept a brush-off if your symptoms continue. Go back again. Wait. Insist. Demand.

As this article has tried to make plain, the responsibility for saving yourself a welter of pain and perhaps an untimely death from cancer rests first on you. You—not the doctors—are likely to note the earliest symptoms.

What you do then, and what you insist on having done, may determine your future prospects.

And what are your future prospects?

Dissuaded from Suicide Plan

The other day, a powerhouse business executive whizzed through my city. A year ago, he finally took a long-lasting, stubborn hoarseness to his doctor. "Had it for months," he reported. His physician told him not only that he had cancer of the larynx, but that his larynx would have to be removed—and with it his voice. He would have to learn to talk all over, by swallowing air or by using a mechanical aid. The man was appalled—more than appalled. He wound up his affairs rapidly and arranged, secretly, to commit suicide. But his doctor found out his scheme and, with a surgeon, persuaded the man that suicide was cowardly and silly.

The man had his operation. Afterward, he learned to use a speaking aid. When he rushed through my city, tanned and healthy, he was on his way abroad to start a new branch of his world-wide business. "I thought death was the only way out of the mess," he grinned. "But all that happened was, my voice changed. I have to plug myself in on an electric circuit to talk. Small matter!"

That man came late to the doctors. Yet I suspect he is as happy as he ever was. Certainly, the modification of his life has in no sense defeated him. On the contrary; the great victory he gained over death—and over himself—made him in some ways a better man than ever. He is more understanding, more compassionate, more aware of the excitement and the magnificence of life.

He had a hard time for a while. But for those who act swiftly after discovering symptoms of a cancer starting in the mouth, nose or throat, the story will be different: a skillful operation; one to three weeks in the hospital. And then, no more symptoms, no more cancer.

"Even the people who think they know what to do," says one authority, "and who think they've acted promptly, usually bring us cancers twice as large as they ought to be. We ought to get them in half the time; then the patient's chances of having no further trouble, no metastases, no additional complications, no more surgery, would be not twice as good, but four times as good. Maybe even ten times!"

I can think of no better conclusion to this article than some words scribbled by the friend who inspired this piece. I asked him how he felt when he first learned what ailed him 10 years ago. He wrote:

"The diagnosis of cancer did not mean to me that I was condemned to death. It only meant a fight for the restoration of health. I felt in every fiber that the spirit of defeatism must never be a part of one who has cancer."

That's the anonymous legacy of his suffering to the world; I'm proud to be able to pass it along. ▲▲▲

"Being a secretary is easy. All you have to do is look like a girl, think like a man, and work like a dog"

COLLIER'S — JANE SPEAR KING

Next Week's Fiction

THE GOOD LAND
By WILLIAM FULLER

A popular Collier's writer tells of a magnificent old man too mule-headed to give, or ask for, love

A BACHELOR SURROUNDED
By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

One guy with a pack of ladies in angry pursuit. Here is more fun for Mr. Temple's many admirers

THE STINGY SKYSCRAPER
By HANNIBAL COONS

That now-famous character, Dear George, the press agent, again makes hard work of child's play

STOLEN PEARL
By JOHN KRUSE

The story of a pearl diver who steals from the sea a shell that can bring him riches—or death

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Coronet worn by Virginia Cornell takes delicate workmanship, costs $25. Others are under $12.50

Beanie, first metal hat Hagy made, is worn with a jersey lining by Madalynne Kelly. It's $12.50

HATS OF IRON

When the lady wants a hat, Bob Hagy just whips it up with an electric welder

EVEN a casual observer of ladies' millinery might guess that whatever can be put on, around or into a woman's hat has already been put. But a fifty-two-year-old Albuquerque, New Mexico, craftsman named Bob Hagy has gone the professional hat people one whimsey better. Mr. Hagy makes hats out of iron.

Hagy's a mechanical engineer, and he whipped up his first metal bonnet three Christmases ago for one of his wife's friends. She wore it to a cocktail party, and every other lady guest was convinced life would be dull without an iron hat. From there, the word spread far enough to provide Mr. Hagy with a lucrative side line. He now averages more than 100 mail orders a week, mostly from women who have heard about the Hagy hat through friends.

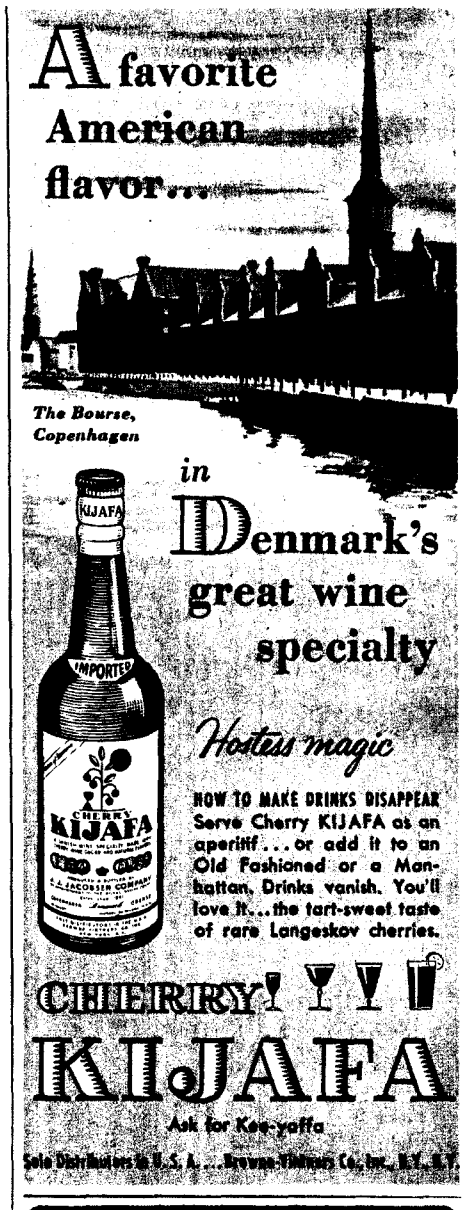
Hagy designs all the hats himself. The bodies, or crowns, are made of metal sheeting, one thirty-second of an inch thick, which is cut into narrow strips and "sewn" together with an electric welder. Hagy then cuts delicate flowers, feathers and scrolls out of large squares of sheet metal, hammers them into head-conforming shape, and welds them to the body strips. Three hundred hammer strokes make a turban, beanie or coronet which perches on the female head as daintily as a bird on a bush. Prices are from $7.50 to $12.50.

An iron hat, of course, has its disadvantages. It's not recommended for outdoor wear during an electrical storm. Nor is it advisable for extremes in temperature: iron can get mighty hot and mighty cold. But, since the hats are designed primarily for indoor evening wear, these setbacks don't much bother Hagy's business.

The advantages of an iron chapeau, he says, are far more noteworthy. For one, his hats are lighter than most cloth varieties. The heaviest model, a latticed coronet affair, tips the scales at four ounces. For another, since no two creations are exactly alike, every woman can have what she wants most in a hat: something no other woman has got. "And best of all," says Hagy, "those hats of mine—they wear like iron. Guaranteed." ▲▲▲

Hagy adds a veil upon customer's request, cuts it with blowtorch out of fireplace screening

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY YULSMAN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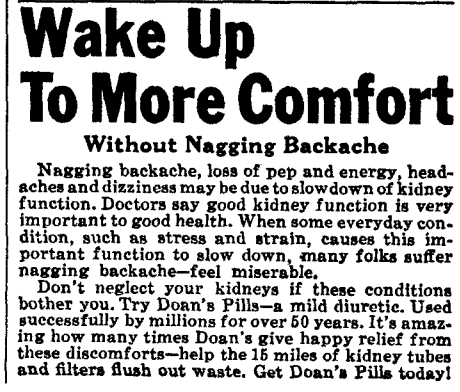
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NICKOLAS MURAY

Right Man for the Job

THIS IS THE WEEK when editorial writers all over the country will be doing a piece about the inauguration. They probably won't have too much that is new and fresh to say about the heavy burden of responsibility that faces the new President. But they will write the editorials anyway, not only because the inauguration is something that cannot be ignored, but because what they write has become a minor part of the tradition, even the ritual, of American politics.

So we shall not violate the tradition. And if what we and others write is of a predictable sameness, it may still be an accurate reflection of the people's sentiments. The time of inauguration is the most tranquil period that most Presidents will know. The campaign bitterness lies behind, and further quarrels and criticisms are yet to come. Today especially, most Americans, regardless of party, appreciate the great weight of duties and decisions that the new President must assume. They wish him well. And, in varying degrees of enthusiasm, they are hopeful.

At Collier's, the enthusiasm is considerable and the hopes are high. This magazine was with General Eisenhower from the start. We believed last summer that he was the man for the job. His actions between the election and the inauguration have confirmed and strengthened that belief.

We like, first of all, his choice of Cabinet members and department heads. On the basis of their past records they should serve the country well. We are particularly glad to see skilled and experienced men from industry at the head of the Defense Department. Certainly a wise solution of the military problems of production and procurement is the greatest contribution that civilian officers of that department can make to the national safety. And the appointment of Martin P. Durkin as Secretary of Labor strikes us as fair and realistic, as well as politically wise.

In choosing these aids Mr. Eisenhower showed that he is not the captive of the Old Guard, the "Internationalists," or any other Republican group. At the same time, his decision to keep hands off the new Senate's choice of a majority leader gives promise of a friendly collaboration with Senator Taft in particular, and the Republican Congress in general.

During his weeks as President-elect, Mr. Eisenhower gave the country an insight into his way of doing things when he refused to be drawn into personal controversy with Mr. Taft over the Durkin appointment, or with Mr. Truman over the MacArthur statement that there was a plan to end the Korean stalemate. He again rose above personalities when he conferred with General MacArthur on his Korean plan. It is no secret that little love has been lost between the two men in the last ten years.

This aspect of the incoming President's character will not surprise anyone familiar with his military record. One of his notable accomplishments as supreme commander in Europe was his ability to make a smooth working team out of contrasting and, at times, clashing personalities. We are confident that this same ability will enable him to restore some lost dignity to the Presidency, and to avoid the brawls and bickering which, with other and more publicized shortcomings, marred the Truman administration.

The former general has always known how to persuade as well as command. As President, he will be using his persuasion on a good many people as different, determined, ambitious and hostile as the Pattons and Montgomerys of World War II. We believe that he will succeed again. We look for the same traits that made him a victorious and popular general to help bring about the rise in government efficiency and national morale which have been so sorely needed for so many years.

So, to repeat, we are hopeful. As General Ike succeeds to the democratic dignity of the simple title, Mr. President, we wish him good health, good cheer, and the help of God and man in his labors to achieve strength and progress at home, and peace throughout the world.

Progress Report

SINCE IT SOMETIMES SEEMS that good news is no news, we're passing along a slightly dated item from the town of Itta Bena, Mississippi, on the chance that you missed it the first time around.

Itta Bena is the site of Mississippi Vocational College, a Negro school, where students erected a Nativity scene on their campus shortly before Christmas. Four white teen-agers came along and wrecked it. When the news of this vandalism got around, the college received hundreds of phone calls from white citizens who offered time or money to help reconstruct the Christmas decoration. Both Negroes and whites pitched in, and in two days the job was redone.

Afterward, Dr. J. H. White, the president of the college, had this to say: "It was a wonderfully heart-warming experience. We want our Northern friends, who so often misunderstand these things, to know that we have always had 100 per cent co-operation and support from the white people of Mississippi. We enjoy the warmest of relations between the races here."

This, of course, is only one small incident. It doesn't represent the advent of the millennium. It doesn't solve any basic difficulties of racial equality. But it does reveal a kindliness and friendliness and decency which impatient advocates of equal rights are inclined to overlook, and Red propagandists deliberately ignore in their attempts to aggravate tension and hostility.

We were a little sorry to read that the Mississippi vandalism was the work of youngsters. But we're glad to know that their elders volunteered to repair the damage, and we hope that the youthful generation will profit by the example.

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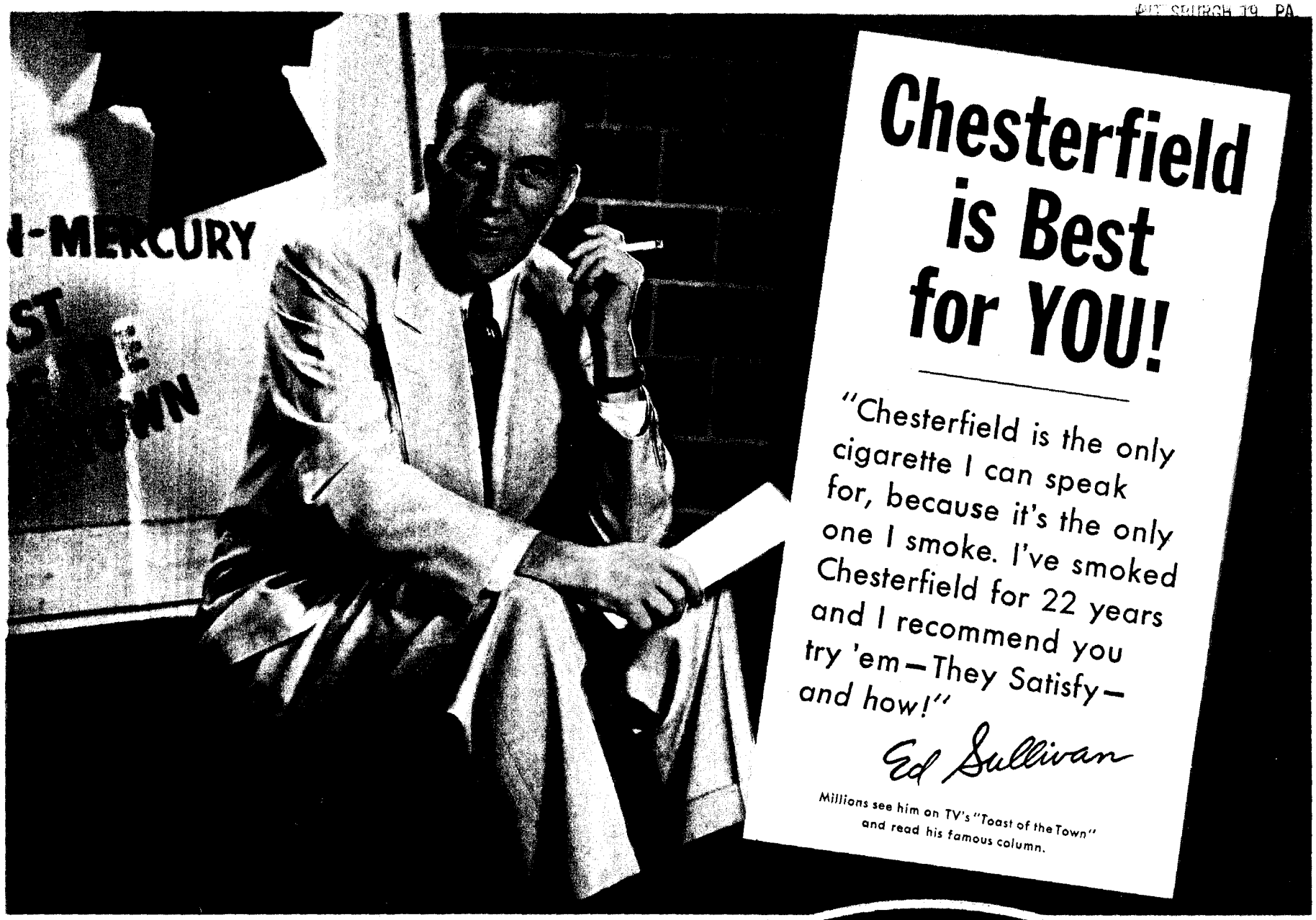
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